THE PALMER JOURNAL.

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THE PALMER JOURNAL;
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GORDEN M. FISK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE CORNER OF MAIN AND FURNACE STS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Another Year.

THERE is something to startle even the stolid in these words. But few years are allotted to man, and another of that few has lapsed by us. Years come and go, and speak to us on themes of great moment with most 'miraculous organ'—yet are they unheeded—their coming and their departing afford the race a season of rejoicing. We play the prodigal with an estate which the strictest economy cannot eke out beyond a few miserable years, and rejoice over our extravagance as if bankruptcy were a blessing. Standing as we now do upon the isthmus of time, between the past and the future, what a prospect is afforded to the contemplative, and with what a weird-like and supernatural solemnity does each sound of the iron tongue of time, proclaiming the noon of night and the death of the year, strike upon the heart! The air is filled with shouts and music, and laughter eddies by us on the night-air, in rejoicing—over what? That there is more moss on the ruins of ages; that the whole human family is one year nearer the tomb! in congratulation that there are more monuments in the graveyard—more broken hearts and bowed-down spirits!

Yet, let us not think too gloomily of time. The world is still green, though its verdure springs from the decay of those who have perished in the grand circle of change and reproduction ordained by nature. While the past may claim a tear, there is much for gratitude, and more for hope, and to him who regards time but as the vestibule of existence, its changes, however shadowed, are of but inferior moment. How varied are the feelings with which different stations in society, and especially different states in life, regard the loss of a year! The wretched contemplate it as the slave does the progress of the sun in the heavens—with an eagerness for its setting. The pampered of fortune, the luxurious and sensual, tremble lest the quick retribution of time and infirmity shall close upon them, repaying 'a youth of license with an age of pain.' But still more striking is the difference of sentiment and feeling with which various periods of life regard the mingling of another year with the shoreless and shadowy ocean of the past. To the child, there is no memory to upbraid, no fear to torture; the past is like a wave in the rising mass, lost in its own lapse. Childhood's heaviest grief is but the dew-drop that weighs down the flower. A moment's tear may fall upon its toy, but like the world, everything is to it a toy. O for a renewal, to the wearied and heavy-laden, of the season when sleep itself wandered in sunlit fairy-land, and when, at midnight, the soft, red lips pouted only to utter a gush of the luxuriance of that boundless joy which 'knows no sleeping!' How redolent of heaven is the life of a child, who awakes like the bird, with song, and to whom life is a prerogative richer than an Emperor's, and how truthfully does the eternal youth promised to the just, picture eternal joy! Age will be blessed in proportion as it imitates the unselfish and loving innocence of the child, and he to whom this grace is given, will lie down like 'a child tired of play.'

A more advanced age still finds in the boyish bosom, hope, the mistress of that wondrous lyre; the human heart, thrilling every chord with a strong, wild music, and rising with the wing of the lark to a cloudless sky, filled with the fragrance of the opening buds, and hung round with the garniture of sunlight mists, wreathed in a thousand shapes, beautiful, but, alas! all changeful. Still the stripling, with his foot upon the lowest round upon the ladder of manhood, a greater change is observed. He regards time and its changes with a bright, yet thoughtful brow, and laments and more anxious thoughts mingle in his confident aspirations; his eye is lustrous, but its light is no longer all of Paradise—passions have stirred and somewhat clouded the fountains of his heart—already ambition is there, and he would lash the tardy-footed years on to the consummation of his hope; fancy points in his mind to scenes of hardihood and peril-flashing shores, flaunting banners, and a shouting host—his heart leaps at the romance it itself has conjured up. Alas for the dreams of our boyhood! Yet are they not more unreal than those of after-life; avarice, the love of rank and power, are also dreams, meaner and more troublesome, that leave the head sick and the heart faint, when we awake from them.

And what is time to girlhood? Her heart is filled like a Summer sky at dawn, with the vague lights of love and hope—love yet undirected, and hope wide as the horizon and as gorgeous. The past—there is no past to her; all is future—the year is gone—it brings her nearer the holy duties which are to her happiness, life; yet hers is seldom the bold hope of the hardier sex—the youth never doubts what he hopes he already in his false confidence possesses; but the vibrations of a womanly heart, though true to hope, will, at a touch, quiver timidly back into the tremulous, yet trusting confidence of the May-morn of life; yet, trust not too fondly, fair girl! life to the most favored is no pathway of roses.

Manhood! womanhood! these have their double world—the past and the future. There is no *present*; before the pen can trace the word 'present,' it is past. From the moment that we enter the hard highway of matured life, the brightest half of our course is behind us, and as we struggle tediously on, that portion becomes greater and brighter, its roughness is unseen in the distant retrospect, and its enjoyments are exaggerated by partial and repining memory into raptures. Those who have left the homes of their childhood for the world's wide field of battle, and have, after many years of rose-colored memories of its loveliness, returned in age to enjoy it, have been astonished to find the mountains of their imaginations dwindled to hills, the cottage changed to a hovel, the green fields to wastes, and the flowers to weeds—from childhood to old age, life is but a bitter weaning from ths earth.

Our duties considered, no man dares to look from the precipice of the present down into the gulf of the past. No human being stands self-acquitted of all life's duties; its pathway is strewn with ruins and marked with graves, and we feel that each ruin has a reproach for us. We tremble, looking back upon the lost and the lamented, and wonder why Father Time has spared us. Life, in such a retrospect, seems a web of gossamar, too frail, too good a hope, and to the future, to the strongest, but as the guess of the bold gambler—

'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
This way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot—full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.'

Yet there is within every human bosom 'inch high the grave above,' the power of controlling his own destiny; he may not be able to avert poverty, misfortune, disease or death, but he may make the darkest future bright by a confidence derived from a hope within himself which defies all calamity.

The first of the year, is, to many, a season of self-examination and proposed amendment. With many, the reform contemplated is one which proposes a more rigid policy with the world, a more intense selfishness, and a more active struggle for triumph, pecuniary, social, or political; a rigid adherence to a code easily understood by an idiot, and demanding only the absence of a human heart, will in all probability, secure the straggler success and wretchedness. Those who bid for such a result, offer the purest blood about the heart, the days that utter no reproach and the nights that rejoice in slumber—whatever the cinge, they pay dearly for it, most dearly, if they think on the New Year's sun that will rise on a new grave.

Patrick Henry vs. Intolerance.

SOON after Henry's noted case of Tobacco and the Preserves, as it was called, he heard of a case of oppression for conscience' sake. The Church of England, having been established by law in Virginia, became, as all such establishments are wont to do, exceedingly intolerant toward other sects. In the prosecution of this system of conversion, three Baptist clergymen had been indicted at Fredericksburg for preaching the Gospel of the Son of God contrary to the statute. Henry, hearing of this, rode some fifty miles to volunteer his services in defence of the oppressed. He entered the Court, being unknown to all present, save the bench and the bar, while the indictment was being read by the Clerk. He sat within the bar until the reading was finished, and the King's attorney had concluded some remarks in support of the prosecution, when he arose, reached out his hand for the paper, and without more ceremony proceeded with the following speech:—

'May it please your Lordships, I think I heard read by the prosecutor, as I entered this house, the paper I now hold in my hand. If I have rightly understood, the King's attorney of the Colony has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing by imprisonment, three inoffensive persons before the bar of this Court, for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace.—May it please the Court, what did I hear read? Did I hear it distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own? Did I hear an expression of crime, that these men whom your worships are about to try for misdemeanor, are charged with—what?' and continuing in a low, solemn, heavy voice, 'preaching the Gospel of the law of God!'

Pausing amid the most profound astonishment and silence, he slowly waved the paper three times around his head, when, lifting his hands and eyes to Heaven, with impressive and peculiar energy, he exclaimed:—

'Great God!' The exclamation, the burst of feeling from the audience, were all overpowering. Mr. H. resumed:—'May it please your Lordships, on a day like this, when truth is about to claim its natural and inalienable rights; when the yoke of oppression that has reached the wilderness of America, and the unnatural alliance of ecclesiastical and civil power are about to be dissevered, at such a period, when liberty of conscience is about to break from her slumberings and inquire into the reasons of such charges as I find exhibited here to-day in this indictment.'

Another fearful pause, while the speaker alternately cast his sharp, piercing eyes on the Court and the prisoners, and resumed:—

'If I am not now deceived, according to the account of the paper I now hold in my hand, these men are accused of preaching the Gospel of the Son of God!—Great God!'

Another long pause, while he again waved the indictment around his head—while a deeper impression was made on the auditory. Resuming his speech:—

'May it please your worships, there are periods in the history of man when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human character, that man sinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand; becomes his servile, abject slave—he licks the hand that smites him—he bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot, and in this state of servility receives his fetters of perpetual bondage. But, may it please your Lordships, such a day has passed away.

'From the period when our Fathers left the land of their nativity for settlement in these American wilds, for liberty, for civil and religious liberty, for liberty of conscience, to worship their Creator according to their own conception of Heaven's revealed will, from the moment they planted their feet upon the American continent and in the deeply-imbedded forest, they sought an asylum from persecution and tyranny—from that moment despotism was crushed; the fetters of darkness were broken, and Heaven decreed that such should be free to worship God according to the Bible.

Were it not for this, in vain were all this suffering and bloodshed to subjugate the New World, if we, their offspring, must still be oppressed and persecuted.—But, may it please your worships, permit me to inquire once more, For what are these men about to be tried? This paper says, for preaching the Gospel of the Savior to Adam's fallen race!' And in tones of thunder, he exclaimed.—

'What law have they violated?'

While, the third time, in a low, dignified manner, he lifted his eyes toward Heaven and waved the indictment around his head. The Court and audience were wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement. The face of the prosecuting attorney was pallid and ghastly, and he appeared unconscious that his whole frame was agitated with alarm—while the Judge in a tremulous voice, put an end to the scene, now become excessively painful, by the authoritative declaration,—'Sheriff, discharge those men!'

Winter.

THE following sketch from Mitchell's Dream Life, has all the qualities of a beautiful poem, except uniformity of rythm:

"Slowly, thickly, fastly, fall the snow flakes, like the seasons upon the life of man. At first, they lose themselves in the brown mat of herbage, or gently melt as they fall upon the broad stepping stone at the door. But as hour after hour passes, the feathery flakes stretch their white cloak plainly upon the meadow, and chilling the multitude, cover it with a mat of pearl.

The dried grass tips, pierce the mantle of white like so many serried spears, but as the storm goes softly on, they sink one by one to their snowy tomb; and presently show nothing of their army, save one or two straggling banners of blackened and shrunken daisies.

Across the wide meadow that stretches from my window, I can see nothing of those hills which were so green in summer; between me and them, lie only the soft, slow moving masses, filling the air with whiteness. I catch only the glimpse of one gaunt and bare armed oak, looming through the feathery multitude like a tall ship's spars breaking through the fog.

The roof of the barn is covered; and the eaves show dark stains of water, that trickle down the weather beaten boards. The pear trees that wore such weight of greenness in the leafy June, now stretch their bare arms to the snowy blast, and carry upon each tiny bough a narrow burden of winter.

The old dog marches stately through the strange covering of earth, and seems to ponder on the welcome he will show,—and shakes from his long ears, and with a vain snap at a floating feather, he stalks again to his dry covert in the shed. The lambs that belonged to the meadow flock, with their feeding ground all covered, seem to wonder at their losses; but take courage from the quiet air of the veteran sheep, and gambol after them as they move sedately towards the shelter of the barn.

The cat, driven from the kitchen door, beats a coy retreat, with long reaches of her feet, upon the yielding surface. The matronly hens saunter out, at a little lifting of the storm; and eye curiously, with heads half turned, their sinking steps; and then fall back with a quiet cluck of satisfaction, to the wholesome gravel by the stable door.

By and by the snow flakes fall more leisurely; they grow large and scattered and come more slowly than before. The hills that were brown, heave into sight—great rounded billows of white. The gray woods look sunken to half their height, and stand wavering in the storm. The wind freshens and scatters the light flakes that crown the burden of snow; and as the day drops, a clear bright sky of steel color, cleaves the land and clouds, and sends down a chilling wind to bank the walls, and to freeze the storm. The moon rises full and round, and plays with a joyful chill, over the glistening raiment of land.

I pile my fire with the clean cleft hickory; and musing over some sweet story of the olden time, I wander into a rich realm of thought until my eyes grow dim, and dreaming of a battle and of a prince, I fall to sleep in my old farm chamber.

At morning, I and my dreams are written on the window, in crystals of fairy shape. The cattle, one by one, with ears frost tipped, and with frosted noses, wend their way to the watering place in the meadow. One by one they drink, and crop at the stunted herbage, which the warm spring keeps green and bare.

A hound bays in the distance; the smoke of cottages rises straight towards heaven; a lazy jingle of sleigh bells waken the quiet of the high road; and upon the hills, the leafless woods stand low, like crouching armies, with guns and spears in rest: and among them, the scattered spiral pines rise like banner men uttering with their thousand tongues of green, the proud war cry—"God is with us."

But the sky of winter is as capricious as the sky of spring, even as the old wander in tho't, like the vagaries of boyhood.

Before noon the heavens are mantled with a leaden gray; the eaves that leaked in the glow of the sun now tell their tale of morning's warmth, in crystal ranks of icicles. The cattle seek their shelter; the few lingering leaves of the white oak rustle dismally; the pines breathe sighs of mourning.

As the night darkens and deepens the storm, the house dog bays; the children crouch in the wide chimney corners; the sleety rain comes in deep gusts. And as I sit by the light leaping blaze in my chamber, the scattered hail drops beat upon my window like the tappings of an OLD MAN'S cane.

What is a Minie Rifle?

EVERY account received from the war in the Crimea is loud in praise of the "Minie Rifle."

These fire arms in the hands of good marksmen deal certain destruction at an immense distance, and the wholesale slaughter of the Russian gunners at the batteries of Sebastopol, has won for this weapon of death the soubriquet of "King of Fire Arms." So dreaded is this fatal ball that the Russian gunner goes to his station in embrasure as to certain death.

The barrel of a rifle has, running the length of its inner surface, spiral grooves or channels—hence the name of rifle, which means a *rifled* or a grooved gun.—The object of a rifled barrels is to give greater precision to the ball, by communicating to it a rotary motion. This motion it receives on its passage out of the gun, provided the ball is so crowded into the barrel as to fill up partially or entirely the grooves; and the more perfectly the ball fits into the barrel the truer its course, and the less windage there is: that is, the less space there is between the ball and barrel for the strength of the powder to escape. It is estimated that when the windage is only 1-20th of the calibre of the gun, one-third of the powder escapes and of course its strength is lost.

The great object, therefore, to be obtained, is a perfect fit to the barrel by the ball, thus to give the rotary motion, and to save the powder.

A French gunsmith invented a rifle which had its breech pin project wedge shaped, about two inches into the barrel. The ball, a conical shaped one, was then dropped into the barrel, and a few heavy blows by the rammer, drove the wedge or pin into the ball so as to fill the grooves in the barrel.

The Minie ball, now so famous, is an improvement upon all balls, inasmuch as it makes the powder slug or spread the ball, instead of the rammer doing that work.

The ball is oblong with a conical point. In its base it has a conical hollow running half or two-thirds the length of the ball. A cup made of sheet iron is placed in the orifice of this hollow, which at the instant of firing is driven by the powder with great force into the ball, thus spreading it open, so as in its course out, to perfectly slug or fill the grooved barrel. This accomplishes the whole object; it saves time in ramming, it destroys windage, thus economising in powder, and makes the ball perfectly fit the barrel so as to give the ball a complete rotary motion, and certainty of direction. Thus the Minie improvement—taking its name from a French officer named Minie—is a Minie ball, not a Minie rifle. The conical shape of the ballet gives it greater weight of metal than a round one, affords less resistance to the air, and greatly increases the distance it can be thrown.—This shaped ball, however, has been used for a long time by sportsmen.

A Paris correspondent of the *New York Tribune* some months since, was witness to experiments made by Major Minie himself with his ball, and saw that officer plant three balls in succession in a target the size of a man's hat at a distance of three-fourths of a mile. And this officer said he could do it all day long, and teach any other man to do so.

It is not to be wondered at that the Russians have a horror of the French chasseurs and their Minie ball.

The present popularity of the rifle owes its origin to the skill of American sharp shooters, bred and trained in our new settlements, and who in our Indian and other wars have shown the efficiency of the rifle ball in picking off officers, gunners and prominent objects; but its perfection, we imagine, has been accomplished in the hands of the French.—[*Cleveland Herald.*

WILLING TO BE FORGIVEN.—There is a good story told of a young lady, who not more than a thousand years ago was smitten with the eloping epidemic that was then raging in her native city, but who in her haste neglected to take all her clothing with her; indeed she took little more than what she stood in. As soon as the knot had been fairly and irrevocably tied, she wrote a letter to her dear guardian, informing him of the fact, imploring him to send her by the next express, "his forgiveness and her trunk—especially the latter!" Authentic history does not inform us whether the next express brought her either or both of the articles sent for. —[Portland Eclectic.

The Departed.

A New Year dawns! Light, cold and gray,
Comes streaming through my lowly dwelling,
And childish voices, blithe and gay,
Are with its salutations swelling.
But how can I with them rejoice?
For sorrow palls my heart with mourning;—
For one is gone, whose cheerful voice
Was first to greet a New Year's dawning.

Thy absence leaves my heart and health,
A cold, sad waste of grief and sorrow,
And even hope, gay child of earth,
Holds up no fair and bright to-morrow.
There's nothing which my eyes can see,
There's nothing which my heart can feel,
But wakes sad memories of thee,
Impressed with an eternal seal.

The prattling tones thy care hath taught
To welcome in the glowing year,
Are with unwonted sadness fraught;
For thou, alas! thou art not here.
Grief will impress its iron brand
On every heart—on every brow,
And in thy little household band
That stamp hath left its impress now.

The cold sky frowns above thy grave:
Unpitying tempests o'er thee sweep;
Yet cold, nor storm, nor wind, nor wave,
Shall trouble thy unconscious sleep;
But colder skies impend above
And fiercer storms of sorrow roll
Where erst the sunshine of thy love
Illumed and warmed each genial soul.

When Spring shall come, the deep white snow
Which 'cumbers now thy lowly grave,
Shall yield and melt, unite and flow,
And mingle with its native wave;
But what bright Spring can chase the clouds
That gather round the broken-hearted?
And what warm sun can melt the shrouds,
And bring us back the loved departed?

Making Promises.

ALWAYS think before you make an assertion. Be sure that it is correct before you utter it, and that you will not be compelled to retract it after it has once passed your lips. Invariably make certain that before you give a promise it can be fulfilled. We speak to impulsive, well meaning men, (there are many of them) who are too much in the habit of letting their wishes prompt their utterance, and who, in obedience to their DESIRE to do more than they can, say hastily that they will do it, and afterwards, to their great distress and mortification, find that they are placed in that most humiliating of all positions—A FALSIFIER OF THEIR WORD. These men are not morally liars; for a lie is constituted of something which the speaker KNOWS is not true when he says it; but they get the character for being such and as such are despised and scouted. One cannot be to cautious in making business or other promises. Don't say you WILL because you THINK you can—be positive you can first.—[Exchange.

RESISTANCE TO RIDICULE.—Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the peril of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant fear of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic, it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously, and gradually—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom; and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—[Sydney Smith.

THE MONTHS.—January was so named from *Janus*, a Latin god. He is represented always with two faces, and the month is thus pictured as looking upon the past as well as the future year.

February is from *februarius*, which means purification, because in this month the people were solemnly purified. This month was the last of the Roman year until 304, and from that time the second.

March received its name from the god *Mars*, the god of war, or storms, to whom this month was dedicated.

April is from the Latin verb *aperio*, to open, because it is the spring, when the blossoms of plants unfold themselves, and all nature opens into life.

May is called after *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, for to him it is sacred.

July is named after *Julius Cæsar*.

August after *Augustus Cæsar*.

September, October, November and December were so named from the Latin numerals *septimus, octavus, snovern, decem*, the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months of the Roman Calender.

The names have now existed more than eighteen centuries, and will probably never be changed.

☞ 'Miss Julia, allow me to close those blinds; the glare of the sun must be oppressive.

'You are very kind, Sir, but I would rather have a little sun than no air at all.'

☞ A young lady on being asked if she intended to wear that great bustle to church, said she didn't mean to wear anything else!

Miss Gillmore was courted by a man named Haddock. "I only want," said he "one gill more, to make me a perfect fish.

Hood could never believe that undertakers felt for the poor. If they do, how comes it that they are always "screwing them down."

THE JOURNAL.

PALMER, MASS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

Organization of the Massachusetts Legislature.

The nut is cracked and the meat laid open! The new Legislature of this State was organized on Wednesday with very little trouble, notwithstanding the predictions of old party wiseacres, that there would not be talent enough among the members to do it. We will venture to say that no Legislative body ever acted so harmoniously before.

The House was called to order by Allen Presbrey of Taunton, the oldest member.—The oath of office was administered to the members by Governor Washburn, who then with his retinue retired. Next came the balloting for Speaker, which resulted in the choice of Daniel C. Eddy, a Baptist clergyman of Lowell, who received 273 out of the 325 votes.

Henry A. Marsh of Pittsfield, was elected Clerk, receiving 262 out of 313 of the votes cast. Mr. Trench of Springfield, and Mr. Collins of this town, were hardly mentioned. Mr. Marsh is a young man, and one of the publishers of a Whig paper, which has used all its influence against the American party. He promises, however, to make amends for this in the Spring, by starting an American newspaper in Pittsfield, and cutting loose from the old Whig organ.

The Senate perfected its organization early. Henry W. Benchly of Worcester, was chosen President, and Peter L. Cox, a Lynn printer, Clerk.

At about two o'clock P. M., the members of both branches, under military escort, marched to the Old South Church, where the annual election sermon was preached by Rev. S. K. Lothrop of Boston.

Thus the first day's business of the General Court was perfected, and we believe creditably so to all the members. Out of the more than 400 members only *four* are claimed by the old parties—three Republicans, one Whig and one Democrat. There is much doubt, however, about the latter. He is claimed by the American party. Some of the members are already talking about a short session, and we hope they will endeavor to make it so, by energetic action in disposing of the business that may come before them.

In the SENATE, Thursday, no business was transacted. The Senator from Franklin, Rev. Mr. Andrews, opened the session with prayer.

In the HOUSE, Benj. Stevens was re-elected Sergeant-at-arms, having 345 out of 350 votes. Rev. J. H. Twombly of Roxbury, (formerly of Westfield) was chosen Chaplain.

The single Senatorial vacancy (Nantucket and Dukes) was to have been filled yesterday, and the election of State Treasurer, Secretary of State and Councillors, has been postponed until Monday. The inauguration of the Governor and the delivery of his Message, will probably not transpire until after these elections.

The Clerk announced that he had appointed Stephen N. Gifford of Duxbury, his assistant.

"COSMOPOLITAN ASSOCIATION."—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement headed, "The Greek Slave," in another column. Persons desirous of procuring a Magazine for 1855, will find it for their interest to become members of the Association, as they will have to pay no more for a certificate of membership and a good Magazine, than they will for the Magazine alone, when subscribing at the publisher's office. In addition to the Magazine they will stand a chance of drawing "Power's Greek Slave," worth $5,000, or some other valuable work of art. Subscriptions received at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

DEER.—We noticed last week the killing of a deer in Ludlow, and since then, the Hampshire Gazette says that one has been seen in Northampton. Would it not look a little more humane if the hunters would permit the deer which stray away from their native hills, to find shelter and multiply in our forests, rather than hunt them down as often as they appear among us? We would like to see a law prohibiting the killing of such noble wild game in this State, and then have proper measures taken for propagating them.

SAD AFFAIR IN WARREN.—A boy about 9 years of age, son of James Davis, residing about two miles from the village of Warren, was so severely burned on Tuesday, by his clothes taking fire, that he died in 12 hours after. His parents were absent when the casualty occurred, and his little brothers drew him a fourth of a mile to the nearest neighbor on a sled.

THE CLERKSHIP.—Some fifty members of the House voted for Wm. Stowe for Clerk. Mr. Stowe is a Whig, and we cannot see how a member of the American party could consistently vote for him. Some people, however, have India-rubber consciences which are capable of stretching to any dimensions. Shame on them!

OAK HALL.—We would call the attention of our readers to the Oak Hall advertisement in our paper. It is the greatest clothing establishment in the United States, and is world-renowned for low prices. When you go to the City of Notions don't fail to call at Oak Hall.

AMHERST.—On Monday last, the citizens of Amherst met to settle the question of a new town hall. The Express editor made one of his brilliant speeches in favor of the project, notwithstanding which, the citizens voted not to build a hall.

Boston Correspondence of the Journal.

BOSTON, January 4th, 1855.

Friend Fisk:—The Legislature of Massachusetts was organized yesterday in good shape. I saw it done. So far as the House of Representatives was concerned, and after having seen at one time or another, some fifteen or twenty Legislatures organized, I will say that I have never seen one that was done more promptly and correctly.

The senior member, Mr. Presbrey, was well posted up as to the necessary routine of the organization, and all went like clock work. The new Speaker, although unused practically to legislative duties, took his place unembarrassed, and, as you will have seen, delivered an appropriate speech. I predict for him a successful discharge of his duties.

The general voice, is, "a short session," and I fully believe that *this time* public expectation will be realized. The wheels of government will be fully in motion in the course of the week.

The subject of United States Senator is in agitation *outside*. The west has incontrovertible claims to that office, and I trust its claims will be conceded. Yours,

HAMPDEN.

ACCIDENTAL DESERTION.—On Thursday night, a lady who was traveling in the express train with an infant, inquired of the conductor how long he stopped at Springfield. The reply was 'twenty minutes.'—When she reached Hartford she supposed it was Springfield, and went up into the Refreshment Room and ordered supper. After eating she inquired how much longer time she had to stay, when she was informed that the cars had been gone five minutes. She exclaimed, 'I have lost my baby,' and sank down fainting. A telegraph dispatch was at once sent up, and the infant returned by the next down train, much to the joy of the mother, who, we trust, when she again goes after refreshments, will not leave her baby in the cars.—[*Hartford Courant.*

DISTILLING IN ALBANY.—The business of manufacturing whiskey and high wines, is largely carried on in this city. There is a single concern doing a business of some $200,000 per annum, that every day converts over 400 bushels of honest Indian corn into maddening, poisonous, destructive whiskey. Another House does a business of some $350,000 to $400,000 per annum. But recently, the House of which we last spoke received an order from France for 15,000 gallons of this alcohol. This will go over there, be tinkered up into highly colored and flavored liquids, and come back here one of these days, labelled 'Old Q.,' 'Otard,' 'Cognac,' and what not, and be sold at prices yielding enormous profits. This business of whiskey making and rectifying must reach full $1,000,000 per annum in this city.—[*Albany Register.*

THE TARIFF.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post says:—

"A Senator, prominent for his advocacy of the manufacturing interests of the country, informs me that no change will take place this session, in the existing rates of duties. An interview held last evening with the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, Mr. G. S. Houston of Ala., settles the question decisively in his mind.—The information leaves no hope for the slightest modification during the present session, and is understood to agree with the impressions of Messrs. Appleton of Mass., and Robbins of Penn., the members of the Committee of Ways and Means, who favor the manufacturing interests."

THE GREAT ROBBERY IN CINCINNATI.—Some two months since, the U. S. Express Company's Agent was robbed at Cincinnati, of $15,000. A reward of $5,000 was at once offered, and last week, a young man named Bazel Estep was arrested at Davenport, Iowa, who confessed to the robbery, and implicated three other men. In accordance with this confession, three men have been arrested at Cincinnati, whose names are Wm. Williams, Sydney Miller and Edward Skillman. All four are omnibus drivers.

A VETERAN PASSED AWAY.—On the 10th ult., there died in Harrison County, Ky., a man by the name of Phillip Roberts, 90 yrs. of age, who, in days of Revolutionary memory, was one of Marion's men. He was less than twenty years old when he followed that distinguished General in his campaigns among the swamp fastnesses of South Carolina.

☞ A wolf was seen in pursuit of a deer near Bangor, Me., Christmas day, and just as he overtook and seized him by the throat, both were killed together by simultaneous shots from the rifles of Albert Richards and P. S. Chase, who happened along just at the lucky moment.

WHAT THEY EAT IN NEW YORK.—The N. Y. Tribune, from a table of the weekly receipt of animals at the several market-places in that city, estimates that the whole amount paid for animals slaughtered in N. Y. during the past year, is no less than $14,669,691, an average of $282,111 per week. The number of beeves received was 160,364; calves 68,584 cows do.; sheep and lambs 555,474; swine 252,328. The carnivorous propensities of New Yorkers are beyond all question.

A FEAST.—At the marriage of the great chief, Tungi, to Anna Jane, the daughter of the King of the Friendly Isles, the feast lasted a whole week. One thousand hogs were baked whole, with a proportionate supply of turtle, sharks, and every other fish that is caught in those waters.

DON'T KNOW.—The Amherst Express don't know what the "Whig colic" is. The editor will probably find out in the course of a year, if he continues to edit a Whig newspaper and belong to a lodge of Know Nothings.

THE RESULT.—Neighbor Chickering of the North Adams Transcript, having retired with old Whiggery, from the Governor's Council, is feasting on roast turkey.

For the Journal.

The Old and New Year.

Another year has fled—'tis passed. Let us here pause and reflect, "as they who stand around the dead, and watch the funeral pile." 'Mid earth's changing scenes I've walked with thee; shared in that blessed sympathy which home alone can give; tried old and found new friends.

The recording angel has shut forever against us the book, stained deep by many a sinful word or fearful deed. How great the change wrought within thy presence! How many blasted hopes and unrealized anticipations hast thou witnessed! How many near and valued friends, whose pleasant smiles were always sunshine in our presence, hast thou borne hence, to be with us no more!

Farewell! I grieve that we so soon must part. New Year, I'll greet thee with a warm extended hand. Welcome! But promise that to me thou'lt be a truer friend than he who has just departed. If disappointment is to be my lot—if dark'ning clouds must hide my wild imaginings or tear down fancy's castles—if I must shed a sorrowing tear or heave a sigh o'er those laid low beneath my gaze, oh! hang a veil before my eyes, that I may not behold them.

'Tis vain now to think what we *have* been; what we *may* be remains now to be considered, and as each of thy days presents us with a blank leaf which we must fill for eternity, in that assist us! and if we at thy death be found dead, may we be found ready to go where all is peace!—where angels come to take the weary wanderer home!

LILLIE.

☞ Wooden huts are to be sent from England to the Crimea, and an experienced iron founder has submitted to the foreign office a plan to make them fire proof. One hundred of these buildings had been taken out in one screw-steamer. Large orders for stoves and other iron-work for the Crimea, had been given.

MODEL NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.—Kind patrons and readers, we greet you with cheer, and wish to you all a Happy New Year!—If the year you'd improve, and its pleasures enhance, just order the Journal and pay in *advance!*

GOOD ADVICE.—If you begin the year in vice and folly, you must expect to end it in sorrow and repentance; if in wisdom and prudence, it is the best guarantee that it will end with you in prosperity and happiness.—If you make your duties your pleasures, your trials and you will soon be strangers. What is the great moving principle of your life? A prudent adviser has said, "Throw all doubts into the scale of safety." "Life is a stern driver, and the whip of want soon brings the neck to the collar."

FIRE EXTINGUISHED BY STEAM.—In a fire which occurred at Peoria, Ill., in Friedly and Lincoln's factory, the proprietors ordered the safety valve of the steam engine to be opened. In a few minutes the building was filled with the steam, which penetrated every corner where fire could burn, and completely subdued the flames. Every manufactory where steam is used could have mechanical contrivances by which the steam from the boiler could be admitted into every room liable to fire, and thus possess the means upon the premises of subduing the flames.

STARVATION—SUICIDE.—A melancholy evidence of the distress at present prevailing in New York, came to light on Saturday.—An Englishman, name John Murphy, who has a wife and five children, committed suicide on account of their distressed condition, and while the coroner was holding an inquest on the body, intelligence was received that the youngest child had died of starvation, having had nothing to eat for two days.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.—A despatch from Washington states that the Senate Committee on Commerce are preparing an Internal Improvement bill, leaving the expenditures to the discretion of the Secretary of War. As to the places and amounts, the bill appropriates $100,000 each to the Northern lakes, and about the usual amount to the principal works on the Atlantic coast and the Western rivers.

NEW YORK NAVAL AFFAIRS.—The *Evening Post* says that 500 men are now employed in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. The building of the new steam frigate is the only important work in progress. The frigate Congress is ready for sea. As the law does not allow commanders to ship foreigners, it is almost impossible to procure a complement of men for any vessel.

WHALES.—A shoal of between 40 and 50 young whales, apparently 30 or 40 feet in length, lately entered the river Thames to a point some distance above Gravesend, where they were seen disporting themselves off Tilbury Fort. They proceeded some distance above, but after coming in contact with two steamers, they reversed their course, and proceeded out of the river.

EVIDENCE OF INSANITY.—John W. Rose, of North Brandford, while on trial at New Haven for assault with intent to kill, tumbled his lawyer over in the court room while he was urging the plea of insanity in behalf of his client. The counsellor was not seriously injured. The Attorney General withdrew the case, and the prisoner was sent back to jail to be treated for insanity.

☞ The Emperor of Russia has granted decorations to his two sons for their bravery at the battle of Inkermann. If the British accounts be true, their bravery was exhibited by standing at a distance on the side of a hill as spectators of the battle, and at its close by precipitately retreating out of the reach of the allied forces.

☞ The schooner George H. Townsend, which was seized on suspicion of being fitted out at New York for the slave trade, has been permitted to depart on her voyage, on security for $5600 being given, and the necessary stipulations entered into by her master.

Making Money.

One of the chapters in Barnum's book is devoted to the art of making money. The Albany Knickerbocker thus speaks of it:—

"There is one chapter in Barnum's book that every business man should get by heart, and that is the chapter devoted to the art of making money. In that chapter Barnum proves that making money is a purely mechanical business, as much as cleaning stoves or peddling clams. To make money in this era of the world, all that is required are two things—courage and printer's ink; the former to give you momentum and the latter to make that momentum productive. Barnum is candid, and says that his wealth has been made, not by any great genius which he himself possesses, but simply by the aid of the columns of newspapers. No longer than 14 or 15 years ago, Barnum worked for only $4,00 per week, and now he is worth a million of dollars! Reader, think of these things and act accordingly! Remember courage and printer's ink!"

MORE BUSINESS FAILURES.—Messrs Wadsworth & Sheldon, bankers on Wall st., New York, suspended payment Tuesday. Liabilities about $2,500,000; assets probably a million over this. They were the agents of the state of Illinois in that city, consequently no payment was made Tuesday, on account of interest on its bonds, etc. The failure of Messrs Belcher & Co., sugar refiners, St. Louis, for $2,000,000, was announced Tuesday afternoon. It has also involved the two following houses in New York, viz: Foster & Stephenson, ship owners and bankers for $306,000, and Winthrop G. Wray, stock broker, to the extent of $220,000. Some Boston houses are also said to be affected to nearly $1,000,000. The banking house of Gen. Larimer, Pittsburg, Pa., failed on Tuesday.

☞ A few days since, at the Fayette House, Syracuse, N. Y., about twenty Indians who participated in the conflict of 1812, came together from the Green Bays, Onondagas and Oneidas. Three of their number were appointed delegates to the National Convention of the Veterans of the War of 1812, to be held at Washington on the 18th of January next, where they will go in full costume.

☞ Thomas C. Thompson, of Ithica, N. Y., has been arrested and held to bail in $5000, charged by the American Magnetic Sewing Machine Company with obtaining $50,000 of the stock of that company by false pretences selling them certain improvements of which he was not the inventor.

A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—In Wilmington, North Carolina, a few days ago, as the evening train was entering the depot the brake became unmanageable, and the locomotive and tender rushed onward to the wharf, bounded over a huge piece of timber at the end of the track, and fell into the river. No person was seriously injured, although the affair produced considerable excitement and confusion, and it is thought that the process of removing the locomotive and tender from the bed of the river will be attended with much difficulty.

AN IMPOSITION.—At the inquest on the body of an Irish woman named Ellen Cotter, found drowned at Lewis's Wharf, it was testified to that while she had $145 in the Savings Bank, and $15 in bills at home, she had been for two years a public charge to the city of Boston. Such cases are quite numerous. Several years ago, an Irishman and his wife, who were receiving public relief, were found to be in possession of some $3000, profitably invested.—*Trav.*

GENEROUS.—The Directors of the Trenton (N. J.) Iron Works will place at the disposal of the Mayor about one hundred tons of coal for the benefit of the poor of the city of Trenton. It is also said that the company intend to appropiate $10,000 for the benefit of the men employed at their works. This is certainly a very liberal and highly honorable determination on the part of the company.

☞ The Rev. Antoinette Brown says that if Providence had given her an "invalid husband and half a dozen children, her salary as a clergywoman is amply sufficient to pass them comfortably through life." Here's a hint for a "sick man"—situation comfortable, weather cold, and a young lady freezing her feet in a single bedstead.

☞ The Washington Globe says that Major George Bonn, chief of the staff of the British army, who on the 5th of November, was killed in the engagement before Sebastopol, was one of the officers severely wounded at the battle of Bladensburg, in 1814. He remained several weeks in Washington and Georgetown, during which he received many kind attentions from the citizens. He was a Scotchman by birth.

☞ The horticulturists of Paris have succeeded by artificial crossings in obtaining a natural rose of blue color, which is the fourth color obtained by artificial means—that and the yellow or tea, rose, the black or purple rose, are the result of skilful and scientific gardening.

☞ A young woman, the wife of a baker in London, died a short time since from a very singular cause. It seems that a lad had passed a spurious florin upon her in exchange for a loaf of bread, upon ascertaining which fact she became so excited as to bring on a fit, in which she died!

COMPLETED.—The Pulaski monument at Savannah has been completed. The Savannah Republican characterizes it as one of the most chaste and beautiful structures of the kind it has ever seen. It is sixty feet high, and of the finest Italian marble.

☞ Hartford is to have a Park, or Common, of 30 acres, having lately purchased land for the purpose of the railroad companies of which possession will be given to the city in May, 1856.

From the Seat of War.

The news from the Crimea is not of a stirring nature, although there has been some skirmishing between the allies and Russians. The Austrian treaty, whereby she pledged herself for the allies, is thought to be a sham. On the 6th of Dec. the Russian war steamer Vladimir, and another steamer unknown, came out of Sebastopol, and took up a position off the Quarantine Fort, commanding the flank of the French land forces, and opened a fire, but the English steamer Valorous and Terrible, and a French steamer bore down upon them, and compelled them to re-enter the harbor, protected by the Russian batteries.

The Russians were making continuous sallies against the French position, but they were at all times promptly repulsed. The 9th, 90th and part of the 34th British regiments, had landed since the 4th.

"Kamisch Bay, Dec. 12. A severe cannonade has been going on. Two sorties of the Russians have been repulsed. The enemy were received with a well sustained fire of musketry, and driven back at the point of the bayonet, after an obstinate struggle."

CIRCASSIAN SLAVE GIRLS.—The sale of beautiful slave girls from Circassia, though prohibited by a firman of the Sultan of Turkey, is still carried on in private establishments. The only effect of the law is to discontinue the public sales in the market-places. The people of Circassia do not thank the 'Christian dogs' for interfering with their peculiar institution; for the raising of fair daughters for the Turkish harems is a lucrative and honorable business, and the girls themselves wait impatiently for the time when they may display their charms before the Pachas and millionaires of Constantinople, having been taught from childhood that the idle and luxurious life of the harem is the heaven of earthly existence and the most direct path to the gardens of paradise.

SALARIES OF FOREIGN MINISTERS.—The Reform Diplomatic Bill now before Congress proposes the following salaries for foreign ministers: Great Britain, $17,500; France and China, each, $15,000; Spain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, each, 12,000; Brazil and Mexico, each, $10,000; Turkey, Peru, and Chili each, $9,000; Switzerland, Rome, Naples Sardinia, Belgium, Holland, Portugal Denmark, Sweden, the Argentine Republic, New Grenada, Bolivar, Equador, Venezuela, Guatamala, and Nicaragua $7,500.

HORSES WITHOUT TONGUES.—A great deal has been said in the newspapers of late about horses' tongues, and the evidence, so far as we can judge, shows that horses may lose their tongues without suffering any permanent ill effects from the deprivation. A correspondent of the *Transcript* mentions an instance of a valuable horse named Blue Dick, which accidentally lost his tongue a number of years ago, but is still alive and hearty, and has never even uttered a word of complaint.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—This great question, which has called all the great dignitaries of the Catholic Church to Rome, has at last been settled. The *London Globe* has the following:

"The number of 'votes' was 578, including proxies, and about 120 bishops actually present. Of these, 540 pronounced by acclamation for the new dogma; 32 voices questioned the appropriateness of such a discussion just now; while only 4 votes protested both against the dogma and against the right of the Holy See to decide a question of that importance without a regular council."

☞ A poor widow of Bridgewater, Pa., had expended all her means but a five dollar note of the Cleveland Canal bank, when she was dismayed by the news that the bank had failed. She wrote to the officers of the bank stating her case and enclosing the note, and the return mail brought an answer with a gold eagle enclosed. Proof that in spite of the old adage, there is at least one soul in that corporation.

OLD PEOPLE.—The *Upper Marlboro'* (Maryland) *Gazette* records, as a remarkable coincidence, that there are ten citizens of that county (Prince George's) whose farms are contiguous to each other, and whose united ages amount to 807, giving an average of 80 7-10. These gentleman reside in the upper part of the Aquasco and lower part of Nottingham districts, and are all hale and hearty.

SHAWLS.—At the Bay State Mills, in Lawrence, Mass., there are annually manufactured 400,000 shawls, valued at upwards of a million and a half of dollars. The mills consume 40,000 pounds of wool in a day, or upwards of 12,000,000 a year. The fleeces of at least three millions sheep are annually required to supply their demand.

FEMALE ENTERPRISE.—The gentlemen of Norwalk, Conn., lacking the spirit to get up a course of lectures, the ladies have taken the matter in hand and made all the necessary arrangements. They now have it in contemplation to furnish the gentlemen with free tickets, break the paths for them, and escort them to and from the lecture room.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—On Saturday, N. J. Van Patten, a conductor, was knocked from the top of a train near Syracuse, and instantly killed. Robert Beatty was killed at Lockport, on Saturday, while attempting to get upon a train. He had quite a sum of money in his pockets.

☞ On the 5th of October there were three smart shocks of an earthquake at Hong Kong. House bells rang and clocks stopped, but no disruption of the earth took place.

☞ At Belleone, N. J., on Sunday last, a lad of nine years was choked to death by a piece of shell, which flew into his throat from a hickory nut that he was cracking.

Ex-Gov. Dorr, of Rhode Island rebellion memory, died at Providence, on the 27th ult.

BILL TO PREVENT THE IMMIGRATION OF PAUPERS AND CRIMINALS.—The recent developments at New York in regard to the wholesale shipment of paupers and criminals for this country by foreign powers, has induced the Committee on Commerce in the House to prepare an important bill on the subject, which will soon be reported. The following are its principal provisions:

"No foreign passenger shall hereafter be admitted into a port of the United States unless he shall have the certificate of the American consul of the place from which he comes, that he has not, for one year previous to his departure, been an inmate of a jail or workhouse, and that he has not, for four years previously, been convicted of any criminal offence, except such as are designated political crimes. If any captain shall bring such persons without the required certificates, he shall be liable to fine and imprisonment.—The vessels in which such persons arrive shall be subject to forfeiture."

DEFALCATION.—The *Worcester Spy* says that Rev. David Higgins, editor and publisher of the *Journal and Agitator*, and railroad station master at Oakdale, has "absquatulated" with funds belonging to the railroad and various individuals, in sums ranging from $10 to $500. His recent partner loses about $2100. Higgins, when last heard of, was in New York, on his way to Kansas.

☞ The annual meeting of the 'Association of Editors and printers in Western Massachusetts,' will be held at the American House, in Springfield, on Wednesday, Jan. 17, 1855, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when the annual supper will come off and the reports of several committees will be expected.

CONSOLIDATION.—The cities of Brooklyn and Williamsburg and the township of Bushwick, all on Long Island, have within a few days past been consolidated into one city by the name of Brooklyn, and possessing a population of two hundred thousand, the new city is now the third city of the Union in point of size.

☞ A little son of Nathaniel Woodward, of Springfield, was drowned on Sunday afternoon by accidentally falling into Mill River. His father at the time was in prison for drunkenness. He has been discharged on account of the destitute condition of his family.

☞ In Northampton Friday night, Hiram Ferry's barn in South street was fired by an incendiary, and burned with its contents, including a horse; loss $700, partly insured in the Quincy office.

HUMAN CHATTELS.—The Louisville Journal says that among the curiosities on Main Street in that city a few days ago, were eighteen negro men handcuffed in pairs, in charge of two white men. A procession of women and children followed in their wake.

☞ The Calcutta Englishman has a story of a shark captured there, which upon being opened, contained the body of a young child in good preservation, the body of another child partly decomposed, and a portion of the remains of an adult person.

☞ Daniel T. Granger, Esq., of Eastport, Me., was found dead in his office on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Granger was a lawyer of distinction, and last winter was appointed by Gov. Crosby as a Judge of the Supreme Court, but declined the appointment.

DEATH OF CHARLES SIGOURNEY, ESQ.—We learn that Charles Sigourney, Esq., one of the oldest merchants of Hartford, died in that city on Saturday last, of apoplexy. He was the husband of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, the poetess.

☞ We hear that about one thousand persons, including men, women and children, are out of employment in Lynn. The shoemakers have been obliged to contract their business.

THE WINDHAM BANK ROBBERS.—The three men who a few weeks since robbed the Windham (Conn.) Bank of $22,000, have been sentenced—two to nine and one to seven years in the State Prison.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Thomas Jefferson is now a police officer in Lowell, and Alexander Hamilton of the same city has been fined one dollar and costs for drunkenness.

PLENTY OF WIVES.—A negro witness in Detroit stated that he had been blessed with five wives and forty-eight children, of whom twenty-eight still live, all boys but one.

☞ The New York Tribune states that Mr. Collins' three steamers have been sold to the Cunard company for $750,000 each, to replace the steamers withdrawn for government service.

☞ An unknown person with a new conscience, sent the other day, by his priest, one hundred and fifty dollars to the Fireman's insurance Company of Boston, by way of restitution.

☞ The main trunk of the Illinois Central Railroad line, from Chicago to Cairo, opens for traffic on the 8th of January, and the branch from Cairo to Galena on the 15th.

☞ Three hundred and twenty-six revolutionary pensioners died during the past year. The number now on the pension roll is one thousand and sixty.

☞ A fine pair of elks, attached to a buggy, were driven through the principal streets of Louisville, Kentucky, on Saturday. Their novel appearance attracted much attention.

☞ In the case of George W. Green, on trial at Chicago, for murdering his wife, the pannel of jurors was completed on the third day; the last juror sworn was the one hundred and ninth that had been called.

LOCAL MATTERS.

RACING ON THE ICE.—Near Duckville, in this town, there is a large pond, which has for several days been the scene of exciting sport with those having fast horses. On Thursday there were upwards of thirty horses on this ice-course, and considerable money changed hands in consequence of betting. A little pony belonging to Joseph A. Brown, is considered the fastest of any horse-flesh that appears on the pond. Franklin Morgan and E. B. Shaw of this village, have exhibited the speed of their fast horses on the same course.

WANTED A CLEAN SHIRT.—A colored man, over one hundred years of age, recently died at the Alms House in this place. His attendant saw him, as he supposed, expire, and then called help to lay him out. As this task was about being performed, the dead man popped up his head and exclaimed, "I want a clean shirt!" The shirt was furnished, but the old fellow only survived the change a few hours.

DEAR OPERATION.—About a year since, J. H. Crocker was forcibly ejected from the cars on the New London and Palmer Railroad, for refusing to pay an extra five cents for not having purchased a ticket. His knee was severely injured at the time, and the New London County Court has just rendered a verdict in his favor, laying the damages at $6,500.

A LOAD OF WOOD belonging to widow Merrick of Brimfield, got stuck on the track of the railroad below Blanchardville on Wednesday, and the forenoon accommodation train pitched into it, scattering the wood in all directions and damaging the engine considerably. The driver of the team heard the train coming and had barely time to clear the oxen from the sled before it was struck by the engine.

ATTENTION!—Those who feel an interest in organizing a Lyceum, or sustaining a course of lectures during the Winter, are requested to meet at the Vestry of the Baptist Church on Tuesday evening next.

MATCHES.—An establishment for manufacturing a new kind of friction matches will soon go into operation in this village.—We have been shown a sample of the matches to be manufactured, which are superior to anything of the kind we ever saw, and can be made much cheaper than those now in use.

ONLY *one* train a day, each way, now runs over the Amherst & Belchertown Railroad.

A DANCING PARTY used up the "small hours," and one of Shaw's suppers, at the Nassowanno on Tuesday night.

THE Palmer Thief-Detecting Society will meet at the Nassowanno House next Tuesday evening for the purpose of choosing officers for the ensuing year, and eating a good supper, which will be paid for out of the funds of the society.

P. S. A *few more* members wanted.

A VALUABLE cow belonging to John Morgan, died on Wednesday night. She appeared well enough in the evening.

POLICE.—On Thursday, Albert P. Bacon of this town was examined before Justice Torrey on a charge of stealing $40 from Ezra Ferrey of Monson, last August, and for want of $300 bail was sent to jail.

MONSON.—G. H. Newton has commenced the publication of the "Monson Times," a monthly paper, about the size of a half letter sheet.

GRABTOWN.—A new settlement is about to be commenced on the Mosquito coast, at Greytown, by emigrants from the United States, and the Boston Telegraph very appropriately designates it by the name of 'Grabtown.' Col. W. L. Kinney is at the head of it, and will sail with 300 emigrants during the present month. It is expected that one thousand emigrants from Philadelphia and other cities will follow in a short time. The Col. proposes to give free farms to all who choose to accept them, with the probability that they will be obliged to fight for them hereafter. The fighting settlers are to receive the same wages as the soldiers of the U. S. Army, and the soldiers 640 and the officers 1280 acres. Non fighting settlers will have 160 acres each. This settlement is designed to be the nucleus which shall ultimately absorb all the Central American States into a model republic.

☞ The Pacific Mill, at Lawrence, Mass., is the largest in the world. Its floor surface covers sixteen acres, and has now in operation 40,000 cotton and 10,000 worsted spindles. These are to be increased to 80,000 and 20,000 respectively. There are 1,200 looms in operation, to be increased to 2,400. These produce 300,000 pieces of cloth per annum, one-half De Laines. The weekly consumption of cotton is 20,000 pounds—say 1,040,000 pounds per annum—and 500,000 pounds wool. The number of hands employed are about 2,000, whose wages amount to $50,000 a month.

☞ The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts has in its posession a lock of Washington's hair.—It is kept in a golden casket, covered with glass, and has been regularly transmitted from the hands of one Grand Master to those of his successor, who always has it in personal charge.

☞ Omar Pacha went to the opera at Bucharest with his nephew's wife, and the lady sat through the performance completely unveiled—a tremendous innovation on the Turkish custom.

☞ Kossuth made a speech in London at the recent anniversary of the Polish Revolution, in which he condemned the plans of the Allies and said they must attack Russia through Poland if they would accomplish anything.

☞ The *Killingly Telegraph* alludes to the death of a person in the neighborhood of that town by drinking excessively of essence of peppermint. He had been a moderate drinker of spirituous liquor, but his supplies being cut off by the Maine Law, he resorted to peppermint, and it killed him.

☞ A Congress is now assembled at Vienna to consult on the means of creating a uniform gold coinage for all the States of the Germanic Confederation.

☞ Senator Atchinson declares that Kansas will certainly be a slave State.

☞ A body of Mormons, 400 in number, has left Denmark for this country.

—If you want to catch mice, place sweetments in your mouth on going to bed, and keep your mouth wide open. When you feel the whiskers of the mouse, bite!

Brighton Market.

THURSDAY, January 4.—At Market 450 Beef Cattle, 80 Stores, 12 pairs working oxen, 70 cows and calves, 1700 sheep and lambs, 480 Swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—Extra $8,50; first quality 7,75, second 7,50, third 7, ordinary 6 a 6,25, Veal calves—4, 4,75, 5 a 6. Stores—Yearlings 8, 9 a 10; two years old 16, 22 a 30; three years old 28, 32 a 39. Working oxen, 100, 110, 125, 130 a 140. Cows and calves, 21, 24, 28, 30, 35, 37 a 40. Sheep and lambs, 5, 6 a 7; by lot, 2, 2,50, 2,75, 3 a 4. Swine 5 cts; retail 5 a 6 1-2 cts; fat hogs 5 1-4 cts.

Palmer Market.

Flour per barrel, - -	$11,00 a $12,25.
Corn " bushel, - - - - -	1,10.
Rye " " - - - - -	1,33.
Oats " " - - - - -	55.
Potatoes pr. bush., - - - - -	75.
Beans " - - - - - -	2,00.
Butter per lb, - - - - - -	25.
Cheese " - - - - - -	12.
Lard " - - - - - -	13.
Beef, Salt per lb., - - - - -	08.
Pork, " " - - - - - -	10.
Eggs per dozen, - - - - -	20.
Winter Apples per bbl., - - -	2,00.
Hay per ton, - - - - -	12

☞ The *Toronto Colonist* says that the British Government has purchased 18,000 buffalo robes for the use of the army in the Crimea.

BORN.

In Monson, January 4th, a son to Abraham Rogers.

In this village, Jan. 4th, a son to Wilson Arnold.

MARRIED.

In this town, (Three Rivers,) Dec. 30th, by Rev. L. H. Wakeman, Abraham Comb and Estan Fabrou both of Palmer; Dec. 26th, by the same, George A. Keith and Caroline Brown, both of Palmer.

In Monson, Dec. 28th, by Rev. J. Paulson, Almon Beebe and Harriet C. Clough.

In Enfield, Dec. 21st, David White, of Hadley to Anna Warren.

At Ludlow, 1st, Joseph S. Perry of Worcester, and Lucy A. Day.

DIED.

In Amherst, Dec. 28th, Emeline L. Whitney, wife of Simon Whitney, aged 38; same day, Eliza S., daughter of Eli Hubbard, aged 20.

In West Bloomfield, N. Y., Dec. 22, Ambrose Worthington, aged 78, formerly of West Springfield, (Agawam).

To the Hon. OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate &c., for the County of Hampden.

GEORGE PUFFER of Brimfield, in said County, humbly shows that at a Probate Court held at Springfield, within and for said County of Hampden, on the 5th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1850, he was duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Reuben Gardner, late of Brimfield, in the State of Ohio, deceased intestate, that more than four years have elapsed since he gave notice of his appointment agreeable to law and to the order of said Court, that there will remain a surplus in his hands of some twelve hundred dollars after the payment of debts due to persons resident in this Commonwealth, and charges of Administration, or any just claims that have been presented to him against said estate.

He, therefore, prays that the Court would order and determine that such surplus may be paid over by him to the heirs at law of said deceased. GEORGE PUFFER.

Jan. 2d, 1855.

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Probate Court holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D., 1855.

ON the representation aforesaid, Ordered, that the further consideration thereof be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, in and for said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, and that the petitioner notify all persons interested, of the pendency thereof, by causing him to be served with an attested copy thereof, and of this order, to be published in the Palmer Journal three weeks successively before the time of holding said Court.

OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.
Copy—Attest,— HENRY SMITH,
(37) Register.

Notice.

WHEREAS my wife, Margaret Ellepin, has left my bed and board without any provocation, this is to forbid all persons from trusting or harboring her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date. CHRISTOPHER ELLEPIN.

East Douglas, Dec 30th, 1854.

HAMPDEN SS

AT a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for the county of Hampden, on the 2d day of January, A. D., 1855.

On the petition of Fanny Rood and Addison M. Bradley, administrators on the estate of Thaddeus Rood, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, praying to be empowered to sell all of the real estate of said deceased, to produce the sum of ten hundred and eighty-four dollars and twenty-nine cents, for payment of his just debts and incidental charges, in manner prescribed by law.

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the first Tuesday of February next, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said administrators give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, three weeks successively previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same.

OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.
Copy—Attest,— HENRY SMITH,
(37) Register.

New London, Willimantic & Palmer R. R

Commencing 13th December, 1854.

LEAVE Palmer for New London, at 8.00 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

Leave New London for Palmer at 8.00 A. M. and 2.00 P. M.

WM. R. STORRS,
Superintendent.

New London, Dec. 13th, 1854. 34tf

Shawl Lost.

LOST between the Depot village and Thorndike, last Sunday evening, a lady's shawl, which the finder is requested to leave at this office, and receive pay for his trouble. tf36

Pay Your Taxes!!

THOSE who have not paid their Taxes this year, are requested to do so immediately, if they wish to save themselves costs. Be wise in time. P. W. WEBSTER, Collector.

Palmer, Sept. 23d, 1854. 22

POETRY.

The Four Philosophers.

Four great philosphers
Come every year;
Teach in the open air;
Then disappear.

WINTER's the *Stoic*
So chill and heroic;
He sits in the mountain breeze, biting and pure,
And when to bring fear and doubt,
Damp nightly winds are out,
Wraps an old cloak about—he can endure.

SPRING, at dull hearts to mock,
Comes in a farming-frock,
With garlands and ploughshare a lesson doth [give;
He sings through the field awhile,
Turns up the soaking soil,
All haste and laughing toil—briskly can live.

SUMMER, with mantle free—
Epicurean he—
Lolls in the cool shade like a tired boy;
While blazing suns unkind,
Leave the stout mower blind,
Where faints the mountain wind—he can enjoy.

AUTUMN, when all are done,
He's a good *Christian* one;
Fills well the granaries, where seeds may lie,
New coming years to bless;
Then, in his russet dress,
All hope and quietness—sweetly can die.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.—From an interesting article in the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*, we gleam a few facts in relation to Ireland and the Irish emigration, which we think will prove interesting to our readers. We learn from the article referred to that during the last seven years a million and a half of the pauper population of that unfortunate country have found a home of plenty in the United States. The amount of money sent back by emigrants to their friends at home, through the medium of Anglo-American bankers, has increased, during the five years ending with 1853, from two and a half to seven millions of dollars. It is estimated that this sum, in addition to that transmitted by private hands, was quite sufficient to defray the whole cost of emigration during that period, so that in point of fact, America not only affords an asylum to the redundant population of Ireland, but also pays the expenses of their transportation to the United States; thus contributing in a two fold degree to the recovery of Ireland from the degraded condition to which she has fallen.

JAPAN MORMONISM.—Concubinage is common in Japan. Besides a wife—who is always the mistress of the family—every man who can afford it seems to have from one to five, or six concubines—depending upon his means or inclination—who are bought from their parents while young. These creatures do not, of course, either black their teeth or shave their eyebrows, and are often quite comely. They are made to perform the duties of maid servants, and are frequently, through jealousy, very cruelly treated. At Simoda, this class appeared to admire the foreigners very much, and were, in consequence, often ordered out of their sight.

LADY THIEF.—At the Bellair market in Baltimore, a lady richly dressed, while bargaining with a huckster woman for a pair of fowls, slipped one of them under her mantilla, and went off; the woman started in pursuit, and in the presence of a crowd of spectators, seized the chicken by the leg, and pounded the lady on the head with it until she was rescued by a by-stander.

COAL IN CANADA.—The Provincial geologist, after a long and careful examination, has decided that no coal is to be found in Canada. Notwithstanding this decision, a farmer in West Gwillimbury, when lately digging a well, came upon a seam of considerable thickness, samples of which have proved to be of good quality; and the discovery is thought to be beyond dispute.

A CROWN.—The cost of the diamonds and pearls in the crown of England, exclusive of the metal, is put down at $550,000. The interest in the investment in the British crown, is $33,000 per annum—enough to pay the salaries of the President and Secretary of State—and treat them to a new republican crown quarterly.

☞ The Kremlin is a fortress in Moscow, in the very centre of the city. It is two miles in circumference, and surrounded by brick walls and deep moat. On entering, churches, palaces, public buildings, and the arsenal, just as it remained after the conflagration, present a most extraordinary appearance.

Some author tells the following profound truth: 'The entrance of a single woman of talent into a family, is sufficient to keep it clear from fools for several generations.' Suppose she were to be a married woman? Might she not then multiply the fools for a generation or two?

HEARTS.—It is stated by some wiseacre that the heart of man weighs nine ounces, that of a woman eight. As age increases, man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after thirty. Some girls lose theirs at sixteen.

☞ A man who would fear God and sleep well, should have as little to do with politics as possible. Remember this and stop at home with your wife; and if you have not one, why go and court some smart girl that is willing to be one.

☞ Nobody likes to be nobody; and everybody likes to be somebody; and everybody is somebody; but when anybody thinks himself somebody he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody, but is nobody himself.

SALT.—The company engaged in searching for strong salt water at the old Saline Works, in Saline county, Illinois, has lately struck a vein so strong that it will bear an egg. The company purpose having works in operation there by the first of January.

☞ An object of "Interest"—A girl whose income is $2000 a year.

THE PALMER JOURNAL.

$1,50 a Year, or] A BUSINESS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER----INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING. [$1,25 in Advance.

VOLUME 5. PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855. NUMBER 38.

THE PALMER JOURNAL;
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

GORDEN M. FISK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE CORNER OF MAIN AND FURNACE STS.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.—One Dollar and a Half per annum. A discount of Twenty-five Cents to those who pay in *advance*. For six months, 66 Cents; for three months, 33 Cents. Single copies 3 Cents.

☞ All Letters to meet with attention must be POST PAID.

☞ Communications of News &c. should always be accompanied with a responsible name.

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—The space occupied by 100 words, or that occupied by 14 Brevier lines, constitutes a *square*. One square one week 75 cents; 3 weeks $1. Each insertion afterwards 20 cents. One square 6 months $5—one year $9. One-half square or less—1 week 50 cents; two weeks 75 cents. Each after insertion 15 cents. One-half a square 6 months $3—1 year $5. Twenty-five per cent advance for continuance inside, after one week. Legal advertising of all kinds, such as Insolvent and Probate Notices, Sales on Execution &c., not less than 25 per cent in advance of ordinary rates. Special notices 33 1-3 per cent advance of ordinary rates.

Cards of acknowledgement, religious notices and the like, one insertion, 50 cents per square. Political notices, calls for conventions and secular meetings to be charged the same as other notices or advertisements similarly published.—Notices in news columns 10 cents per line, one insertion, but no charge made of less than 50c.

Discounts will be made to merchants advertising at the above rates to the amount of $20 pr. annum, of not more than ten per cent; $30—15 per cent; $40—20 per cent; $50—25 per c.; and on $75, or over, 33 1-3 per cent.

Births, marriages and deaths inserted without charge; but all additions to the ordinary announcements, as obituary notices, funeral appointments &c., charged at 4 cents per line—no charge being less than 25 cents.

☞ From transient advertisers and patent medicine agents, cash will be demanded in advance, save in cases of special arrangement, or where a local reference is given.

* * The above rates are adopted by all weekly newspapers published in the five Western Counties of the State.

The Journal has a larger circulation in Eastern Hampden and vicinity than all other papers. It is, therefore, for the interest of those who wish their advertisements read and circulated in this section, to publish them in the Journal.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description neatly and punctually executed at this Office.
Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

Agents for the Journal.

The following persons are authorized to act as Agents in receiving Subscriptions and giving receipts in our name:

Three Rivers, A. Shumway,—Thorndike, A R. Murdock,—Bondsville, N. D. Wight,—Belchertown, H. A. Longley,—Collins' Depot, W. Collins,—Monson, T. F. Packard,—Monson, *South Factory*, W. Converse,—Monson, *North Factory*, F. S. Smith,—Wales, J. C. Royce,—Stafford Springs, J. H. Nutting,—Stafford Hollow, H. A. Converse.—Warren, T. H. Knight,—Palmer Centre, E. Turner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Story of the Times.

MR. SCRIPTOR was the chief proprietor of a periodical having an extensive circulation. Mr. Scriptor sat in his private office ruminating. He was, unquestionably, ruminating; for his hand, which rested on the table, supported his head, which seemed unable to rest comfortably in any settled position. Books and papers were strewn about him in every direction, and there was a large blot upon the scrawled sheet before him, and a small river of ink coursed its way down over the desk upon the floor; it had even trickled down upon Mr. Scriptor's newest suit of clothes, but he did not notice it. He was absorbed.

'Confound the times!' said Scriptor to himself, bringing his fist down upon the desk by way of emphasis; people can't or *won't* meet their dues. Money must be paid out, but there are no returns. Everything is high—abominably high.—Orders are becoming more and more scarce every day. Well, there is only one thing to be done. My hands must be subjected to a decrease of wages, or I must discharge them; that's all.'

This conclusion Scriptor evidently *jumped at*; for he started up suddenly, took a swallow of Otard, and having thus added sufficient artificial color to his already florid complexion to well sustain the character assumed, began violently to pace the floor. (Mr. Scriptor had that morning presented his wife with a check for the purchase of a $1,000 shawl.)

'Here, you John!'

The lad made his appearance.

'Stir up this fire a little. Fill up the grate and put up the blower. Dear me! how cold it is. This weather is enough to freeze one.'

The frost clung thick to the window-pane; the stinging wind drove back the frozen damp of breath into the faces of the passers by, and the snow creaked sharply under foot.

Some one knocked at the office door.

'Come in!' Scriptor was still agitated, and continued walking. It was a most unfortunate moment for poor Harry.

'Good morning!' said he, blandly.

'Good morning!' replied Scriptor, gruffly.

Harry perceived that he had mistaken his time. 'Don't let me interrupt you, sir, if you are busy.'

'Well, no—not exactly—that is to say—ah!—not particularly so. What is it, sir?'

'You published an article of mine last week, if I am not mistaken.'

'Let me see—ah!—I believe we did. Yes; we did. 'The Lost Soul,' I think, was the title.'

'The same. And I came to ask as a favor, if you could not make it convenient to pay me the price of it now, as I am in great need of the money.' His seedy and thread-bare clothes and wan, hollow cheeks bore ample testimony to his poverty.

'Well, really, we should be most happy to accommodate you, sir, but you see the times are hard, (here Scriptor jingled the loose change in his pocket as evidence of the fact) and it is with great difficulty that we can contrive to make both ends meet.'

'It was but $5,00, I think,' pleaded the author.

'True—true; but you see every dollar tells. I think we informed you, if you were not already aware of the fact, that our terms are, invariably, 'six month's credit,' and you have still two months to run.'

'So I understand. But my present distress, and the exigencies of the case prompted me to apply to you as a last resort. This severe weather is very trying to the poor.'

'Hem! Yes, it is—it must be. I have already taken the subject into active consideration, and yesterday I published in one of our leading journals, an earnest appeal to the public for their sympathy and benevolence in these afflicting times.'

'And could I not make a like appeal to you in behalf of my starving, dying wife?'

'*Starving*, did you say? Bless me!—Bad—very bad—indeed!'

'Yes, sir, I am compelled to admit the terrible truth; my poor, dear wife is actually dying from want of the simple necessaries of life. I have not myself tasted food for nearly twenty-four hours.'

'Dear me!—you don't say so! That is bad—very bad, indeed—I might say distressing! Your case is unfortunate; but we make it a rule not to notice these outside applications. That's the point. I must refer you to the Benevolent Association. Sorry, sir—very. As I am quite engaged at present I must beg of you to excuse me. Good morning!'

Harry Erstine turned away with a sad heart. He sought his little room once more; but its chill, cold atmosphere seemed more genial than the cold, heartless soul of the publisher. * * * *

Mr. Scriptor was blessed (?) with an extravagant, but kind-hearted wife. Oftentimes she had distributed little necessaries and comforts among the destitute, and now the present times demanded her attention and sympathy yet the more. 'I couldn't refuse a morsel of food or a little money to the destitute,' she used often to say. It did not for a moment occur to her that $50,00 of the 1,000 paid for her shawl would have procured her one as comfortable and elegant as she could desire, while the remaining $950 would have made many—O how many!—miserable, happy—alleviated the pains of the suffering, and warmed the desolate hearth-stone. A neighbor had that afternoon called her attention to a very sad, but interesting case which had just come to her knowledge, and she had but now returned from her errand of mercy. Mr. Scriptor met her upon the door-step of his mansion.

'My dear husband,' said she with an earnestness, 'pray, do be good enough to come with me a moment, to see a poor woman—'

'O bother,' replied he, impatiently, 'I have enough to do to attend to my own business, without looking up vagabonds and impostors.'

'It is but a step,' she persisted, 'I really feel interested in this pitiable case. I am confident they are neither vagrants nor impostors, but true objects of sympathy. Come, do, husband.'

Mr. Scriptor muttered something about the 'trouble,' pulled up his comforter, and buttoned his overcoat still higher under his chin, and followed his wife in dogged silence, with feelings not exactly Christian.

They proceeded a short distance up the broad avenue. Stately and imposing marble and freestone rose majestically on either side. They turned the nearest corner a very little way, and entered a small tenement, low and desolate, where the faint ray of sun-light that betimes crept in, served but to reveal more distinctly the wretchedness of the cheerless home. It was a single room, such as the poor inhabit, yet it was neat—very neat. A small table, a single chair, and a pallet of straw were the only furniture. A few leaves of manuscript and a pen, now idle, lay upon the table.

No answer was heard in reply to Mrs. Scriptor's knock of the door, and she lifted the latch timidly and entered. The poor man's wife lay upon her couch, pale, but beautiful, and her skin so transparent and delicate that you could have seen the life-blood coursing through the deep blue veins, with each pulsation of the heart.—But all was still now. The form was chiseled—not animate. The husband leaned upon the bedside. He did not weep, but his eyes gazed vacantly into those deep blue orbs, that seemed now to stare so wildly at him—so soulless—from beneath the long dark lashes. He did not notice the intrusion, but dreamed on.

The rich man and his wife stood intently gazing at the scene. The face of the mourner at the bedside was partially averted, but Scriptor was carefully scrutinizing the features.

'Gracious goodness!' he exclaimed. 'Is it possible! It is he—it is!'

'Who, my dear—who is it?' asked his wife in astonishment.

The man at the bed-side moved slightly. For the first time he seemed conscious of the presence of others. Scriptor placed his hand gently upon his shoulder and whispered 'Harry Erstine.'

The author turned his face toward him, and a faint smile moved the muscles of his mouth. He was calm, but deadly pale. He shook his head quietly, and murmured, 'Too late, *too late!*'

'No, I hope not. Here, take this.—Forgive me! I did not know—this morning. Very sorry—very sorry indeed.' He flung down a $50 note and would have placed it in the young man's hand. But he pushed it aside gently, shook his head mournfully, and pointed to his wife.

Mrs. Scriptor had approached the bed, and was looking intently at the still form upon it. 'She is dead!' she cried; 'it is, indeed, 'too late.''

The young man buried his face in his hands and wept. Scriptor left the $50 note beside him, and then took his departure. They could not intrude upon the afflicting sorrows of the lone mourner—heart-stricken and desolate. The rich publisher returned to his own comfortable home and cheerful fireside, but he sat silent and thoughtful. His conscience smote him that he had not proffered succor before it was '*too late*,' And the image of that fair being, cold and dead, yet beautiful, and the mute grief of the broken-hearted husband, haunted him in his slumbers.

The next day the author's wife was buried, and she now sleeps peacefully in Greenwood. The hoarse, Wintry blasts which once whistled through the shattered tenement in which she dwelt and blew their chill breath upon her, now nightly chant their requiem over her tomb, but she heeds it not:—her sleep is undisturbed; for she now rests free from the bitter trials and cares of life.

These sad events, are, at it were, of but yesterday.—[C. H., *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

Moscow never Burned.

SENATOR DOUGLAS is said to have made the discovery, while traveling in Russia, last year, that the city of Moscow was never burned! The following statement of the matter is from the Museatine, Iowa, Inquirer:—

"Coming up on the boat a few days ago, we happened to fall in company with Senator Douglas, who came on board at Quincy, on his way to Warsaw. In the course of a very interesting conversation, he stated a fact which has never yet been published, but which startlingly contradicts the received historical relation of one of the most extraordinary events that ever fell to the lot of history to record.—For this reason, the Judge said he felt a delicacy in making the assertion that the city of Moscow was never burned!

"He said that previous to his arrival in Moscow, he had several disputes with his guide, as to the burning of the city, the guide declaring that it never occurred, and seemed to be nettled at Mr. Douglas' persistency in his opinion, but on examining the fire-marks around the city itself he became satisfied that the guide was correct."

The statement goes on to set forth that the antiquity of the architectural city, particularly of its "six hundred first-class churches," stretching through ante-Napoleonic ages, to pagan times, and showing the handiwork of different nations of history, demonstrates that the city was never burned down nor up. The Inquirer adds:—

"The Kremlin is a space of several hundred acres, in the heart of the city, in the shape of a flat-iron, and is enclosed by a wall sixty feet high. Within this enclosure is the most magnificent palace in Europe, recently built, but constructed over an ancient palace, which remains, thus enclosed, whole and perfect, with all its windows etc.

"Near the Kremlin, surrounded by a wall, is a Chinese town, appearing to be several hundred years old, still occupied by descendants of the original settlers.

"The circumstances which gave rise to the error concerning the burning of Moscow, were these: It is a city of 450,000 inhabitants, in circular form, occupying a large space, five miles across. The Winters are six months long, and the custom was and still is, to lay up supplies of provisions and wood to last six months of severe and cold weather. To prevent these gigantic supplies from cumbering the heart of the city, and yet rendering them as convenient as practicable to every locality, a row of wooden houses was constructed to circle completely round the city, and outside of these was a row of granaries, and in these were deposited the whole of the supplies.

"Napoleon had entered the city with his army and was himself occupying the palace of the Kremlin, when, one night, by order of the Russian Governor, every wood-house and every granary simultaneously burst into a blaze. All efforts to extinguish them were vain, and Napoleon found himself compelled to march his army through the fire. Retiring to an eminence, he saw the whole city enveloped in a sheet of flame and clouds of smoke, and apparently all on fire. And so far as he was concerned, it might as well have been; for though houses enough were left to supply every soldier with a room, yet without provisions or fuel, and a Russian army to cut off supplies, he and his army could not subsist there. During the fire some houses were probably burned, but the city was not.—In the Kremlin a magazine blew up cracking the church of Ivan more than a hundred feet up, but setting nothing on fire.

"Mr. Douglas saw the fire-marks around the city, where wood-houses and granaries for Winter supplies now stand as of old, but there appears no marks of conflagration within the city. On the contrary, it bears the unmistakable evidences of age."

Execution of Major Andre.

THE following interesting account of the execution of Major Andre, Oct. 2, 1780, as given by an eye witness, has been extracted from the Historical Collections of New Jersey:—

I was at that time an artificer in Col. Jeduthun Baldwin's regiment, a part of which was stationed within a short distance of the spot where Andre suffered.—One of our men (I believe his name was Armstrong) being one of the oldest and best workmen at his trade in the regiment, was selected to make his coffin, which he performed and painted black agreeably to the custom in those times.—At this time, Andre was confined in what was called a Dutch Church, a small stone building with only one door, and closely guarded by six sentinels. When the hour appointed for his execution arrived, which I belive was two o'clock P. M., a guard of three hundred men were paraded at the place of his confinement. A kind of procession was formed by placing a guard in single file on each side of the road. In front were a large number of American officers of high rank on horseback.

These were followed by a wagon containing Andre's coffin; then a large number of officers on foot, with Andre in their midst. The procession moved slowly up a moderately rising hill, I should think about a fourth of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any enclosure. In this was a very high gallows, made by setting up two poles, or crotches, and laying a pole on the top. The wagon that contained the coffin was drawn directly under the gallows. In a short time Andre stepped into the hind end of the wagon; then on his coffin—took off his hat, and laid it down—then placed his hands upon his hips, and walked very uprightly back and forth, as the length of his coffin would permit; at the same time casting his eyes upon the pole over his head, and the whole scenery by which he was surrounded. He was dressed in what I should call a complete British uniform; his coat was of the brightest scarlet, faced or trimmed with the most beautiful green. His under clothes, or vest and breeches, were bright buff, very similar to those worn by military officers in Connecticut at the present day. He had a long and beautiful head of hair; which agreeably to the fashion, was wound with a black ribbon, and hung down his back. All eyes were upon him; and it is not believed that any officer of the British army, placed in his situation, would have appeared better than this unfortunate man.

Not many minutes before he took his stand upon the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon, with a halter in his hand, which he attempted to put over the head and around the neck of Andre; but by a sudden movement of the hand this was prevented. Andre took off the handkerchief from his neck, unpined his shirt collar, and deliberately took the end of the halter, put it over his head and placed the knot directly under his right ear, and drew it very snugly to his neck. He then took from his coat pocket a handkerchief, and tied it over his eyes. This done, the officer that commanded (his name I have forgotten) spoke in rather a loud voice, and said that his arms must be tied. Andre at once pulled down the handkerchief he had just tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second one, and gave it to the executioner, and then replaced his handkerchief. His arms were tied just above the elbows, and behind the back. The rope was then made fast to the pole over head. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows, which, with the length of the rope, gave him a most tremendous swing back and forth; but in a few minutes he hung entirely still.

During the whole transaction, he appeared as little daunted as Mr. John Rogers is said to have been, when he was about to be burned at the stake; but his countenance was rather pale. He remained hanging, I should think, for twenty or thirty minutes; and during that time the chambers of death were never stiller than the multitude by which he was surrounded. Orders were given to cut the rope, and take him down, without letting him fall. This was done, and his body carefully laid on the ground. Shortly after, the guard was withdrawn and the spectators were permitted to come forward and view the corpse; but the crowd was so great, that it was some time before I could get an opportunity. When I was able to do this, his coat and breeches were taken off, and his body laid in the coffin, covered by some underclothes. The top of the coffin was not put on. I viewed the corpse more carefully than I had ever done that of any human being before. His head was very much on one side, in consequence of the manner in which the halter drew upon his neck. His face appeared to be greatly swollen, and very black, much resembling a high degree of mortification. It was indeed a shocking sight to behold. There were at this time, standing at the foot of the coffin, two young men, of uncommon stature. Their dress was the most gaudy that I ever beheld.—One of them had the clothes, just taken from Andre, hanging on his arm. I took particular pains to learn who they were; and was informed that they were his servants, sent up from New York to take his clothes; but what other business I did not learn.

I now turned to take a view of the executioner, who was still standing by one of the posts of the gallows. I walked nigh enough to him to have laid my hand upon his shoulder, and looked him directly in the face. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, his beard of two or three weeks growth, and his whole face covered with what appeared to me to be blacking taken from the outside of a greasy pot. A more frightful looking being I never beheld; his whole countenance bespoke him to be a fit instrument for the business he had been doing.—Wishing to see the closing of the whole business, I remained upon the spot until scarce twenty persons were left, but the coffin was still beside the grave, which had previously been dug. I now returned to my tent, with my mind deeply imbued with the shocking scene I have been called to witness.

Who is a Gentleman!

THE following just and sensible views in reply to this question, are taken from a judicial decision, pronounced by the late Judge Talfourd. They are rather different from the sentiments entertained by a large class of the community but they must meet the approval of all intelligent and thoughtful men:

"The evidence proved that the defendant while in the theatre, had said to the plaintiff, 'do not speak to me, I am a gentleman, and you are a tradesman.' 'Gentleman,' said the learned Judge, 'is a term which does not apply to any station, but to the mind and feelings in every station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor, and the tradesman who discharges the duties of life with honor and integrity, are alike entitled to it; nay, the humblest artizan, who fulfils the obligations cast upon him with virtue and with honor, is more entitled to the name of gentleman, than the man who could indulge in offensive and ribald remark however big his station."

A Telling Speech.

The following is a verbatim report of a speech delivered in a religious meeting in a town in this county, by a good pious deacon. It is a queer combination of terms, certainly:

"My female brethren; it is of the infi-nit-est importance that we should all be clothed in white remnants!"

This is about equal to the remark of a gentleman, who was "speaking in meeting" not a hundred miles from this city, a few months ago, when he referred to Esau's selling his birthright for a "mess of *potash*."—[*New Bedford Standard*.

☞ Be slow to choose a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all; scorn no man for his poverty; worship no man for his wealth.

☞ A lady says a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect; a kiss on the cheek, that the donor is impressed with the beauty of the kissed one; but that a kiss imprinted on the lips shows love.

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—Woman, the fairest work of creation—The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

THE surest "Wheel of Fortune" is a wheelbarrow.

When I am Dead.

IN the dim crypts of the heart, where despair abideth, these words seem written. A strange meaning—a solemn intimation unfolds itself in their utterance. Four simple monosyllables—how much of gloom ye convey! How ye speak in funeral tones of the extinguishment of earthly hope—of the spirit that has struggled in vain, and is painfully quiet now!

'When I am dead!' is uttered calmly; but what calm!—such as the tornado leaves when silence broods over desolation.

'When I am dead!' We have heard it often like the pealing bell that tolls the body of the departed to its final rest. The last word 'dead' lingers strangely, and sadly in the ear, and though the portals of the sypathizing soul, Dead—dead—and the world grows gray, and the heart stills, and the eye moistens to that mysterious sound.

Even the echo of death cannot be penetrated. The few feet of mould that composes the grave are wider than the globe, higher than the stars. Not the mind's eye, nor the anxious soul can glance through the barrier, the boundary between Time and Eternity.

'When I am dead!' More or less signifies resignation or dependant woe, a fulfillment of nature, or a perversion of its end.

'When I am dead!' It is as mournful as the plant of a ghost on the tempest and midnight wind. But we must all say it sometime; for the grave lies at hand, yawning through a bed of thorns, or gleaming like a white avenue of hope leaning against the stars.

'When I am dead!' Strange and fearful important hath it to the utterer, but it is a weak phrase only to others, the great world. Who speaks it? many think the single going forth of a soul will move none—all will be as before.

When he, and you, and we, gentle reader, are folded in our shrouds, friends dearest, and those who loved us best, will dry their tears ere they have all begun to flow. The heart that beats with rapture against our own, will freeze above our memory in a brief time—briefer than woman's trust or man's period of goodness.

But it is well thus; 'tis the world's custom and nature's law: We weep not for the dead but while they die. We shall soon be with them; and it may be good, we go early to their narrow homes.

THINK OF IT, YOUNG WOMEN!—Young woman, do not act so proud and vain!—do not toss that head about so, and appear as though you were thinking that you are admired for your personal beauty and the fine show you make!—You are nothing but animated dust. That dress which you are so proud of, covered a silk-worm long ago, and is nothing but the old, cast-off garment of a worm—cast off when the insect put on a more beautiful garment—then why so proud of it? How you flaunt that plume!—That, too, has been worn before you ever saw it—worn on the tail of a bird! What a pity for a young woman to set her affections on such trifles, and be proud of what worms and birds have cast aside, when, by turning her attention to brighter aims, she might hold communion with angels!

☞ Thomas Gray, the inventor of Railroads, who, no longer ago than 1820, was laughed at for even mentioning the idea, still lives in Exeter, England. He was originally a poor collier, and being very ingenious, he conceived the idea of facilitating the transportation of coal from the middle town colliery of Leeds, a distance of three miles, by means of a sort of railway. Upon this his cars moved at the rate of three miles an hour. He soon conceived the idea of iron railroads, in aid of which he sought the aid of the British Parliament and of all the great men of the kingdom, for a long time unavailingly;—his plan, however, finally engaged the attention of men of intelligence and influence, and the result is now before the world

HOPE.—"If it was not for hope the heart would break!" So said a loved one to us years ago. All hope. Were it not for hope, the arm would fall powerless on the struggling battle field of life, and the pure light would fade out from the weary eye. The footman with his pack and the rich man with his steed is urged on with hope of better things ahead. The ragged child with his basket of berries, hopes for manhood and days of brighter sunlight for him. The old man creeping up the hill on staff and crutch, looks out with hope for coming death, and the hope beyond the grave. The sun has long since faded out from his sky. Tell him he shall never see the rest he seeks, and tears would wet the wrinkles on his withered cheeks; for his old frame is worn out, and he longs to lay it aside, and leave his staff and crutch at the door of the grave. The living world hopes, and the soul has an anchor to cast out, when the storms stir the great ocean of life.

MEN spend their lives in the service of their passions, instead of employing their passions in the service of their lives.

DR. JOHNSON defines a genius to be a man of large general powers, accidentally determined in some particular direction.

IT is more pleasing to arrive at the termination of a banquet, than at the commencement of a journey.

THE JOURNAL.

PALMER, MASS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Governor Gardner has made his mark, and a good one it is, too. Everybody likes it, and few are the faults which are found with it. The Message is purely American—sound, bold, clear, energetic, decisive, and to the point; it is just what the people desired—just what the cause of Americanism demanded. Governor Gardner stands higher in the estimation of the people of Massachusetts to-day, than he has ever done before. We regret that the limits of our paper will not permit us to give the Message entire, but we will give its main features, and cannot doubt that our readers will be pleased with them.

About one-third of the Address is devoted to the discussion of American principles, which find an able advocate in him. The whole platform of the American party is founded upon this single paragraph of the Governor's Address:—

"To dispel from popular use every foreign language, so great a preserver of assimilating elements of character; to print all public documents in the English tongue alone; to ordain that all schools aided by the State, shall use the same language; to disband military companies founded on and developing exclusive foreign sympathies; to discourage imported political demagogues, the broken-down leaders of insular agrarianism or continental red republicanism, whose trade here is, to put themselves at the head of their deluded countrymen, to organize prejudice, to vitalize foreign feeling and morbid passion, and then sell themselves to the highest partisan bidder; to purify and ennoble the elective franchise; to adopt a carefully-guarded check-list throughout the nation; to cultivate a living and energetic nationality; to develop a high and vital patriotism; to Americanize America; to retain the Bible in our common schools; to keep entire the separation of Church and State; to nationalize before we naturalize, and to educate before either; to guard against citizenship becoming cheap;—all these constitute a work transcending the ordinary platform of party, and ranking with the great movements that originally found nations."

Here is something for the tax-payers of Massachusetts:—

"The tax-payer, when called upon to contribute from his well-incrited earnings for the support of suffering pauperism and crime, will, and of right, should, investigate their cause. When he finds our State Alms Houses now contain two thousand foreign paupers, our State and County Lunatic Asylums eight hundred alien insane, our State Prison, Jails and Houses of Correction, over six thousand five hundred foreign inmates per annum, as shown by the returns and estimates for 1854, a large proportion of whom were shipped here at the expense of foreign authorities, to relieve their native countries from their support, or from their crimes, and that this vast alien army is supported by Massachusetts, at an annual expense of three hundred thousand dollars, he will scarcely believe his honest desires to correct these gigantic evils, are occasioned by prejudice, are unauthorized as unjust."

Governor Gardner recommends that amendment to the Constitution, which, last year, passed one stage of enactment, prohibiting the diversion of the educational funds of the State to the establishment or support of sectarian schools. He recommends an amendment to our Constitution, prohibiting the exercise of the elective franchise to all of alien birth, qualified by naturalization, till they have resided within the United States twenty-one years; also, a further Constitutional provision, to the effect that no person shall be permitted to vote who cannot read and write the English language.

He states that one of his earliest official acts will be to disband all military companies composed of persons of foreign birth, and he recommends the Legislature to exempt all alien citizens from military duty, and if this should be "insufficient to meet the designed object, the forbidding by law the payment of the State bounty to any military company which has enrolled among its members persons of foreign birth."

A re-organization of the Board of Alien Commissioners, and increased economy in the management of the State Alms Houses, are also recommendations to which no reasonable objections can be made.

The Executive thinks our Alms Houses are no credit to the State; they are badly ventilated and exposed to fires.

The Governor bears his testimony to the evils of intemperance, and recommends that the provisions of the existing liquor law which have been pronounced unconstitutional be repealed or amended. He promises to concur in whatever measures the Legislature may perfect to prevent intemperance and check pauperism and crime, which are deemed Constitutional by himself and by the Attorney General.

In regard to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he says:—

"Its ultimate effect will and should, be, to determine us, by the consideration of every sacred and holy duty, to manfully demand the restoration of this broken compact, and to jealously guard each and every right that belongs to Massachusetts."

The Governor hints that additional legislation is needed in regard to the right of Habeas Corpus and trial by jury, for the better security of our citizens. This is presumed to allude to slave catching in this State.

The financial affairs of the State are in a bad condition. There is a deficit in the Treasury of $201,718,00, and nothing short of a direct tax will restore the Treasury to a healthy condition.

"The cost of supporting the State paupers for the year ending November 1st, 1853, was $100,750,00, which amount, under the old system, has been paid to the towns during the past year. But, owing to the new plan adopted, the cost of supporting the same paupers in the new Alms Houses, for the year 1854, in part, amounting to $30,830, has also been paid from the Treasury during the past year. This fact will not materially vary the above estimates, however, as, during the year upon which we are now entering, we must pay to the towns the expense of supporting those paupers from Nov. 1st, 1853, till the period when they were removed to the State Alms Houses, in May, 1854, as well as the cost of their support in those Alms Houses, from month to month, during the current financial year."

Prominent among the other recommendations of the Governor, are, economy of expenditure; a short session; the adopting of the pending series of amendments to the Constitution; the repeal of the usury laws so far as they apply to negotiable paper; a modification of the law in relation to the imprisonment for debt; making the wages of clerks or laborers a prior claim upon the estates of insolvents; a modification of the mechanics' lien law, so as to increase its efficiency; the affixing of a penalty to the over-issue of stock; the passage of a law giving bill-holders a prior claim upon the assets of an insolvent Bank; and the establishment of a nautical school upon the marine border of the State as an auxiliary to the State Reform School for boys.

The claim of Massachusetts against the General Government, amounting to $227,176,58 for services performed and expenditures actually made to repel invasion during the war of 1812, still remains unpaid. The Governor hopes this matter will now be attended to.

The Address closes as follows:—"I congratulate you that there is so much of encouragement in the past, so much of hope in the future. I have every confidence in your singleness of purpose, and in the results of your legislation, and I invoke the favor of the God of nations on your deliberations and your action, that they may be blessed to the benefits of our common constituency and our ancient Commonwealth."

APPOINTMENTS BY THE *late* GOVERNOR WASHBURN.—Just before retiring from office Gov. Washburn made the following appointments:—

George Marston, Judge of Probate for the County of Barnstable, in place of Nymphas Marston, resigned; Ebenezer Bradbury of Newton, Commissioner on Boston Harbor and Back Bay, in place of G. H. Whitney, resigned; Hosea Ballou of Somerville, member of the Board of Education, in place of A. H. Vinton, resigned; Joseph M. Day of Barnstable, Register of Probate for the County of Barnstable, in place of George Marston, resigned; Edward B. Gillette of Westfield, Commissioner of Insolvency for the County of Hampden.

If Governor Gardner discharges his duty faithfully he will remove these men from office immediately.

CATHOLIC HUMBUG.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of New Jersey blessed a chime of bells for the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, of N. Y. City, so that whensoever they shall sound hereafter, the power of devils, the shades of phantasms, the attacks of mobs, the striking of lightnings, the shock of thunders, the rain of tempests, and every spirit of the storms might be driven back.—*Can* there be people in New York foolish enough to believe this silly stuff?

☞ The order of United Americans and the Sons of America, two organizations inside of the American order, for there are wheels within wheels, have held meetings and nominated Alfred B. Ely for U. S. Senator.—[*Boston Telegraph.*

All a humbug! The order of the United Americans and the Sons of America, have been in operation for several years, and have no connection whatever with the American or Know Nothing party. The above statement has been going the rounds of the papers, and may pass for truth among those who don't know to the contrary.

THE STATE ALMS HOUSES.—The State last May completed and opened three houses for the reception of foreign paupers—one at Palmer, one at Tewksbury and one at Bridgewater. Since May last, there have been received in all these houses 1878 paupers, and the number is rapidly increasing. These paupers are of all ages, classes and country. The most of them are wholly incapable of any business; they travel about the country without object or aim, except to live for a time, until Winter or sickness brings them up to the Poor House.

OUTSIDERS.—When the Legislature was organized, and during the caucusing of the members, any number of outsiders were hanging around, using all the influence they could bring to bear upon the members.—Springfield was represented by a dozen or more of Whig sharks, headed by "Sam," who attempted to do wonders, but couldn't succeed. These fellows had better stay at home. They have no right to thrust their noses into other people's dishes so long as they are not wanted there.

MEXICO.—During the glorification over the election of Santa Anna at Puebla, the Chief of Police in that city was murdered in cold blood, being stabbed in eighteen places with a dagger. A man who was accused of the crime, was tried by a military tribunal on the following day, and on the day ensuing that he was executed.

STAFFORD BANK.—The new Stafford, Ct., Bank is about to go into operation, with A. W. Porter, late of Munson, as its President, and these other Directors:—Moses B. Harvey, George M. Ives, Merick Marcy, Parley Converse, George Sexton, James Richmond, and John Fuller.

GOV. OF UTAH.—Col. Steptoe, who has been appointed Governor of Utah, must resign his military command before entering upon the office. This is right, but it would have been better if a civilian had received the appointment.

GOOD FOR YOU.—Gad O. Bliss of Longmeadow, wanted to be Councillor for this District, and so eager for the office was he that he went down to Boston, and worked hard to obtain it. But he got served right, and we are glad of it—by Gad!

"HARD TIMES."—Mills are stopping in many places on account of the "hard times." The woolen mill of C. A. Stevens, at Ware, is only running three-fourths of the time and about eighty hands have been discharged.

Another Catholic Outrage.

The Catholic priests have been committing an outrage upon Americanism in the Albany Alms House. A large number of books and pamphlets had been distributed among the children by the city missionary, which were taken from them and burned by the Catholic priests who visited the institution the next day. They told the children, "*the books were poisonous—as poisonous as the flames of hell, and that they must give them up to them.*" Many did so, when they were speedily stuffed into the stove and burned.

One lad, who did not wish to give up his New Year's present, was found at the foot of a flight of stairs insensible, from a frightful wound in the head. It required the aid of stimulants to bring him to. How he came there we do not know, but suppose it was by *accident*. Mr. Hurst, the Superintendent, upon hearing the above, started for the chapel with the determination to turn out the parties, but was restrained from doing so by his lady. He then sent for the men, and called them into his office, when he demanded the restoration of the books which they had about them. Only twenty-seven out of about four hundred were received. Where the remainder went to is not known, but it is supposed they were burned or carried away.

The females having charge of the children were frightened out of the apartment by the rude conduct of the priests. It is enough that we build Alms Houses to support foreign Catholics without having a set of miserable priests visit them and create disturbances among the inmates. No Catholic priest should be allowed to visit such institutions.

THE FAT GIRL.—Miss Richardson, the New Hampshire fat girl, who was exhibited in this place a year ago, has been arrested at Philadelphia for slander. The officer could not *take* her, she was so large, and it was a delicate piece of business for a party of men to lay hands on her. At the last advices she remained in her exhibition hall, awaiting the action of the sheriff, who was in a great quandary how he should get her before a magistrate.

THE *Springfield Republican* says that the views which Gov. Gardner advances in his Message have been often advanced by the *Republican* in its life of thirty years! What a "Sam" that Republican is? After a thing is found to be popular, he makes the discovery that he has always advocated it! We wish the *Repablican* would let its readers know on which side the fence it stands. It has acted the part of the Irishman's flea long enough.

NEIGHBORS Porter of the *Westfield News Letter*, and Trench of Springfield, went down to Boston seeking for office on the opening of the Legislature. Porter wanted to be Councillor, and Trench wanted to be Clerk, but both got disappointed. Very sorry to see our editorial friends go begging office. It's a bad business, and don't pay.

U. S. SENATOR.—The chances are said to be narrowing down to Gen. Wilson and Alfred B. Ely. The American party could not do a worse thing than to elect Gen. Wilson, and we hope, for the credit of the party, that both these aspirants will be thrown overboard and a new man taken. N. P. Banks is our choice, and he would do honor to the post if elected.

FROM THE WAR.—The latest by telegraph from Constantinople, Dec. 20th, asserts that Sebastopol will be stormed as soon as the Turkish re-inforcements come up. The British and Turks are to attack Menschikoff's force, while the French do the storming. The situation of the allied force is now excellent.

☞ The Amherst Express establishment has just received an addition in the shape of a Guernsey power press, on which the Express and its editor's brilliant ideas are now printed.

THE ATMOSPHERIC MAIL.—Mr. Richardson is again before Congress with an application for the establishment of his ingenious invention for transmitting the mail by atmospheric pressure.

THAT TUNNEL.—The North Adams American stopped its press last week to announce that the contract for tunnelling the Hoosac mountain had been completed. Well, what next?

GOOD AS MONEY.—One of our subscribers, who is hard up, and can't pay for his paper just yet, sends us the following in lieu of the money:—"my Pen is Pore, my ink is Pail, and i will Remember you without Fail."

☞ Our thanks are due E. G. Murdock, Representative from Palmer, for an early copy of the Governor's Message in pamphlet form.

"*The Whole World*," a weekly pictorial sheet, and quite racy, has just been started in New York, by J. Woodman Hart, who offers it for $2,00 a year.

A FOOL'S DEATH.—Edgar Conklin, a young man 22 years of age, recently died from eating *a quart of walnut meats*, on a wager, after which he partook freely of oysters, at Port Jervis, N. Y.

THE Hampshire Gazette has commenced the publication of a series of "Familiar Sketches of the Connecticut Valley." We hope they will "pay."

GOOD EXAMPLE.—Governor Gardner delivered his Message in a suit of clothes made from American cloth.

☞ Some of the young ladies say that the times are so hard that the young men cannot pay their addresses. They ought not to *coo* any.

FEMALE BREECHES MAKERS.—Thirty-six women of Otsego, Allegan county, Michigan, last week formed themselves into a party, armed themselves with hatchets and pick-axes, and marched in a body to the hotel of the place and the place where liquors were sold, and made a complete wreck of the decanters demijohns, and other liquor utensils. In one or two instances they rolled barrels containing liquor into the streets, and there broke them open and let the liquor flow loose. Some of the journals justify this breach of law on account of the object that it had in view; but it is neither sound morals nor prudent policy to accomplish good purposes by bad means. Every business is under the protection of the laws, so long as it is carried on in conformity with law.

A SMART FEMININE SPECIMEN.—Mrs. Margaret Cleary, of San Francisco, is evidently an industrious and enterprising woman, and strong minded, withal. She gives public notice that under the act authorizing married women to transact business in their own names, she intends to carry on harness making, the dray and carting business, and keeping bar to retail liquors, all in San Francisco, together with farming in the county of Santa Clara; and moreover she will be responsible for no debt contracted by her husband, John Cleary.

A *Cat*-ASTROPHE.—The *San Joaquin Republican*, a California newspaper, chronicles a fatal accident which occurred in San Joaquin a few weeks since. A fine, portly specimen of the feline race, instigated by a feeling of fardonable curiosity or restlessness, was peacefully perambulating the premises of an extensive steam saw mill. In her peregrinations she unfortunately stepped upon a large band which was revolving with such rapidity that it appeared to be perfectly still. Round whirled the band with lightning velocity, and before poor puss had time to leap to the floor, or even to utter a single mew of despair, she was carried round a large drum, and flattened into a great feline pancake.

AN OLD LADY.—Mrs. Mary Collins, residing about seven miles from Abington, Virginia, is certainly not less than *one hundred and twenty* years old, and is believed to be near *one hundred and thirty*. She yet attends to a great deal of work about the farm of her son, with whom she resides, and who, like many other dutiful children, is willing to let her labor as long as there is breath in her body.

THE ERIE RAILROAD WAR REVIVED.—The track of the Lake Shore railroad was torn up at Harbor Creek, near Erie, Pa., Monday, by order of the commissioners of highways, and the road plowed over. The mob were tearing down the bridge over State-street.—Sheriff Vincent attempted to make arrests, but was driven from the ground by the rioters, and Judge Miles was pelted with stones and snow-balls.

THE SHIFTS OF LAZINESS.—The *Courant* says there is a family in Hartford, the children of which go out early in the morning, very thinly and meanly clad, to beg for food, and returning with a supply, they dress up in good clothes and go to school! Their lazy parents own the house in which they live, and work the children hard that they may obtain a good education.

BANKS OF MASSACHUSETTS OUT OF BOSTON.—The official statement of the average condition of the Banks of Massachusetts out of Boston during the four weeks ending December 30, is as follows: Amount of capital stock, $25,132,853; loans and discount, $42,300,468; specie in banks, $970,145; due from other banks, $3,385,691; due to other banks, $438,580; deposits, $5,106,755; circulation, $14,365,138.

☞ A letter from Doctor Barth states that this daring African traveller quitted Timbuctoo on the 28th of March, to return to Bornou, under the protection of the pupils of the chief Mahometan Priest of the latter city.—He was well, and in good spirits at being enabled to quit Timbuctoo after a forced residence of seven months.

NEW VOLCANO.—There is a smart chance for a volcano in Arkansas. A mountain in Scott county exploded three times in the second week of December, causing the earth around to quake, throwing up stones and earth, and filling the atmosphere with clouds of dust and smoke. The report of one of the explosions was heard a distance of 45 or 50 miles. The earth on the mountain has sunk to a considerable depth.

NEW FLYING MACHINE.—The Earl of Aldborough, Ireland, has taken out a patent for navigating the air. It consists mainly in the construction of wings to be used for the propelling of aerial machines, in such a manner that the wings compress the air by percussion, under the concave part of each wing, like that of a bird's.

SENTENCED.—Wm. H. Williams, convicted of robbing the post office at Milford, has been sentenced to four years hard labor in the peuitentiary, at Washington.—G. G. Foster was committed at Philadelphia, Tuesday, for forgery of a note of four hundred dollars against William S. Buxton.

BOYS, READ THIS.—An examination made at Auburn, N. Y., Prison, showed that out of 900 convicts, only *forty-seven* had ever been in a Sabath School, and that of these only *seventeen* had been regular scholars!

☞ "Fanny Fern," or Mrs. Farrington, is said to have made $10,000 on her Fern Leaves, and is likely to make as much more on her latter work, "Ruth Hall."

☞ Ground was broken in December upon the Alabama and Florida Railroad, but it will be several years before it will be in condition to break passengers' necks.

☞ A street preacher has appeared in St. Louis, who proclaims that he is Joe Smith, of Mormon memory, come to life again.

FIRES.—The old mill at Peacedale, R. I., the first mill in which power looms were used in this country, was destroyed by fire Monday morning. Loss $13,000; insured in the Atlantic and Washington offices of Providence $6,500. The elegant Presbyterian church on thirteenth street, New York, Dr Burchard's, took fire Monday morning from a defect in the flues, and was wholly consumed; loss $25,000, insurance $13,000.

In Belfast, on Saturday morning, a fire broke out in a building occupied by H. H. Hays, as a clothing store, which was entirely consumed, together with three buildings occupied as stores by Messrs. Nathaniel Wiggin, Daniel Howard and S. Gilan, and a dwelling house occupied by Mr. Josiah Mitchell. All the buildings burned were, we understand, owned by Gov. Crosby. Their value was not far from $5000. Little or no insurance.

MONUMENT TO THE VIRGIN.—It is said that the Pope of Rome has decreed that in order to perpetuate the memory of the proclamation of the immaculate conception, a column, surmounted by a statue of the Virgin Mary, shall be erected on the Plazza di Spagna, before the college of the Propaganda. The magnificent marble column which has for a long time been lying behind the palace of Innocent, is to be used for the purpose; and the execution of the work is to be entrusted to M. Obici, an eminent Italian sculptor.

EDUCATION THE WORST FORM OF VICE.—A Roman Catholic paper in Canada, the *True Witness*, asserts as follows:—

"The grog-shops, the gambling-houses, and the brothels count their victims by thousands and tens of thousands; the common schools of America count theirs by millions." Such is the doctrine, and the illustration of it is found in all thoroughly imbued Popish countries, where all vices are tolerated except the vice of education, and especially Christian education, for the masses of the people.

BEG OR STEAL.—A New Haven paper, speaking of the great number of persons out of employment and suffering from want in that city, says:

"What will be the condition of hundreds during the four months to come, unless effectual measures are taken at once to meet the crisis that is coming on? A lady passing two men in the street a few days ago, heard one of them say, 'I can get no work; I have nothing left but to beg!' 'Beg!' said the other, 'never will I beg while I can *steal!*'"

MANUFACTURE OF BROADCLOTH.—The Woonsocket *Patriot* has the following:

"There is now, it is said, no manufacture of Broadcloths in this country, our capitalists being unable to compete with the foreign fabrics under the present tariff of duties. Broadcloths were made until recently at Webster, Mass., by Mr. Slater. They were also made at the neighboring village of Waterford, a few years since."

DEAD LETTERS.—During the last quarter of 1854, 2278 letters containing money were opened at the dead letter office. The total amount was $13,785, about seven-eights of which was restored to the lawful owners. More than one thousand bushels of dead letters were on the last day of the year conveyed to the suburbs of the city and destroyed by fire.

PRECOCIOUS.—A boy twelve years old, son of Dr. Ezra Sprague, of Amsterdam, N. Y., is said to be a master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish and French languages, and besides, shows great capacity for drawing. This youthful pundit is a seeker for office, as one of the Messengers of the New York Legislature.

DEATHS BY ACCIDENTS IN 1854.—The number of railroad accidents in the United States in 1854, was 193, killed 186, wounded 589. In 1853 the number was 138, killed 234, wounded 496. The number of lives lost by fires in buildings in 1854 was 171. The number of steamboat accidents in the United States last year was 48; persons killed 587, wounded 225.

BAPTISTS.—The Free-Will Baptists in Maine number nearly 13,000 communicants, which is two-thirds as many as the Congregationalists, and as many if not more than the Calvanistic Baptists.

☞ George W. Green, the Chicago banker who poisoned his wife, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. This is in accordance with the evidence, which proved him to be a brutal, bad man.

☞ The total amount of shipping wrecked from the head of Lake Michigan to the foot of Lake Ontario, during the past season, is nearly as follows, viz:—Of steamers 7, large propellers 12, brigs 6, barques and schooners 48.

THREATENED TO KILL HIS WIFE.—Charles H. Blodgett has been committed for trial at Amherst, N. H., for threatening to take the life of his wife because she wouldn't lie for him in respect to some of his iniquities.

☞ Mr. James M. Davenport and Miss Julia Delay, were recently united in marriage. The lady is not, we presume, one of those *delays* that are always *dangerous*.

☞ The Duke of Cambridge, (cousin to the Queen of Great Britain) who has been sent home from the army invalided, is said to be crazy. Insanity, it is well known, is hereditary in the royal family.

☞ The Baltimore Patriot comes out boldly and avows that in its opinion it is the proper course for the whig party to abandon its organization and unite with the know-nothings.'

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

We do not propose giving a tedious detail of all there may be done and undone by the Legislature this winter, but shall content ourself, and endeavor to satisfy our readers with giving all that may be of interest and importance. The Legislature has but just commenced work, and after the election of U. S. Senator it will turn off business without delay.

On Friday, last week, the two branches in convention elected Ivory H. Lucas to fill the vacancy in the Senate. The Senate, in concurrence, elected Benjamin Stevens to the office of Sergeant-at-arms.

In the Legislature Saturday, the committee on returns of votes for Governor and Lieutenant Governor made their report. Rev. Lyman Whiting of Reading, was elected Chaplain of the Senate.

The Senate took the first steps towards carrying out American principles, by adopting an order that the clerk of the Senate be instructed to provide for the use of members none but American stationery. We say "*good*" to that.

The Governor signified his readiness to attend the Legislature for the purpose of being qualified, at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, and an order was passed for a Convention of the two branches on that day.

The "newspaper question," the discussion of which, according to a statement of one of the members, has cost the State $1000, was finally disposed of Saturday, by adopting an order that the Sergeant-at-arms furnish newspapers, not exceeding three per diem to each member, together with a copy of the State Record, and Cushing's Manual or the Boston Almanac.

On Monday, the two branches met for the choice of Councillors and Secretary of State. E. M. Wright was relected Secretary, having all but two votes. The following named gentlemen were chosen Councillors:

David Davis of Edgartown, John Kenrick of Orleans, Chandler R. Ranson, Benjamin H. West of Boston, C. D. Hunkins of Haverhill, Albert H. Nelson of Woburn, Elmer Brigham of Westboro, Horace Lyman of Greenfield, John W. Foster of Brimfield.

The House followed the Senate's example, and prohibited the purchase of stationery for the use of the members and officers, other than that of American manufacture.

Two important motions were made in the House; one was to elect a committee on federal relations; another to amend the constitution *so as to provide that no person shall have the elective franchise who cannot read and write the English language.*

On Tuesday, the inauguration of the Governor took place, and both branches listened to his message.

Wednesday—The vacancy in the U. S. Senate, occasioned by the resignation of Hon. E. Everett, was officially announced to the Legislature.

Two more of the series of "American" measures were introduced into the House; one in the shape of an order requiring that the Bible be read in the public schools; and another directing inquiry into the expediency of denying the privilege of voting to all who are not native born.

An order was introduced into the House, directing the Committee of the Judiciary to consider the propriety of providing by law that in all criminal cases juries shall be judges of the law as well as the fact.

The two branches, in convention, elected PHILO SANFORD of Boston, state treasurer and Receiver General.

Americanism in Congress.

In the House, on Thursday last week, there was another debate on the Know Nothing movement. Mr. Harris of Mississippi, spoke in opposition, when Mr. Sollers of Maryland, followed in defence. We extract the principal portion of the report of Mr. Soller's remarks:

"The gentleman from South Carolina (Mr. Keitt) objected to Know Nothingism because he chose to say it originated in Massachusetts. In his (Mr. Sollers') opinion, it came from the proper spot. Bunker Hill, Concord and Lexington, are in Massachusetts, and the decendants of those who there fought will not forget the foreigners who battled against them in the contest of liberty. This spirit of Know Nothingism had swept through the Jerseys, Pennsylvania, New York, Delaware, Maryland. He wondered politicians did not take a lesson from those great American demonstrations. So far from interfering with State rights, as charged by Mr. Keitt, he said Know Nothings are for preserving strictly the rights of the States, and preserving the union of the States. If he knew anything, they look on the Southern fanatic and the Northern abolitionist in the same unfavorable light, and would place them side by side and hang them high as Haman. Fanatics of both sections, if not in point of law, are in fact guilty of moral treason.

In the event of a struggle between the North and South, Maryland would become a Marathon, and Chesapeake Bay, the Straits of Thermopylæ. Who ever heard of a fanatic in Maryland? She goes for the Constitution as it is, and for the Union. [Applause, which the Chairman of the Committee checked.]—They (the Know Nothings) will leave Slavery where the Constitution placed it. They are for the Union—the whole Union—against Secessionists on the one side, and Pro-Slavery men and Abolitioists on the other. As Mr. Barry and Mr. Keitt had told the House what the Know Nothings will do, he (Sollers) would tell it what they would not do.—They will not dissolve the Union, but uphold it as the sheet-anchor of Republican safety. Another thing is, they will not say an appropriation for rivers and habors is constitutional when the former passes through three States, and unconstitutional when passing through one only. [Laughter.] They do not intend to permit Northern nullifiers to assert a doctrine of secession, after submitting to the Supreme Court of the United States for a decision regarding the constitutionality of important questions.

The Know Nothings, as a party, are pledged to preserve the Union, and will do it at all hazards."

LARGE TAX.—Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, Ohio, pays a tax this year of $30,328,00. His taxes, including property of parties with whom he is jointly taxed amounts to $40,000.

☞ The State of New York is to be enlarged by the cession from Massachusetts to that State of the 1800 acres of prize-ring ground, known as "Boston Corners."

LOCAL MATTERS.

We have received a communication from a Boston gentleman, who puffs the Nassowanno to the highest notch. He speaks of the "portly, dignified landlord, Mr. Shaw," in flattering terms, and thinks the landlady one of the most maternal women in the world. The gentleman was confined to the Nassowanno for a week by sickness, and says it was truly a home to him. He extols the rooms, chambermaid, dinners, &c., &c., and only complains of a couple of "sambos," who were negligent in attending to the fires. Without publishing the communication, we will say the compliments are well bestowed, for there is no better house in Western Massachusetts than the Nassowanno.

Unwelcome Visitor.—One evening last week, a crazy man, who had escaped from the Alms House, thrust his head through the kitchen window at the house of Dr. Shaw, and claimed the protection of the family, stating that a company of men were in pursuit of him in order to kill him. The Doctor at once saw who he had to deal with, and pretending to be his protector, accompanied him to the Tockwotton House, where a team was procured, and the man sent back to the Alms House. He was laboring under an attack of delirium tremens.

Palmer Thief-Detecting Society.—The annual meeting of the members of this association was held at the Nassowanno House last Tuesday evening, when the following board of officers was chosen:—John Bowles, President, Wm. Mc Elwain, Vice President, G. M. Fisk, Clerk, A. V. Blanchard, Treasurer. The board of directors and pursuing committee of last year were re-elected. It was voted that all old members may retain their connection with the Society, by paying to the Treasurer 25 cents each, within the year. After disposing of the business the company disposed of several turkies and lots of other fixings, which were "served up" in the dining hall by Mr. Shaw.

Palmer Lyceum.—The citizens of this place organized a Lyceum last Tuesday evening, and chose the following gentlemen for its officers:—President, Rev. Dr. Vaill, Vice President, Capt. Sylvester Parks, Secretary, H. L. Boltwood, Treasurer, Dr. N. S. Barnes. It is proposed to have a course of lectures from distinguished persons, and that the expenses be paid by the sale of tickets of admission, some over a hundred of which have already been disposed of. To-night a meeting will be held at the Vestry of the Congregational Church, to hear the reports of committees, and perfect the plan of operation.—Let there be a full attendance.

A Thaw and a Freeze.—After quite a "spell of weather"—thawy, muddy, disagreeable and sloppy—the King of the North has again put his cold pincers to our noses, his cloak of chills to our backs, his icy walks to our feet, taking us as it were, from the ridiculous to the sublime, and giving us another specimen of genuine Winter weather. We have no sleighing now, but the wheeling is very good.

Three Rivers.—We understand that our Three Rivers bundle did not reach that place last Saturday. It was put in the mail here, and if Uncle Sam cannot carry a bundle two miles without getting it lost, we'll start an opposition and carry our own mail.

For the Journal.

Farewell Occasion.

Rev. Dr. Vaill of this place preached a farewell sermon to the people of his late charge in Somers, Ct., on New Year's Sabbath; at the same time he received seven persons to the church, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper. The house was filled to overflowing with a deeply solemn audience, who listened for more than an hour to the speaker, as he reviewed his ministry. For nearly ten years he had been with them, during which period many joyous and affecting scenes had been witnessed.

The preacher felt that he had great occasion for gratitude to God for the favor He had shown him, and to his people, for their many tokens of respect and confidence, last, but not least of which, was a purse of one hundred and twenty dollars, presented to him and his companion, by the ladies and gentlemen of his late charge.

Dr. Vaill, during his ministry in Somers, had received one hundred and six to the church, administered seventy-six baptisms, attended two hundred funerals, solemnized one hundred and fifteen marriages,—making more than four hundred in all, during his entire ministry,—had made one hundred and eighty school visits, attended thirty-six ecclesiastical visits, preached in his own pulpit nine hundred sermons, and had attended one thousand more private lectures and religious meetings.

He would give all the glory to God for any success that has attended his labors in past time, and hope, and pray for the continuance of His blessing in future, and among the dear people of his present charge.

Brighton Market.

Thursday, January 11.—At market 9000 Beef Cattle, 100 Stores, 13 pairs working oxen, 47 cows and calves, 2500 sheep and lambs, 430 Swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—Extra $8,50; first quality 8, second 7,50, third 6,25, and ordinary 6. Hides 5,50 a 6; Tallow 8,50; Pelts 50 a 75c; calf skins 12 cts. per lb. Veal calves—4, 4,50, 5 a 6. Stores—Yearlings 9, 10 a 11; two years old 27, 29, 30 to 38. Working oxen, sales at 90, 100, 125 and 139. Cows and calves, 20, 27, 29, 30, 36 to 40. Sheep and lambs—extra, 5, 6 to 9; by lot 2, 2,50, 3 a 4. Swine, 4 1-2 a 5 1-2cts; retail 5 a 6cts; fat hogs 5 1-4cts.

☞ The weather in Buffalo resembles that of midsummer—real harvest weather—a bright sun, and streets perfectly dry. Every thing is delightful. Let us all go to Buffalo.

☞ There were 53 Sabbaths in 1854; such a thing will not occur again until 3865.

BORN.

In this town, Jan. 9th, a son to James Strickland.

MARRIED.

At Brimfield, Jan. 10th, by Rev. Jason Morse, Marshal W. French of this village, and Elizabeth T. Wales of B.

At Wales, 8th, by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Elias Hubbard of Springfield, and Emma N., daughter of Alvin Andrews.

In Amherst, Dec. 31st, by Rev. C. L. Woodworth, Edwin B. Baggs to Charlotte C. Wilson; Jan. 1st, by Rev. J. L. Merrick, Jonathan Baldwin of Shelburne, to Julia S. Hyde of Amherst; at Amherst House, Jan. 2d, by Prof. T. P. Field, Amos B. Clapp to Deliah Johnson, both Easthampton.

In Pelham, Dec. 27th, by Rev. C. L. Woodworth, Pliny Hannum of Belchertown, to Eliza Russell of P.

DIED.

At Amherst, 29th ult., Cyrus Kingman, 60.

At Northampton, 27th ult., Mary, 1, daughter of John W. Wilson.

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Probate Court holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the 1st Tuesday of November, A. D. 1854.

Whereas Elmira N. Bond of said Brimfield, on the fourth Tuesday of September, A. D. 1854, presented her petition to this Court, praying that her name may be changed to Almira Annee Dean; and the further consideration of said petition was referred to this Court, now holden, and the said petitioner ordered to give public notice of the pendency thereof;—and, whereas it now appears to the satisfaction of this Court, that said notice has been duly given, and that for sufficient reasons, consistent with the public interest, the prayer of said petitioner ought to be granted. It is, therefore, decreed that the name of the petitioner be changed to Almira Annee Dean, and that she give public notice of said change, by publishing an attested copy of this decree in The Palmer Journal, and make return thereof at a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of February next, to which said petition is referred for further proceedings therein.

OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy, Attest,— HENRY SMITH, Register.

(38)

Notice.

Whereas my wife, Margaret Ellepin, has left my bed and board without any provocation, this is to forbid all persons from trusting or harboring her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date. CHRISTOPHER ELLEPIN.

East Douglas, Dec. 30th, 1854.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the Subscriber by Note or Book account of more than 3 mos. standing, are requested to make immediate payment, or they will soon pass into other hands for collection. SETH KNOWLTON.

Wilbraham, Jan. 13th, 1855. 3t

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Palmer, December 31st, 1854:—

Blood William	Kendall C M
Badour Mr	Mc Kee Collins
Beebe Lyman M	Mayer Simon
Clark A B	Marvin George W
Chase L W	Mixter Daniel
Collins J C Mrs	Miller Aaron J
Callahan James	Pearsons Robert
Duvant C L—2	Palmer P
Donoughue Michael	Stevens J S
Flyn John	Smith Thomas
French Laura Ann Miss	Taylor Samuel
Grush J W	Touhy James
Gates Ephraim	Trevan William
Gregory Henry P	Wallace E Miss
Graves Wealthy	" Emeryette
Jacobs Henry F	Wall Michael
Kennedy Michael	Whittemore Chas R

☞ Individuals calling for the above Letters will please say *Advertised.*

O. H. BIDWELL, P. M.

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January A. D. 1855; on the petition of Alonzo V. Blanchard, guardian of Calvin Blanchard, minor, son of Amasa Blanchard, late of Monson, in said County, deceased, representing that it would be for the benefit of said ward that his right or share in certain real estate situated in Wisconsin, being certain tracts of land described as follows:—One tract of land in the County of Dodge, State of Wisconsin, being S. E. quarter of the S. W. grant of section No. 35 in township No. 11, north of Range No. 14, east, containing 40 acres of land, as per Reamue duplicate No. 4937, dated Green Bay, Wisconsin, April 12th, 1846; also another tract described as follows:—East half of the N. E. quarter of section 2, in township 10, north of Range 14, East District, of lands formerly subject to sale at Mitwaukie, Wisconsin, containing 75 acres and 23-100 of an acre; also one other tract, to wit:—The west half of the S. E. quarter of section 2, in township at north of Range 14, east, in the district of lands subject formerly to sale at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, containing 80 acres, should be sold, and the proceeds thereof put at interest, according to the provision of law in that behalf

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said guardian give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, three weeks successively, previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same. OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy, Attest,— HENRY SMITH, Register.

(38)

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1855, on the petition of Elnira P. Staunton, guardian of Herbert E. Staunton, Sarah S. Staunton, M. Jennette S. Staunton, minors, heirs of Adam Staunton, late of Monson, in said County, deceased, representing that it would be for the benefit of said wards that their rights or shares in certain real estate situated in Monson and Wales in said County, being one undivided ninth, part, each, of the homestead owned by said Adam Staunton at the time of his decease, should be sold, and the proceeds thereof put at interest, according to the provision of law in that behalf.

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said guardian give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, three weeks successively, previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same. OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy, Attest,— HENRY SMITH, Register.

(38)

To the Hon. OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate &c., for the County of Hampden.

George Puffer of Brimfield, in said County, humbly shows that at a Probate Court held at Springfield, within and for said County of Hampden, on the 5th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1850, he was duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Reuben Gardner, late of Brimfield, in the State of Ohio, deceased intestate, that more than four years have elapsed since he gave notice of his appointment agreeable to law and to the order of said Court. that there will remain a surplus in his hands of some twelve hundred dollars after the payment of debts due to persons resident in this Commonwealth, and charges of Administration, or any just claims that have been presented to him against said estate.

He, therefore, prays that the Court would order and determine that such surplus may be paid over by him to the heirs at law of said deceased. GEORGE PUFFER.

Jan. 2d, 1855.

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Probate Court holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D., 1855.

On the representation aforesaid, Ordered, that the further consideration thereof be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, in and for said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, and that the petitioner notify all persons interested, of the pendency thereof, by causing him to be served with an attested copy thereof, and of this order, to be published in the Palmer Journal three weeks successively before the time of holding said Court.

OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy—Attest,— HENRY SMITH, Register.

(37)

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for the county of Hampden, on the 2d day of January, A. D., 1855.

On the petition of Fanny Rood and Addison M. Bradley, administrators on the estate of Thaddeus Rood, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, praying to be empowered to sell all of the real estate of said deceased, to produce the sum of ten hundred and eighty-four dollars and twenty-nine cents, for payment of his just debts and incidental charges, in manner prescribed by law.

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the first Tuesday of February next, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said administrators give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, three weeks successively previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same.

OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy—Attest,— HENRY SMITH, Register.

(37)

Shawl Lost.

Lost between the Depot village and Thorndike, last Sunday evening, a lady's shawl, which the finder is requested to leave at this office, and receive pay for his trouble. tf36

POETRY.

An Old Story.

ONCE upon a time, a maiden
Sat beneath a hawthorn tree,
And her lover, close beside her,
Murmured vows of constancy.
Fairer, sweeter than the blossom
Hanging over her, was she,
And her heart within her bosom,
Throbbed and glowed tumultuously.

Both were young, and fond, and foolish—
Neither rich, the story goes—
Ma' was proud and pa' was mulish;
Great their love and great their woes;—
So they kissed, and wept, and parted—
Swearing to be ever true—
Died the maiden broken-hearted?
Was the lover faithful, too?

Pshaw! she wed a wealthy banker—
Slander whispered she was sold—
And no city dames outrank her,
With her pockets full of gold;
Queen at every ball and party,
Decked with lace and jewels rare,
Looking very fresh and hearty,
Reigns the victim of despair.

He, confound the lucky fellow,
Took a widow twice his years—
'Fat and forty,' ripe and mellow,
With a brace of little dears;
Big plantation, servants plenty,
Splendid mansion, pump and ease,
Cured the boyish love of twenty,
That incurable disease.

Learn from this, ye doting lovers,
In your anguish not to break
Anything of greater value
Than the promises you make.
Breasts were made to put in motion
Blood that otherwise would cool;
Pleasure profit and promotion
Graduate at Cupid's school.

The Second Flood.

Butler's "Satire on Drunkenness" finishes thus:—

So Noah, when he anchored safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far Greater numbers on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

Slander.

The expensive nature of scandal is taught by the poet thus:—

The flying rumors gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargments, too;—
On every ear it spread—on every tongue it grew.

Pay Up!

He who reads and comes to pay
Shall read again another day;
But he who will not plank the cash,
Though his name is on our subscription-book,
we shall be compelled, however reluctantly,
to make a long——.

THE past is past! In faith and patience taking
Its lessons, let us lay them on our hearts;
The chain's attenuated links are breaking;
Be earnest!—use the present ere it parts.

Time's Changes and Life's Changes.

SPRING.—Soft balmy breezes—bright green grass springing up over the fields and meadows—trees budding, and flowers bursting into existence. All animated nature hopeful, happy and filled with joy.

CHILDHOOD.—Beauty, innocence, and confidence—cheerfulness and hope—artlessness and love. Sweet childhood! All is present, there is no future to the frolicsome child. Though it may have its mental pains, they are but as shadows to the sunny landscape of spring; they pass away, and are forever forgotten. The blessed days of childhood never can return.

SUMMER.—Flowers everywhere, sweet lovely flowers! gladdening the senses with their beauty and their perfume. Birds everywhere—bright, happy birds, chanting their thrilling notes of love around, above. Fields of grain, and meadows of grass, heading heneath the rays of the powerful sun. Grove, wood and forest, arrayed in their livery of dazzling green; fruit trees hanging low beneath their luscious burden. Rippling rill and dancing brook, and quietly flowing stream, woo the idler, or the wanderer, or yet, the tired laborer, to their green, cool banks, for rest. Delightful summer!

YOUTH.—Bright thoughts—ardent aspirations—sweet emotions—yet mingled with the cares and sorrows of the world. Still, endurance makes the troubles lighter; and the star of hope is ever beaming across the pathway of youth. The age of pleasure—of delights—of ambition—of love, "the master passion," the sweetest, most painful and most powerful of all.

AUTUMN.—The time of ripening fruits of garnering grain—the time of fading leaves and withering blossoms; of cool winds, that come to us breathing of sadness. The time of the flitting birds, and the time of the sportsman's triumph. The last parting songs of the blackbirds and thrushes are heard from the branches amid the faded and falling leaves. They sing "farewell to summer! farewell to our home."

MANHOOD.—The prime of life. The time of rational pleasure—of deeper thought—of higher aims—of stronger ambition—of more powerful passions. The time of pleasing, yet, oftimes, sad retrospection; the time perchance, of remorse, of penitence. The age of maturity, when the mind with all its faculties plies its greatest strength.

WINTER.—Stern, cold and dreary. Winds blow with a savage force; their icy breath whirls through the forest and crackles the naked boughs of the shivering trees. The rivers and lakes, the brooks and ponds, are hard and icy. The snow falls, and the earth is mantled in purest white. Stern and cold is winter; yet pleasures come in its train. Sleigh-bells jingle; horses and sleighs go swiftly along the beaten snow path; the school-boy, with his sled, dances merry on. Winter is cold, yet pleasant to the wealthy; but to the poor, dismal, dreary, and perishing.

OLD AGE.—Wrinkled, crippled, and helpless. Gray hair and tottering limbs, failing memory—sight and hearing passing gradually away. The last scene of life nearly at a close. Old age has its pleasures too, and its comforts, and often gives pleasure to others. It is a second childhood, yet how unlike the other! There is no hope this side of the grave, of long, sunny days to come; and yet it oftimes clings to life with the same tenacity as of old.

How comforting is the belief, that a perpetual spring awaits the good man in another land beyond the grave. The life that lasts through ENDLESS ETERNITY FOREVER! think of it. What a theme for meditation!—[Mon. Lit. Gazette.

POOR COMPANY.—It is sad, sad to think what poor company many people are to themselves. They have not much confidence in themselves, or much acquaintance with themselves, or much true love for themselves. They carry about a cold stranger with them from morning till eve, and they are glad when they can dismiss him to bed and sleep. Poor souls.

THE PALMER JOURNAL.

$1,50 a Year, or] A BUSINESS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING. [$1,25 in Advance

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GORDEN M. FISK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE CORNER OF MAIN AND FURNACE STS.

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The Journal has a larger circulation in Eastern Hampden and vicinity than all other papers. It is, therefore, for the interest of those who wish their advertisements read and circulated in this section, to publish them in the Journal.

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Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

Agents for the Journal.

The following persons are authorized to act as Agents in receiving Subscriptions and giving receipts in our name:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Young Philosopher

A Sketch for Parents.

MR. SOLOMON WINTHROP was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules, and could see no reason why people should grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their great-grandfathers. He had three children—two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old, Samuel, fifteen, and Fanny, thirteen.

It was a cold Winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen reading a book, and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jeremiah was in an opposite corner, engaged in cyphering out a sum which he had found in his Arithmetic.

'Sam,' said the farmer to his youngest boy, 'have you worked out that sum yet?'

'No, sir,' returned the boy, in a hesitating manner.

'Didn't I tell you to stick to your Arithmetic till you had done it?' uttered Mr. Winthrop, in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head, and looked troubled.

'Why havn't you done it?' continued the father.

'I can't do it, sir,' tremblingly returned the boy.

'Can't do it? And why not? Look at Jerry, there, with his slate and Arithmetic! He had cyphered further than you have, long before he was as old as you are.'

'Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I cannot fasten my mind on them—they have no interest to me.'

'That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?'

'It's a work on philosophy, sir.'

'A work on fiddle-sticks! Go, put it away this instant, and then get your slate, and don't let me see you away from your Arithmetic again until you can work out those roots! Do you understand me?'

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy, and then got his slate and sat down in the chimney-corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eyes were moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh toward him, and he felt that it was without a cause.

'Sam,' said Jerry, as soon as the old man had gone, 'I will do that sum for you.'

'No, Jerry,' returned the younger brother, but with a grateful look, 'that would be deceiving father; I will try to do the sum, though I fear I shall not succeed.'

Samuel worked very hard, but all to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The roots and squares, the bases, hypothenuses and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things, and the more he tried the more did he become perplexed and bothered. The truth was, his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age.—Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician; he never yet met with a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him; for he conceived that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he often expressed his opinion, that were Euclid living then, he would give that old geometrican a hard tussle. He seemed not to comprehend that different minds were furnished with different capacities, and that what one man grasped with ease, another of equal power would fail to comprehend; hence, because Jeremiah progressed rapidly in his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress in the same branch, he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind, but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was, that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matter as interested him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy child.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen and went up to his chamber, and there he sat and cried. At length, his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his parent, and he took another turn, and the grief-marks left his face. There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so that he was not very cold, and, getting up, he went to a small closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he dragged forth some long strips of wood, and commenced whittling. It was not for mere pastime that he whittled, for he was fashioning some curious affair from those pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and dozens of small wheels that he had made himself, and he seemed to be working to get them together after some peculiar fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away, when his sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

'Here, Sammy—see, I have brought you something to eat; I know you must be hungry.'

As she spoke, she opened her apron and took out four cakes and a piece of pie and cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cake, and thanked her.

'O, what a pretty thing that is you are making!' uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the result of her brother's labors. 'Won't you give it to me after it is done?'

'Not this one, sister,' returned the boy, with a smile, 'but as soon as I get time I will make you one equally as pretty.'

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards left the room, and the boy resumed his work.

At the end of the week the various materials that had been subject to Samuel's jack-knife and pincers, had assumed form and comeliness, and they were jointed and grooved together in a curious combination.

The embryo philosopher set his machine—for it looked much like a machine—upon the floor, and then stood off and gazed upon it. His eyes gleamed with a peculiar smile of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While he yet stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door of his chamber opened and his father entered.

'What!' are you not studying?' exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and he turned pale with fear.

'Ha! what is this?' said Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. 'This is the secret of your idleness; now I see how it is that you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making playhouses and fly-pens. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your business or not. There.'

As the father uttered that common injunction, he placed his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy sprang forward, but too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms; the labor of long weeks was utterly gone. The lad gazed for a moment upon the mass of ruins, and then covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

'Ain't you ashamed?' said Mr. Winthrop—'a great boy like you to spend your time in such clap-traps, and then cry about it, because I choose that you should attend to your studies. Now go out to the barn and help Jerry shell corn!'

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his chamber, but for long days afterwards he was sad and down-hearted.

'Samuel,' said Mr. Winthrop one day after the Spring had opened, 'I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it or lay it out.—Jerry will now soon be able to take my place as surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a living at it.'

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business, and, moreover, he had the reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposals, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on quite a large machine-shop, he was in ecstacies. His trunk was packed, a good supply of clothes having been provided, and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, he mounted the stage, and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master. One evening after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in filing a piece of iron. There were quite a number of pieces lying on the bench by his side, and some were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. The next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine-shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and he was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the country.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed a wish that his other son could have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

'Mr. Young,' said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, 'that is a fine factory they have erected in your town.'

'Yes,' returned Mr. Young, 'there are three of them, and they are doing a heavy business.'

'I understand they have an extensive machine-shop connected with the factories. Now if my boy, Sam, is as good a workman as you say he is, perhaps he might get a situation there.'

Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

'By the way,' continued the old farmer, 'what is all this noise I hear and see in the newspapers about those patent Winthrop Looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that ever was got up before.'

'You must ask your son about that,' replied Mr. Young, 'that's some of Samuel's business.'

'Eh? What? My son? Some of Sam——'

The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the manufacturers by surprise.

'What do you mean?' he at length asked.

'It is simply this, father:—That this loom is mine,' returned Samuel, with a look of conscious pride. 'I have invented it, and have taken a patent right, and have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot six years ago?'

'Yes,' answered the old man, whose eyes were bent on the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed to be breaking.

'Well,' continued Samuel, 'that was almost a pattern of the very loom I have set up in the factories, though of course, I have made much alteration and improvement, and there is room for improvement yet.'

'And that was what you were studying when you used to stand and see me weave, and when you used to fumble about my loom so much?' said Mrs. Winthrop.

'You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea I have since carried out.'

'And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problems,' uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand.

'Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used toward you! I have been blind, and now see how I misunderstood you! While I have thought you idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem that I could never have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel!—I meant well enough, but I lacked judgment and discrimination.

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was open to a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this:—

Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern them accordingly. George Combe the greatest moral philosopher of this day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a common-place address.

Thrilling Game of Whist.

WE had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stakes had been gold mohur points and twenty on the rubber.—Maxey, who is always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which lent a self satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us the losers, look any thing but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play; this the more suprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game, that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey, what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of a body guard.

"Hush!" responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

"For the love of God sit quiet!" rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear of pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man."

We exchanged looks. He continued—

"Remained quiet, and all may be well. I have a Cobra Capella around my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs, but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreaded monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India—namely, in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without that feature altering his position, so rigid was his look—so fearful was he least the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten his fatal bite.

We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round," murmured Maxey; I fell him cold—cold to my limb; and now he tightens!—for the love of Heaven call for some milk!—I dare not speak loud; let it be placed on the ground near me—let some be spilt on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir;—Northcote, you moved your head. By everything sacred I conjure you not to move again. It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and three children in Europe; tell them I died blessing them—that my last prayers were for them.—the snake is winding itself round my calf—I leave them all I possess—I can almost fancy I feel his breath. Great God! to die in such a manner."

The milk was brought and carefully put down, a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servant drew back.

Again Maxey spoke.

"No—no! it has no effect; on the contary, he has clasped tighter—he has unearled his upper fold? I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back and give me the bite of death with more precision. Receive me, O Lord! and pardon me; my last hour has come!"

Again he pauses. "I die firm;—but this is past endurance; ah! no—he has undone another fold, and loosens himself.—Can he be going to some one else?" We involuntarily started. "For the love of Heaven, stir not!—I am a dead man; but bear with me! He still loosens! he is about to dart.—Move not, but beware Churchill, he falls off that away. Oh this agony is too hard to bear. Another pressure, and I am dead. No, he relaxes!" At that moment, poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had unwound himself; the last coil *had* fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved!—saved!"—and Maxey bounded from the chair, and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant, need it be added, we were dispersed; the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I never forget; it dwells in my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless imbecility, and sank into an early grave.

Keeping an Elephant.

THE Editor of the True Flag, who is noted for his well written, plain, practical leaders, tells a story about an elephant, which, when a heavy baggage wagon got "stuck" in a stream, put its nose against the hinder part of the vehicle, and at once gave such aid as immediately restored successful locomotion. From this fact the editor draws the following inferences:—

"The Elephant appeared to us a type of power. And since then, whenever we have seen violent effort anywhere, we have thought of the river bank, and the twelve horses, and the ark, and the strength behind. If a hotheaded reformer grows asthmatic and wheezy with over-straining at his one-idea lever which is to turn the world over, we suggest the necessity of calling the elephant of Common Sense to his assistance. When our zealous preacher, on Sunday, beats the dust out of the pulpit-cushion, and shouts himself hoarse, in the endeavor to draw his freight of souls up the hill of salvation, we think how easly the great power of Love, which he hath somehow forgotten to apply, lifts up to heaven what fear can never drag thither,—and bending forward we whisper to Deacon Longrace, in the next pew, "He can't do without the Elephant!"—When we see a feeble author straining for grand effects, whipping all sorts of fine epithets,—exclamation-points, italics, grandiloquence and rant, into service,—we think of the power of some young genius, without tusks, who does with a scarcely perceptible effort what the man of mere talent fails to do, and say to ourselves, "We must have the elephant!" When the aspiring young speculator, with more ambition than capacity, blows the trumpet of trade, and calls all the world to see what they shall see,—making much sound and fury, and preparing for a grand failure,—we take him good naturedly by the button, and whisper in his ear, "There's an elephant needed somewhere!" When inexperienced youth sets out for California, or other lands of golden promise, high in hope, and braving all dangers, we quietly say to them, "Take an elephant along with you!" And, lastly, to a new political party, whirling the car of triumph through the river-bed of reform, with a mighty shout and hurrah, we beg to suggest, that the farther bank of the stream is steep and difficult, and it will not be amiss to place the elephant of Truth behind."

How to Win Fame.

NOTHING is impossible—Strike out a new path—court honor, fame, glory wealth. All shall be yours, if you will. But with the will there must be energy, courage, foresight, prudence. The heart must be steeled either to bear the sneers of envy, or to hear unmoved the sigh of the widow and fatherless. In many cases the sweet joys of home must be forgotten, and the wife considered an appendage, worth the money she saves; the children as only so many incentives to lay up the gold that perishes in the using.

Ask you for fame? Nothing is easier obtained. Turn your hat inside out, wear a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other; make yourself known by your oddities; get "posted up," about town you are a marked man—the property of the public; you are famous, do what you will.

Ask you for wealth? Begin your search early. Sleep on your palet of straw—toil till after the midnight hour—breakfast on a crust—eat no dinner—never allow yourself the luxury of a warm supper.—Tie yourself to a penny, and be the bondslave of a dollar.

Deny yourself the pleasure of a book—consider a newspaper a nuisance—forget that you have a soul; turn a deaf ear to distress—time for benevolence when you get rich; then you may sit down with the pious reflection that your deeds are honest—for, good man, have you ever demanded more than your due?

What if your brother perishes in destitution and misery—art thou thy brother's keeper? What if that poor debtor died in a prison-house—was not his debt a lawful one? Was your demand more than the strictest justice might warrant?

Then you can take your gilded Bible, turn over its embellished pages, and let its clear beautiful print, rejoice the sight of thine eyes. But what if, unthinkingly, they should rest upon the following passage;

"Thou hast sent widows away empty and the arms of the fatherless have been broken. Therefore, snares are round about thee, and sudden fear, troubleth thee."

Never think to get away from the justice of that sentence; Hedge thyself in with golden thorns as thou wilt, snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee.

Odd Notions of Wedding.

WE have remarked on the vulgar error of a vein going from the fourth finger of the left hand to the heart. It is said by Swinburn and others that therefore it became the wedding finger. The priesthood kept up this idea by still keeping it as the wedding finger! but it was got at through the use of the Trinity: for in ancient ritual of English marriages, the ring was placed by the husband on the thumb of the left hand, with the words, 'In the name of the Father;' he then removed it to the forefinger, saying: 'In the name of the Son;' then to the middle finger, adding; 'And of the Holy Ghost;' finally, he left it, as now, on the fourth finger, with the closing word, 'Amen.'

As to the supposed artery to the heart, Levinus Lemnius quaintly says: 'A small branch of the artery and not of the nerves, as Gellius thought, is stretched forth from the heart unto this finger, the motion whereof you may perceive evidently in all that affects the heart of woman, by the touch of your forefinger. I used to raise such as are fallen in a swoon by pinching this joint and by rubbing the ring of gold with a little saffron; for, by this a restoring force that is in it passeth to the heart and refresheth the fountain of life unto which this finger is joined. Wherefore, antiquity thought fit to encompass it about with gold.'

By the way, a correspondent, in a British periodical, suggests: that a lady of his acquaintance has had the misfortune to lose the ring finger, and the question is whether she can be married in the Church of England!

In the 'British Apollo,' it is said that, during the time of George the First, the wedding ring, though placed in the ceremony of the marriage upon the fourth finger, was worn upon the thumb.

The use of the ring has become so common in England that poor people will not believe the marriage to be good without one; and the notion also is that it must be of gold. At Worcester (England) on one occasion, the parties were so poor that they used a brass ring. The bride's friends indignantly protested that the ring ought to have been of gold and; the acting officer was threatened with indictment for permitting the use of such base metal.

In another case of humble marriage, the bridegroom announced that the ring was not necessary. The woman entreated to have one. The superintendent of the poor took part with the woman, and represented how the absence of it would expose her to insult; and he kindly hesitated to proceed with the marriage until a ring was produced. The man yielded at last and obtained one. The woman's gratitude brought tears into her eye.—*From History of Finger Rings.*

MECHANICS WANTED.—The Leavenworth (Kansas) *Herald* says:—

What we want now most, is mechanics. We have several kinds, but not enough of them. We have not got a sadler, shoemaker, tailor, cabinet maker, latter, nor milliner in the place, and every one of these trades would do the very best of business here. We are really inflicted for the want of a shoemaker and cabinet maker; and if the Eastern States will send us mechanics, who are not abolitionists, we may safely promise them fortunes out of their business.

☞ Mr. Sumner of Massachusetts has presented a memorial to Congress from the State which he represents, praying for the imposition of a head tax of two dollars and fifty cents upon every foreigner coming into this country. Referred.

☞ It is reported that the Rev. Evan Lewis B. A., Barton-on-Humber, one of the first mathematicians and philosophers of the age, is about completing the plan of an instrument by which any city or town in the world may be destroyed without a nearer approach than ten miles.

THE JOURNAL.

PALMER, MASS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1855.

United States Senator.

The great question which now excites the interest of the people of Massachusetts, is, Who is to be elected United States Senator? The House of Representatives, in caucus, has nominated Hon. Henry Wilson of Natick, for that office, and last Tuesday was assigned for a trial to elect him, but those opposed to his election succeeded in getting the matter postponed for one week. The Senate has on its part named the 31st inst., on which to ballot for Senator.

We are not surprised at the nomination of Wilson by the House, yet, we believe it will be an injury to the American party to elect him. Wilson is a talented and gifted man—a representative of the laboring classes—a self-made, self-educated, persevering politician of the modern school; but he is not honest. His whole mode of operation since he deserted the Whig party has impressed upon the public mind the fact that he is a scheming, cunning office-seeker. This reason is sufficient to prevent his election if taken into consideration by the American party. It is contended, and with much good sense, that the election of Gen. Wilson will be proof to the American party at the South that Americanism in Massachusetts is abolitionism in a new dress, and in direct contravention of the American platform. Some of the Southern members of Congress have already charged this upon the American party at the North, and would not the election of Gen. Wilson afford greater grounds for this charge?

On the other hand, the Free Soilers say that the American party of Massachusetts is charged with being pro-slavery, and that nothing will be satisfactory proof to the contrary but his election. This is not good argument; it savors more of Free Soilism than Americanism. There is much excitement on this subject, and it will not abate till after the election takes place. Those well posted up in matters relating to the Legislature, say that Wilson will be elected; that he is, in fact, already elected. But there is often a slip between the cup and the lip, and many high hopes and lofty aspirations may yet be dashed to the ground.

We sincerely hope—and this is the hope of the greater portion of the American party in this State—that Gen. Wilson will be defeated and a new man taken, but if the General should be elected, we advise everybody to treat the matter coolly and philosophically, and bring into requisition the consoling idea that the election might have been worse!

Foreign Military Companies Disbanded.

Governor Gardner has commenced the work laid out in his Message, by disbanding all the Irish military companies in the State. Who is not glad of it? We want no foreign military companies in this country. They serve no good purpose, while they are instrumental in keeping the foreign portion of community distinct and separate from Americans. Let us have an American militia—an American army. The following are the companies disbanded:—

The Columbian Artillery, which had the honor of being first upon the ground at the time of the Burns affair; the Shield Artillery, the Webster Artillery, and the Sarsfield Guards, all of Boston; the Jackson Musketeers of Lowell; the Union Guards of Lawrence; and the Jackson Guards of Worcester.

Col. Benj. F. Butler of Lowell, threatens to resist the disbanding of the Irish companies in his regiment, claiming that Gov. Gardner has no legal or constitutional right to exercise the power he has undertaken. Col. Butler had better keep easy. Gov. Gardner knows his duty in this matter, and his course is approved by the American people.

The Columbian Artillery, in order to be in advance of the Governor, surrendered their charter, but it was not accepted by the Governor and Council, on the ground of informality.

☞ It is understood that the new government will speedily settle the conflicting claims of their friends to the local executive offices, by making early appointments.—*Rep.*

Yes, sir, it is high time the Whig office-holders were furnished with walking-tickets, and if the Governor and Council perform their duty they will make a clean sweep.—Nothing short of this will satisfy the American party.

ANOTHER CUBAN FAILURE.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, has positive information that the Quitman expedition against Cuba, the headquarters of which have for a long time been at Natchez, and which was expected to have sailed the first week in the present month, has come to a certain failure.

NO DANCING.—The Alabama Conference of the M. E. Protestant Church recently passed resolutions expressing their decided disapproval of dancing, or tolerating any such among either the ministers or members of that church; also declaring it to be a direct violation of Christian obligation to engage in buying lottery tickets.

SPRINGFIELD.—The new Mayor of Springfield is putting the liquor-sellers over the coals in good earnest. About a dozen have already been complained of, and others will soon be added to the list. Not even the large hotels will be spared in this onslaught. We rather like that Mayor.

☞ Whenever the *Barre Gazette* copies another "Original Story" from the Journal will it take the trouble to give credit?

Legislative Correspondence.

CAPITOL HILL, BOSTON,
January 15th, 1855.

Dear Journal:—Being located on this eminence for the present, with a favorable view for general observation, I have thought I might glean a few Legislative items, for a spare nook in one of your columns. The Legislature is fairly organized and the wheels begin to move slowly in an onward direction.

The "new order of things" here, as it is called, probably awakens a little unusual curiosity in the public mind, and perhaps I may contribute my mite towards gratifying that curiosity. The Governor's Message is before the people, and I suppose it may be considered as a fair exposition of the principles of the order. The horns of the animal, which the frenzied imagination has pictured, as of huge dimensions, and frightfully branched, are really of very modest and harmless proportions, and the cloven foot, whose unearthly tramp has been listened for with so much terror, pads along at a very weary, natural gait, leaving behind it tracks, which are, to all appearances, human. Contrary to the predictions of the "Old Fogies," both branches have been *decently* organized and properly officered, without the necessity of compelling the reluctant *outsiders* to occupy the posts of honor and of trust. Mr. Benchley, President of the Senate, is a very amiable, prompt and gentlemanly officer, well qualified in every particular for the position. The Clerk, Mr. Cox, is editor of a paper published at Lynn, a young man, and "prompt as a Major" in the discharge of his arduous labors. In stature and personal appearance, allow me to do him the honor to say, that he very much resembles his brother editor of the *Palmer Journal*. Now please do not *affect* so much modesty as to leave this last statement unpublished, but, as a matter of compliment, just send him an hundred copies of the Journal in which it appears, for distribution among his personal friends. In another communication I may speak in particular of different members of the Senate, but I will just say for the present, that there is evidently an unusual degree of talent there. I apprehend the great danger will be, that some of the members will be so anxious to make their mark that it will *blot through*, while others will be so modest that they will not suffer the light that is in them to shine. Mr. Eddy, Speaker of the House, is comparatively a young man, a Baptist clergyman, of marked ability, but wanting that degree of Legislative experience which is requisite for the successful control of so unwieldy a body. Indeed, one really needs the lungs of a stentor, the *back bone* of a Congress Senator, the stubbornness of a mule, the dignity of a gobbler, the flippancy of an auctioneer, the patience of a Millerite, and many other like amiable qualities, which no doubt the new Speaker will rapidly acquire, in order to succeed in his trying position.

The Clerk of the House, Mr. Marsh, is also a young man, an editor from Pittsfield, a very active, efficient personage, *like all other editors*, but not so "good looking" as the Clerk of the Senate. The House is a very numerous body, but there are scintillations of genius constantly darting up in every direction. The most marked event of the session hitherto, has been the nomination by the House, of Gen. Wilson for U. S. Senator, by more than fifty majority over all competitors, and if the Senate do not manage to defeat the will of the people, he will doubtless be elected before you get this information before the public. People urge the necessity of a short session, but they have already conjured up enough business, one would suppose, to occupy the attention of the Legislature until *Independence*. Of the truth of this I truly

CHEIGH-ENNE.

FROM THE WAR.—The latest news from the seat of war is, that an immediate assault on Sebastopol was to take place. The fire from the batteries was to be continued forty-eight hours without cessation and be followed by a general assault. Some slight hopes of peace are entertained. A conference of diplomatists has been held at Vienna, and the French and English plenipotentiaries had agreed upon terms, but the Russian ambassador asked for time to send a message to his Emperor before giving a reply.

"WARE VILLAGE SENTINEL."—A friend at Ware sends us a copy of a paper bearing the above title, the first number of which appeared last Saturday. It is published by J. S. & C. Adams, Nos. 2 and 3 Phœnix Row, (Is there such a place in Ware?) and edited by L. Wetherell. The paper commences with volume 11, number 20, and does not contain a single Ware item or advertisement. If it were not for the heading, we should take it to be the Amherst Express.

UNFAIR.—The Amherst Express has the kindness to publish articles concerning the Journal, and then not send us a copy of the paper containing them. We were never guilty of such unfairness.

RUM.—The manufacture of this article is more profitable than any other manufacturing business in New England. The distilleries all through the country have more orders than they can supply. What a pity!

A TERRIBLE GUN.—An English paper says that the son of a Mr. Perkins, an American gentleman, has proposed to supply the British goverment with a steam gun capable of throwing a ball of a ton weight a distance of five miles.

AGED.—Mr. Josiah Hall of Walpole, reached his 101st year on Tuesday of last week.—He is now in good health.

Washington Correspondence.

CITY OF WASHINGTON,
January 10th, 1855.

Friend Fisk:—I am here for a very short visit, and I will make a very short report. I found on my arrival, the city well filled with the "old defenders," as they are called; the officers and soldiers of the last war with Great Britain. They have convened with the purpose, as I understand, of asking of Government grants of land, thinking, I suppose, that if the Government was in so great a hurry to get rid of the public domain, they were at least as well entitled to it as imported *felons* and *paupers*. For my part, I hope they may succeed. Many of them are poor, and have come long distances at great sacrifice and inconvenience. One of them told me that he came from Ohio, where he had emigrated from Massachusetts, and was obliged to *sell a saw* to assist him along. The number assembled is about two thousand.

Congress may be said not to have got fairly at work yet. The custom is, not to do much until after the holidays, which uses up about one-third of the short session. This is wrong, and wholly unnecessary, and it is productive of serious consequences, especially to claimants on the Government, who are thereby put off from year to year, until they abandon their just demands in despair.

These abuses, be it remembered, make no difference with the members in regard to the pay they get; for the eight dollars per day is counted out to them whether they are present or absent. Will the farmers and mechanics of the country permit this deep wrong? Will men who "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow," allow their servants to pocket thousands of dollars of unearned money, while those very servants would hold *them* to a rigid performance of full days' work, or be docked in their pay? This is not all. A proposition is now before Congress for increasing the pay fifty per cent, that is, to take *twelve dollars* a day instead of eight!!! If they do that thing, I hope and trust that every member who goes for it will receive the severest kind of a rebuke from the people.

Many members are still absent, and those from Massachusetts among the members, are, Messrs De Witt, Banks and Dickinson.

It is said that Mr. Banks is at home to advocate his claims for the U. S. Senatorship; of that I only repeat what I hear.

I am very truly yours, C.

☞ Mr Francis Bates is a candidate for Bank Commissioner or State Director in the Western Railroad, but would prefer the first named place. We see no reason why both offices could not be conferred upon one person, and as Springfield has been somewhat shabbily treated in the distribution of the appointments of the Legislature, it would be no more than even handed justice if Mr. Bates' double-headed ambition should be gratified by the Governor and Council on the one hand, and the Legislature on the other.—[*Rep.*

If the Republican will open its eyes it will see that those men who have worked the hardest to obtain an office under the present State Government are the ones who are disappointed, and this is the reason why "Springfield has been so shabbily treated by the Legislature." The "Infant city" has furnished about as many office-seekers as all the rest of the county, and with a determination to get a large share of the spoils, they have endeavored to brow-beat and stave off other applicants. We are glad to see men elected and appointed to office who have never sought it, but we fear that very few of our Springfield neighbors will get promoted in this way.

DERELICTION OF DUTY.—By what right does the reputed k. n. conductor of the Palmer Journal inform his readers that a contemporary "belongs to a lodge of Know Nothings?" For this violation of his "obligation," we commend him to the tender mercy and compassion of the "grand council," because a genuine Know Nothing before the initiation by the Star Spangled order.—[*Amherst Express.*

The Express seems mortified and chagrined that the fact is out.—[*Springfield Rep.*

We plead guilty to being "a genuine Know Nothing," but we have common sense enough to know it. We cannot, however, say as much for "a contemporary."

THE LEGISLATURE.—We have nothing of special interest from our Legislature. Petitions are beginning to pour in and the members already find their hands and heads full of work. We have a correspondent there who will keep the readers of the Journal posted up in all that is lively, interesting and important. See his first communication in this paper.

☞ D. Gregory, a convict in the Auburn, N. Y., State Prison, whose strange conduct had induced the keeper to compel him to wear a ball and chain, while passing another convict, on Saturday morning last, raised the ball and hurled it at his head, knocking his brains out and killing him instantly.

FRENCHY.—One Sunday in December, Madame Cl. de T———, a French lady of rank and fortune, was arrested at her chateau of Brunoy, on a charge of conspiracy against the person and government of the Emperor. A voluminous correspondence with refugees at Brussels, containing full details of the conspiracy, was seized at the chateau. Madame was brought to Paris, and is now in prison *au secret le plus rigoureux.*

WILL THEY CARRY IT INTO POLITICS?—An honest democrat in the neighboring town of G—, was recently induced by an itinerant agent to subscribe for the *Know Nothing*, an American paper, published in Boston. The reading of a few copies served to convert our unterrified friend to its principles; and he declared he would join the Know Nothings without delay if he "wasn't afraid they would carry it into politics."—[*Keene News.*

Editors' and Printers' Convention.

—The annual meeting of the editors and printers of Western Massachusetts was held at the American House in Springfield, last Wednesday, the anniversary of Franklin's birth-day. The afternoon was spent in discussion of matters of mutual interest, and at 6 o'clock in the evening the company sat down to an excellent supper prepared by Mr. Adams of the American House. The following board of officers was chosen for the ensuing year:—

PRESIDENT, C. J. J. Ingersoll of Greenfield; Vice Presidents, A. B. F. Hildreth of Holyoke, Ansel Phelps of Greenfield; Secretary, J. R. Trumbull of Northampton; Treasurer, Samuel Bowles of Springfield.

STANDING COMMITTEES—On Advertising.—S. S. Eastman, Greenfield, C. B. Webb, Worcester, J. R. Trumbull, Northampton, Henry Chickering, North Adams, Samual Bowles, Springfield.

Job Printing—Clark W. Bryan, Springfield, Edward B. Fiske and C. B. Webb, Worcester, A. B. F. Hildreth, Holyoke, C. A. Miriek, Greenfield.

Labor, and the internal management of printing offices—J. S. Adams, Amherst, H. Chickering, Adams, J. R. Trumbull, Northampton, C. J. J. Ingersoll, Greenfield, C. W. Bryan, Springfield.

Prices and Terms of Payment of Newspapers—G. M. Fisk, Palmer, C. J. J. Ingersoll, Greenfield, H. S. Gere, Northampton, C. B. Webb, Worcester, H. Chickering, Adams.

BOSTON CORNER.—His Excellency the Governor has issued a proclamation to the effect that whereas the act passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, providing for the cession of Boston Corner to the State of New York, has been accepted by the Legislature of that State and consented to by Congress, and all the requirements being complied with, the purposes of the act will henceforth be carried into effect, and the district of Boston Corner is now a part of the State of New York.

A Fool.—A gipsey women told a colored man residing at the Warm Springs, Va., that if he would let her have all his money, she would make it grow to a bushelfull. He gave her $1200 in specie. She put it in her trunk as he thought, made some mysterious passes, and went away to return in four days. She did not appear at the appointed time and her luckless dupe opening the trunk found himself only in possession of a pile of copper and lead.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The editor of the New Hampshire Democrat makes the following compliment to the Know Nothing Lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts:

"Our old boss, Simon Brown, to whom we served as an apprentice at Newport, some twenty-four years ago, has been elected Lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts by the Know Nothings. Mr. Brown was a remarkably good man to work for; he made us a present of a black broad-cloth jacket once—and we are glad he is elected."

PAPER FROM BASSWOOD.—George W. Beardslee of Albany, N. Y., has invented a process of making paper from basswood.—It is said to be whiter than straw-paper, although very stiff and hard, but this, it is thought, can be remedied. Mr. Beardslee is not restricted to basswood alone in the manufacture of paper, but other native woods are equally as applicable.

ROMISH PRIESTS.—No country except France, outside of Italy, sent a larger number of prelates to the late Feast of the Immaculate Conception at Rome, than the United States. France sent eleven, the United States six, England six and Ireland six. The other states were represented by a smaller number.

☞ A young man now-a-days, has to be exceedingly circumspect about marrying.—In nine cases out of ten, he will very likely get one-fourth flesh, the balance coffee-bags, cotton, whalebone and corset-boards.—*Buffalo Republic.*

What a libel on the fair sex! The Massachusetts girls are no such compound. Come and see, Mr. Republic.

A BRAYING ASS!—The Michigan Free Press, an administration paper, makes a sort of mad Jeremiah of itself over the result of the election in that State, and winds up it long howl with the following flourish:—"Black Republican Know Nothingism holds sway, and pandemonium is convulsed with the fiendish delight from centre to circumference! The brave begin to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt *the favor of God!*"

☞ It is said that His Excellency, Gov. Gardner, was clothed in home-spun when he delivered his inaugural, but we can tell a better story than that, which is, that recently he has been presented with a baby weighing nine pounds and a half—a very noble specimen of the real Native American article.

RISE AND PROGRESS.—Fourteen years ago, but a single house and that a log cabin, stood upon what is now the site of St. Paul, Minnesota; a city that supports four daily newspapers, and where upwards of forty-three thousand passengers have been landed within a year.

HUNG.—A man named Henry H. Munroe was hung at Martinez, California, Nov. 24, for murder. He stated on the scaffold that Munroe was not his name, and that he belonged in Rutland county, Vermont. He confessed that he had shot several Spaniards and Indians merely for the pleasure of seeing them jump.

A WIDOW TO BE PITIED.—An Oregon widow thus writes her experiences during her sojourn on the Pacific coast:—"I have indeed been most unfortunate, both of my arms are slightly palsied, each of my legs have been broken, my health is generally bad, I have had four husbands in my time, but they all up and died, poor things; and I had four yoke of oxen, and the cussed Indians stole and eat them."

Married and yet had no Wife.

TWO CLAIMANTS FOR THE SAME LADY—REJECTION OF BOTH.—Not long since, says the Detroit *Advertiser* of January 5th, two gentlemen from a neighboring city came to Detroit with the intention of marrying the same lady. Each was supported by his particular friends, and the prospects of either were flattering. While one of the gallants was seated in the back parlor, "in clover," enjoying the society of the affianced and her father's family, the rival was shown into the front parlor, and the affianced called to greet him as her prospective lord. The unsuspecting innocent in the back parlor waited impatiently for the lady's return, and upon inquiring found she had gone to Egner's for refreshments, and, much to his chagrin, with his rival. The couple were absent some time—long enough to call at the Rev. Mr. ——'s and be made one blood and one flesh.

The joke was too good to be told, and on returning to the house, the successful candidate hid his wife good night and retired to his hotel, saying that he would come in the morning, claim his bride, and take her to his future home. Morning came, and the groom, ever faithful presented himself at his father-in-law's house, where he was confronted by the most intimate friend of his rival, who coolly informed him that the lady, his wife, had reconsidered. Her parents refused to permit the husband to take his lawful wife, and the wife herself refused to acknowledge his authority. The husband was petrified,—was married and yet had no wife—tried persuasion in vain—got mad and went home wifeless. The rival was equally in a "fix," and equally chagrined. Both returned to their homes, convinced that "you're not always sure of your game when you've treed it."

MOVEMENTS OF THE VETERANS OF 1812.—A telegraphic dispatch from Washington, Jan. 10, says:—

The old soldiers visited Mount Vernon today, stopping at Fort Washington on the way back. The weather was beautiful, and the old soldiers were full of gayity. They were accompanied by crowds of beautiful women. Daguerreotypes were taken of the different groups at the mansion at Mount Vernon, Mrs. Washington and children included, and at the tomb. Several speeches were made, the most interesting of which was by Dr. Lundown, a Seneca Indian. It was full of historical reminiscence, and he was frequently interrupted by outbursts of applause. General Coombs addressed the old soldiers in behalf of the red men. There was then an old-fashioned shaking of hands all around, which was followed by three successive war whoops on the part of the Indians. On reaching the National Hotel, in this city, the old soldiers formed in close order, and were addressed by Gen. Coombs in a brief farewell speech. Funds were then raised, by the efforts of Colonels Young and Baldwin, to pay the expenses of the poor soldiers and Indians, and all retired to their several abodes, fatigued but delighted with the events of the day.

ICE NAVIGATION.—The *Lowell Courier* reports that sport on the Merrimack is brisk—skating, racing and *sailing* being the order of the day. Sailing is accomplished with an "ice boat," which is a triangular sled, with three skate irons for runners, so arranged that the forward runner guides the "machine," and is propelled by exposing a large square sail to the breeze. Some four or five miles an hour is made by the ice boats.

THE UNEMPLOYED IN NEW YORK.—On Wednesday morning last week, a procession of some two or three thousand foreigners passed the office of the *New York Mirror*, bearing banners upon which were inscribed mottos of an incendiary character. One of them had the inscription. "We want work and we will have it;" another bore the single word. "Hunger;" and a third had the mysterious threat "The last recourse."

☞ The actual defences of New York Harbor are 1664 guns, of various calibre, though most of them are heavy pieces. This includes 318 guns at Throng's Neck, and takes in the works on Governor's Island, Staten Island, and at the Narrows. At the commencement of the present siege, Sebastopol was armed with a total of 894 guns.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.—It has been heretofore stated that spirit rapping is an old affair in China, and we now see it stated in a California paper that it was once practised with great effect among the natives of the Marquesas Islands. Our American spiritualists are behind the age.

☞ The waters of the Upper Sacramento are teeming with the finest salmon, which are caught and carried to San Francisco, where they are sold at three cents per pound. So plenty are they that many spoil and are thrown away before being sold. Wish we lived there these hard times.

THE MISSISSIPPI SPANNED.—The Minneapolis suspension bridge across the Mississippi river above the falls of St. Anthony, has at length been completed, and the waters of the mighty river are spanned for the first time by a structure of iron and wood.

SUDDEN DEATH.—We learn that Timothy Reed, Esq., of Barnstable, well known as the Clerk of the Courts in Barnstable county, was suddenly seized with illness Friday evening, which terminated fatally at an early hour next morning.

MAPLE SUGAR.—The editor of the *Springfield Republican* is now, in the early part of January, luxuriating in the enjoyment of delicious new made maple sugar.

☞ During the thaw of Jan. 4, a turkey turned up from under the snow on the premises of Mr. Alonzo Payne, of Montague. It had been buried for *thirty-three days!*

WARREN.—The thief detecting society reorganized last Friday in the choice of Capt. Lyman Day president, Daniel T. Hitchcock secretary, and Nathan Richardson treasurer.

☞ The Indians in California refuse to remove from their mountain homes to the reservation in the Sacramento valley.

FAILURES.—The great financial event of the north,—the failure of the great bankers Page and Bacon,—excites extreme interest in all financial circles. They publish a card saying that their assets exceed their liabilities over three millions of dollars, and that they believe their suspension will only be temporary. There is much sympathy for them, and no apprehensions felt of loss on their liabilities.

Shaltz, Hadden & Latting, the heaviest produce house in New Orleans, failed on Monday, owing to the suspension of Page & Bacon and others.

Ford & Bro. Louisville, Packett, McMurdough & Co., and Fenn & Donnegan of New Orleans, are reported failed; also three more heavy banking houses at St. Louis, names not given.

MONEY FOUND.—The Stanton (Va.) Republican states that a gentleman engaged in some employment on the Virginia Central Railroad, found a sum of money a few days since, amounting to ten or twelve thousand dollars. The pocket book containing the money was in a crevice of a rock, and contained papers which will probably lead to the discovery of the owner.

☞ A woman who was washing clothes near the Atlantic Dock Basin in Brooklyn, N. Y., dropped some clothes into the basin. In default of a grappling hook, she tied a rope around her little son's waist, and lowered him down to pick them up. He was so heavy that she could not draw him up again, and the rope slipped from her hands and he was drowned.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.—Official dispatches from the Mexican boundary commission, inform us that commissioner Emory met the Mexican commissioner at El Paso, Dec. 3, when all questions were satisfactorily agreed upon, the parallel of 31 deg. 47 sec. was fixed as the initial point on the Rio Grande, from whence the line would immediately be surveyed westward.

☞ The Machias Union says that two young men, sons of Joseph Stanly, of Steuben, recently killed 19 ducks at one shot. It appears that they discovered, and both fired at one time into the flock, unknown to each other, till the game was to be divided, when each claimed all. An explanation followed, and both returned proud of their success.

MINISTER TO SPAIN.—A telegraphic despatch from Washington confirms the report of the resignation of Mr. Soule, as Minister to Spain. Mr. Breckenridge, who has been appointed his successor, is a member of the House from Kentucky, and is infinitely superior to Mr. Soule in real ability as well as in discretion.

HOG STORY.—The Northampton Courier tells of a man who received a pig from a foreigner as payment for a debt; but having no conveniences for accommodating him, hired the Irishman to board him, furnishing meal to meet the reasonable wants of his appetite, and after several weeks, discovered that his Emerald friend had sold the pork for cash and left for parts unknown.

☞ The old whig papers frequently speak sneeringly of the new Speaker's inefficiency, &c. When the blunderhead Bliss of Springfield occupied the same post under whig rule, these same papers never even intimated that he was other than the most finished Speaker ever chosen. Virtuous souls, these old whigs!—*Northampton Courier.*

INSTALLATION.—Rev. William A. Fuller was installed pastor over the Unitarian society in Barre, on Wednesday, the 10th inst. An extemporaneous sermon, with only five minutes previous notice, was delivered by Rev. Mr. Hale, of Worcester.

☞ At Cincinnati, Saturday night, Ormsbee, clerk in the National telegraph office, shot a man named Jennings, mutilating his face and rendering doubtful his recovery; cause, slanderous reports by the latter about the former's wife. Ormsbee was admitted to bail.

STATE'S PRISON.—The number of convicts in the Massachusetts State's Prison at present, is 491. Two persons are in the prison hospital from accident, but none from ordinary disease, showing a remarkable state of health in the institution.

MAN KILLED.—An Irishman, name unknown, was run over on Saturday, and instantly killed, by a team of cars on the Boston and Maine Railroad. The deceased was walking upon the track at the time.

FIRE.—On Friday evening last week, Capt. Asa Woodbury's Woolen Mill in Sutton, about one mile from Wilkinsonville, was entirely destroyed by fire. The mill was insured probably for $8,000, at offices in Providence.

DEATH OF A UNITED STATES SENATOR.—Moses Norris, Jr., of Manchester, N. H., died at Washington, on Tuesday night last week, of disease of the heart. His death was not unexpected, as he had been seriously ill for some time.

WHO HAS LOST A FOOT?—On the Plymouth Beach, last week, was picked up a boot near the water, and in the boot was a man's foot in a good state of preservation.

CHARITY.—Rev. Mr. Gale's society in Lee contributed last year to charitable objects $1350, to Williams college $1700, and expended $2029 for a new chapel and $90 for books for the sabbath school library.

IN SESSION.—Besides our own, the Legislatures of Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and California are now in session.

LOCAL MATTERS.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN PALMER, DURING 1854.—The returns of births, marriages and deaths for the past year, indicate that the people of Palmer have enjoyed a season of health, happiness and prosperity. The number of births during the year was 119—twenty more than in the previous year. Of this number 52 were males, 67 females; 64 were born of foreign parents, 55 of American. The occupation of their fathers is registered as follows:—Laborers 51, farmers 14, weavers 10, spinners 6, machinists 5, dresser-tenders, carpenters and shoemakers, 4 each, tailors, innholders, carders and blacksmiths, 2 each, tallow-chandler, physician, paper-manufacturer, hostler, peddler, painter, cabinet-maker, harness-maker, and wheelwright, 1 each. Two pairs of twins were born during the year. In two instances their fathers were dead.

The number of marriages during the year was 50—5 less than the year before. Of this number only 24 of the grooms resided in Palmer, and in 33 instances the bride was a resident of this town. In nine cases it was the second marriage of the male, and in four cases the second marriage of the female. Only one widower and widow were united, but three widows, who were just in the shade of 25, managed to entrap three bachelors of about the same age. The oldest bachelor who married was 28, and the oldest maiden 30. Only three of the grooms were under 21, and but two brides were under 18. In one instance a girl of 17 married a widower of 36. It will be interesting to the ladies to be informed that the greatest number of females were married between the ages of 18 and 22, and that only three maidens past the latter age succeeded in committing matrimony. Twenty-one couples were foreigners, ten of whom were from Canada. The town clerk issued 92 marriage certificates during the year. The greatest number of marriages occurred in the month of November.

The whole number of deaths was 35—being 14 less than in the previous year. Eighteen were males, 14 females, and in four instances the sex is not given.

Of this number, nine were foreigners.—The oldest male was 71, and the oldest female 67. The ages ranged as follows:—Between 60 and 70, two; between 50 and 60 none; between 40 and 50, one; between 30 and 40, four; between 20 and 30, four; between 10 and 20, four; between 1 and 10, 6; under one year, 8; and in four instances the age is not given. Diseases:—Consumption 11, cholera infantum 9, old age 3, cholera 2, fever 1, inflammation of bowels 1, carbunkle and dropsy 1, drowning 1, canker-rash 1, croup 1, childbearing 1, teething 1, childbed 1, fits 1, dysentery 1, inflammation 1. In four instances the disease is not given. The greatest number of deaths occurred in the month of April.

"PALMER LITERARY ASSOCIATION."—At a meeting of the members of the "Palmer Lyceum," last Saturday evening, it was voted to change the name of the institution to the "Palmer Literary Association," and the following gentlemen were chosen directors:—Calvin Torrey, A. N. Dewey, G. M. Fisk, A. V. Blanchard, Wm. Holbrook. Over 250 tickets have been disposed of at 50 cents each, and the board of directors are making efforts to secure the services of some of the best lecturers in the country.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—An Irishman who was employed as brakeman on the New London and Palmer Railroad, was killed at Willington last Wednesday. In attempting to climb upon a freight-car he lost his hold and fell upon the track, the whole train passing over him, severing his head from his body. He had been upon the train but a day or two.

FIRE IN BLANCHARDVILLE.—On Tuesday morning, about 3 o'clock, two of the blacksmith shops belonging to A. V. Blanchard & Co., scythe manufacturers, at Blanchardville, were destroyed by fire. The buildings were old, and not insured. Loss about $800. The fire probably took from one of the forges.

LECTURE ON ROMANISM.—Rev. C. Sparry, for many years a Roman Catholic, will deliver a lecture on the above subject at the Vestry of the Baptist Church on Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock. Go and hear him.

WEATHER.—The weather during the past week has been as variable as an office-seeker's politics. Sunshine and storms, rain, hail, and snow, have made up the "order of exercises." The prospect now is, that we shall have more sleighing.

FLUID ACCIDENT.—E. B. Shaw, proprietor of the Nassowanno House, was severely burned on Wednesday evening, by breaking a fluid lamp, the contents of which took fire and fell upon his clothes.

For the Journal.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.—*Mr. Editor:*—I hear that the Methodist Church is to give a donation to their pastor, Rev. E. B. Morgan, next Tuesday evening, at the town house. A look into the secrets of the "Cabinet" has convinced me that more than *ordinary* attractions are on the tapis. Knowing the man as I do, I can assure you and the sovereign people, that Dr. Raymond's address will be no common affair. The music, sacred and secular, directed by Mr. William Heathcote, will be *some*, if not *more;* and (I don't know as I ought to tell of it; but it *was* mentioned *privately* in public, last Sabbath) we may expect a specimen or two of old England's psalmody, as sung by some of the "English brethren." Whoever stays away will be sorry when it is too late.

A LOOKER ON.

Palmer, January 17th, 1855.

☞ The repairs on the railroad at Erie are rapidly progressing under Marshal Keyser, and no interference has taken place.

CARD.

The Methodist Church and Society of Palmer, will give a Donation to their pastor, Rev. E. B. Morgan, Tuesday evening, 23d inst., 6 1-2 o'clock P. M., at the town house. An address by Rev. Dr. Raymond of Wilbraham, at 7 1-2 o'clock, music, vocal and instrumental, sacred and secular, speeches, socialities and *donations* will constitute the entertainments of the occasion. The public generally are invited to attend. By order of the Com.

J. CLOUGH.

CARD.

The undersigned take this method to tender their sincere and heartfelt thanks to the citizens of this community, for their unwearied exertions to save their property from the devouring element, on the morning of the 16th inst., but for which, much more valuable property must have been destroyed.

A. V BLANCHARD & CO.

Brighton Market.

THURSDAY, January 18.—At Market 1050 Beef Cattle, 80 Stores, 8 pairs of working oxen, 45 cows and calves, 3000 sheep and lambs, 149 Swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—Extra $8,50; first quality 8, second 7,50, third 6,50 a 6,75, ordinary 6 a 6,25. Hides 5,50 a 6; Tallow 8,25 a 8,50; Pelts 75 a 87c, Calf'skins 12cts per lb.—Veal calves—3,50 a 5. Stores—Yearlings 10 a 12; two years old 18 to 30; three years old 32 to 45. Working oxen—No sales noticed. Cows and calves, 20, 27, 29, 31, 40, 45. Sheep and lambs—extra, 4,50 to 9; by lot 2 2,50, 3 a 3,75. Swine—No fresh arrivals; all sold at 4 7-8cts.

BORN.

In this town, Jan. 16th, a son to B. E. Ruggles.

In this town, (Bondsville) Jan. 16th, a son to Mr. Costar.

MARRIED.

In Warren, Jan 11th, by Rev. Geo. M. Steele, Rev. Daniel Atkins of Leicester, and Nancy J. Shaw of Wales.

In South Brookfield, Jan. 13th, by Rev. J. L. Estey, Charles L. Moulton of East Brookfield, and Jane M. Jossilyn of Maume City, Ohio.

At Chicopee, 11th, George H. Clark of Northampton, and Ellen T. Pendergest of Springfield.

At Northampton, 15th, John Atkinson and Hannah Cliff, both of Leeds-village.

DIED.

In this town, Jan. 16th, Miss Phebe Strong, 74, formerly of Union Ct.

In Ware, Jan. 6th, Susan Elizabeth, 14 months, only daughter of Charles L. G. Busbee.

In South Brookfield, Jan. 5th, William Thompson, 33.

At Northampton, Jan. 17th, Dr. Charles Walker, 52.

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Probate Court holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the 1st Tuesday of November, A. D. 1854.

WHEREAS Elmira N. Bond of said Brimfield, on the fourth Tuesday of September, A. D. 1854, presented her petition to this Court, praying that her name may be changed to Almira Annee Dean; and the further consideration of said petition was referred to this Court, now holden, and the said petitioner ordered to give public notice of the pendency thereof;—and, whereas it now appears to the satisfaction of this Court, that said notice has been duly given, and that for sufficient reasons, consistent with the public interest, the prayer of said petitioner ought to be granted. It is, therefore, decreed that the name of the petitioner be changed to Almira Annee Dean, and that she give public notice of said change, by publishing an attested copy of this decree in The Palmer Journal, and make return thereof at a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of February next, to which said petition is referred for further proceedings therein.

OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy, Attest,— HENRY SMITH, Register.

(38)

HAMPDEN SS.

AT a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January A. D. 1855; on the petition of Alonzo V. Blanchard, guardian of Calvin Blanchard, minor, son of Amasa Blanchard, late of Monson, in said County, deceased, representing that it would be for the benefit of said ward that his right or share in certain real estate situated in Wisconsin, being certain tracts of land described as follows:—One tract of land in the County of Dodge, State of Wisconsin, being S. E. quarter of the S. W. grant of section No. 35 in township No. 11, north of Range No. 14, east, containing 40 acres of land, as per Reamue duplicate No. 4937, dated Green Bay, Wisconsin, April 12th, 1846; also another tract described as follows:—East half of the N. E. quarter of section 2, in township 10, north of Range 14, East Disirict, of lands formerly subject to sale at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, containing 75 acres and 23-100 of an acre; also one other tract, to wit:—The west half of the S. E. quarter of section 2, in township at north of Range 14, east, in the district of lands subject formerly to sale at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, containing 80 acres, should be sold, and the proceeds thereof put at interest, according to the provision of law in that behalf

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said guardian give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, three weeks successively, previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same. OLIVER B. MORRIS,

Copy, Attest,— HENRY SMITH, Judge of Probate. Register.

(38)

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Probate Court holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1855, on the petition of Elmira P. Staunton, guardian of Herbert E. Staunton, Sarah S. Staunton, M. Jennette S. Staunton, minors, heirs of Adam Staunton, late of Monson, in said County, deceased, representing that it would be for the benefit of said wards that their rights or shares in certain real estate situated in Monson and Wales in said County, being one undivided ninth part, each, of the homested owned by said Adam Staunton at the time of his decease, should be sold, and the proceeds thereof put at interest, according to the provision of law in that behalf.

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said guardian give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, three weeks successively, previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same. OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy, Attest,— HENRY SMITH, Register.

(38)

To the Hon. OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate &c., for the County of Hampden.

GEORGE PUFFER of Brimfield, in said County, humbly shows that at a Probate Court held at Springfield, within and for said County of Hampden, on the 5th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1850, he was duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Reuben Gardner, late of Brimfield, in the State of Ohio, deceased intestate, that more than four years have elapsed since he gave notice of his appointment agreeable to law and to the order of said Court. that there will remain a surplus in his hands of some twelve hundred dollars after the payment of debts due to persons resident in this Commonwealth, and charges of Administration, or any just claims that have been presented to him against said estate.

He, therefore, prays that the Court would order and determine that such surplus may be paid over by him to the heirs at law of said deceased. GEORGE PUFFER.

Jan. 2d, 1855.

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Probate Court holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D., 1855.

ON the representation aforesaid, Ordered, that the further consideration thereof be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, in and for said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, and that the petitioner notify all persons interested, of the pendency thereof, by causing him to be served with an attested copy thereof, and of this order, to be published in the Palmer Journal three weeks successively before the time of holding said Court.

OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy—Attest,— HENRY SMITH, Register.

(37)

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for the county of Hampden, on the 2d day of Januuary, A. D., 1855.

On the petition of Fanny Rood and Addison M. Bradley, administrators on the estate of Thaddeus Rood, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, praying to be empowered to sell all of the real estate of said deceased, to produce the sum of ten hundred and eighty-four dollars and twenty-nine cents, for payment of his just debts and incidental charges, in manner prescribed by law.

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the first Tuesday of February next, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said administrators give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, three weeks successively previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same.

OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy—Attest,— HENRY SMITH, Register.

(37)

Courting in Church.

An eccentric rector remarked a gentleman at church, who Sunday after Sunday, placed himself in a pew adjoining that of a young widow. On the first occasion, he detected him slyly drawing the lady's glove from off the back of the pew where she was accustomed to place it (her hand and arm were delicately fair.) Soon the lady's prayer book fell—of course accidentally—from the edge of her pew into the gentleman's. He picked it up, found a leaf turned down—and scanned a passage which evidently caused a smile of complacency. Our minister saw all their movements, and continued to watch them with a scrutinizing eye for two successive Sundays. On the third, as soon as the collects were read, and while the beadle yet obsequiously waited to attend him to the chancel, our eccentric pastor, in a strong and distinct voice, said:—

"I publish the banns of marriage between M——and H——, (deliberately pronouncing the names of the parties.) If any of you know any just cause, &c."

The eyes of the whole congregation were turned on the widow and the gay Lothario.

The lady suffused with blushes, and the gentleman crimsoned with anger; she fanning herself with vehemence, and he opening and shutting the pew door, with rage and violence. The minister meanwhile, proceeded through his accustomed duties, with the same decorum and ease, as if perfectly innocent of the agitation he had excited. The sermon ended, away to the vestry rushed the parties at the heels of the pastor.

"Who authorized you, sir, to make such a publication of banns," demanded they both in a breath.

"Authorized me?" said he, with a stare that heightened their confusion.

"Yes, sir, who authorized you?"

"Oh," said the minister, with a sly glance alternately at each, "if you don't approve of it, I'll forbid the banns next Sunday."

"Sir," said the lady, "you have been so officious already; nobody requested you to do any such thing; you had better mind your own business."

"Why my pretty dear," said he patting her on the cheek, "what I have done is all in the way of business, and if you do not like to wait for three publications, I advise you, sir, (turning to the gentleman) to procure the license, the ring and the fee, and then the whole may be settled as soon as to-morrow."

"Well," replied the gentleman, addressing the lady, "with your permission I will get them, and we may be married in a day or two."

"Oh, you may both do as you please," pettishly, yet nothing loath, replied the widow.

It was a day or two after, the license was procured. The parson received his fee, the groom his bride, and the widow for the last time threw her gloves over the pew, and it was said, all parties were satisfied.

Mysterious Circumstance.

A NUDE FEMALE GHOST.—The Nashville (Tenn.) Evening News furnishes the latest ghost story, and it is one that is exciting the fears of nearly all the good people of Nashville, including even those who are not prone to listen to or believe tales of ghosts or goblins damned." The story runs in this wise:

In a tenantless house just a few steps this side of Brown's Creek, on the Nashville and Murfreesboro' Turnpike, it is said something resembling the figure of a woman in a state of nudity has been seen at various periods within the past two years. It was first observed by a lady who lives a short distance beyond the creek, and who has to pass the 'haunted house' in coming to and returning from the city. She is a highly respectable lady, and her veracity would not be questioned by those who are personally acquainted with her. Other members of her family, and other persons who have passed this house, testify to having seen this supposed apparition at various times and under various circumstances.

Before and after this appearance, on several occasions, the house has been thoroughly searched, but no evidences of its being occupied by any living creature, (except fleas and rats,) have been discovered. These circumstances bring about the inquiries: If this creature is really a woman, in the enjoyment of human life, how can she conceal herself when persons enter the house?—how does she avoid detection and arrest?—how is it possible for her to live there without food and clothing?

In company with a number of citizens, we visited this place of haunted fame, for the purpose of being convinced as to the truth or falsehood of these strange reports. Detachments of the party approached the house in four different directions, so that there could be no egress undiscovered. After entering the ghostly establishment, candles were lighted, and the party made a thorough investigation of the premises, but discovered nothing more mysterious than a few rats' nests, and an old hen with a family of chickens under her motherly care.

The lights were extinguished and the party retired from the house; took position at various points in the yard, and patiently waited for what might transpire. We were not kept long in suspense; the apparition appeared in the usual manner—the figure of a woman destitute of clothing. It answered no questions, but shook its head and hand in a frightful and forbidding way, then suddenly disappeared, how and where we know not. The house was again searched, but with no better luck than before. We returned to the city satisfied that we had seen something for the existence and appearance of which we were unable to account.

POETRY.

For the Journal.

New Year Greetings.

FRIEND JOURNAL, "A Happy New Year!
And, "A Happy New Year," Mr. F.;
For your heart, an abundance of cheer,
For your purse, an abundance of pelf.

Long time every Saturday eve,
Have we greeted The Journal's kind face,
To laugh, or be sober, or grieve
O'er its jokes, its sound sense, or distress.

With *news* it is freighted with care,
Of "collisions," "explosions" and "wrecks,"
"Religion" and "politics," "war,"
With "Prices current" of stocks for the "specs."

A "multum in parvo" is here;
(This phrase every school-boy can tell)
Come, subscribe *now*, the *first of the year!*—
I am sure you will say, "It is well."

"Hard times?" *this*, I need not be told.
Let me whisper one thing in your ear:—
Though your coffers have somewhat less gold,
Your larders less sumptuous cheer,

Do not *starve* the imperishable *mind*,
Lest leanness you bring on the soul;
Nor starve out the *Editors*, kind,
For *they* are the main-spring of all.

LILLA LINWOOD.

Millbury, Mass., January, 1855.

For the Journal.

An Incident.

'T was in the house of prayer; the man of God
Hid from the sacred desk, with wondrous power,
Proclaimed the Word of God. His solemn voice
And earnest mien thrill'd all the list'ning throng:
There was a breathless silence; many an eye
Unus'd to weeping felt the big drops start;
Hard featur'd men bent eagerly to hear;
The careless seem'd to ponder; the light jest
Died on the scoffer's trembling lip away;—
All lent an ear attentive—all were grave—
Pond'ring on life and death—on Heav'n and hell.

He ceas'd; but ere his accents died away,
Turning my head, *I saw a woman smile!*—
A woman with a fair and doll-like face
Bedeck'd with flow'rs and gaudy tinselry,
Gave such a *heartless, sneering, sick'ning smile*
That it betray'd as volumes could not do,
The weakness of that self-conceited soul.

Man is often reckless, daring to his God—
Defiant, careless of His Truth; but e'en the worst
Have moments when they feel a nobler life;
But every shaft of Truth and holy thought,
Winged by celestial hands, alights in vain
On a *twin woman's self-complacent soul.* P. P.

The Song of the Hand.

I clutch the steel so bright and keen,
And plunge it in the beating heart;
I wipe the tear from Sorrow's eyes,
And build the magic dome of Art;
I weave the pall and dig the grave,
I give to merry music birth,
I scourge the poor, and through the pen
I speak to all the peopled earth.
I forge the fetter of the slave,
I bear the banner of the free,
I press the sacramental cup,
And rear the gloomy gallows-tree.
I grasp the gold and starve the poor,
To build a church and pay for prayers;
'T was I that crucified the Christ—
I slew the promised Man of Cares—
I took the gold that Judas got,
And hung the traitor on a tree;
I tied the cord about his neck,
And set his guilty spirit free,
And in the senate-house of Rome,
'T was I immortal Cæsar slew;
And thrice I bathed me in the gore
That Brutus' friendly dagger drew,
And many a pious saint, since then,
Fast to the burning stake I've tied,
And heaped the blazing fagots round,
And mocked them as in pain they died.
But all the merry deeds I've done,
Obedient to my master, man,
I could not tell were I to sing
Until my judgment day began.

MADAME SONTAG.—The remains of Mad. Sontag have been finally embarked at Vera Cruz for Hamburg. The transfer could not have been made, the agent of Count Rossi informs the Picayune, otherwise than it was, without incurring an enormous expense, which would have seriously injured the children of the deceased.

MAIL ROBBERS.—The secret agents of the Postmaster General have done a brisk business lately. Within the last two months, something like twenty mail robbers have been arrested in different parts of the country, and about half of them have been tried and condemned to imprisonment.

EXPLOSION.—The powder mill of J. Cornelly & Co., in Brighton, N. Y., some four miles east of Rochester, blew up on Wednesday morning with a tremendous explosion, shaking the earth for miles around. No lives were lost. The man who was attending the mill had just left it when the explosion took place.

☞ The parishioners of Rev. J. Morse of Brimfield, made their sixth annual donation visit, Wednesday evening last week, and did the usual liberal thing.

☞ Eighteen persons were added to the Church in Haydenville last Sabbath, as the fruit, in part, of a revival which that church has enjoyed during the last year.

POLITE.—The editor of the Hawesville *Eagle* invites a man who had taken offence at one of his articles, to walk up to his sanctum and get kicked out!

☞ Santa Anna has been re-elected President of Mexico by a large majority. In the city of Mexico, only seven votes were given against him.

☞ Alfred Homer of Brimfield, has been chosen chairman of the Hampden county commissioners.

PAUPERS RETURNED.—About 150 foreign paupers sailed for the old country from Boston last week; 87 of whom were sentenced to be returned, and the others returning from choice.

Do not calculate the number of your juvenile poultry before the process of incubation be completed.

☞ Women that paint themselves to seem beautiful, do clearly deface the image of their Creator.

Perham's Third Gift Enterprise.

60,000 *TICKETS ALREADY SOLD!*

Call for final mass-meeting of Shareholders, to determine on the disposition of the gift-property to the Shareholders.

AT a meeting of the Shareholders in Perham's Third Gift Enterprise, held on the 27th of July, the following Resolution was adopted:—

"Resolved, That so soon as it is ascertained that 60,000 of the gift-tickets issued by Mr. Perham in his third enterprise, are sold, the Committee shall call the Shareholders together at the most convenient place, for the purpose of instructing said Committee in regard to the manner of disposing of the Gift property."

Having learned from Mr. Perham that 60,000 of said tickets were sold, and that in all probability the remaining 20,000 called for by the above Resolution would be sold by the 1st of January next, we have determined in accordance with the above opinion, to call a MASS-MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS, at some place to be hereafter named, on the 17th day of January, 1855, for the purpose designated by the Resolution.

ROBERT BEATTY, Jr.,
J. LATHROP, } Committee.
B. S. ADAMS,

☞ 100,000 tickets only, at $1 each. will be sold Each ticket will admit four persons all at once, or portions at different times, to Perham's Burlesque Opera House, 663 Broadway, N. Y., or to his other entertainments in various parts of the country. Each purchaser of one of these tickets will receive a certificate entitling him to one share in 100,000 costly and valuable gifts, a list of which has already been published.—Persons can obtain the same in circular form, by addressing a note to the proprietor.

NOW'S THE TIME TO PURCHASE TICKETS.

In order that the 100,000 tickets may be disposed of by the time specified, the subscriber offers the following inducements for persons to get up Clubs:—

Each person who gets up a Club of ten subscribers, and forwards ten dollars to this office, will receive by mail, or other conveyance, eleven tickets.

Each person who sends at one time one hundred dollars, will have sent in like manner 115 tickets. And all larger sums in exact proportion.

If it should happen that all the tickets are sold when the order is received, the money will be returned at our expense for postage.

☞ All orders for tickets should be addressed to JOSIAH PERHAM,
663 Broadway, New York.

☞ My fourth Enterprise will be advertised as soon as the third one is closed. The tickets are already printed. de 16 3m34

THE PALMER JOURNAL.

$1,50 a Year, or] A BUSINESS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING. [$1,25 in Advance.

VOLUME 5. PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1855. NUMBER 40.

THE PALMER JOURNAL;
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

GORDEN M. FISK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE CORNER OF MAIN AND FURNACE STS.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.—One Dollar and a Half per annum. A discount of Twenty-five Cents to those who pay in *advance*. For six months, 66 Cents; for three months, 33 Cents. Single copies 3 Cents.

☞ All Letters to meet with attention must be POST PAID.

☞ Communications of News &c. should always be accompanied with a responsible name.

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—The space occupied by 100 words, or that occupied by 14 Brevier lines, constitutes a *square*. One square one week 75 cents; 3 weeks $1. Each insertion afterwards 20 cents. One square 6 months $5—one year $9. One-half square or less—1 week 50 cents; two weeks 75 cents. Each after insertion 15 cents. One-half a square 6 months $3—1 year $5. Twenty-five per cent advance for continuance inside, after one week. Legal advertising of all kinds, such as Insolvent and Probate Notices, Sales on Execution &c., not less than 25 per cent in advance of ordinary rates. Special notices 33 1-3 per cent advance of ordinary rates.

Cards of acknowledgement, religious notices and the like, one insertion, 50 cents per square. Political notices, calls for conventions and secular meetings to be charged the same as other notices or advertisements similarly published.—Notices in news columns 10 cents per line, one insertion, but no charge made of less than 50c.

Discounts will be made to merchants advertising at the above rates to the amount of $20 pr. annum, of not more than ten per cent; $30—15 per cent; $40—20 per cent; $50—25 per c.; and on $75, or over, 33 1-3 per cent.

Births, marriages and deaths inserted without charge; but all additions to the ordinary announcements, as obituary notices, funeral appointments &c., charged at 4 cents per line—no charge being less than 25 cents.

☞ From transient advertisers and patent medicine agents, cash will be demanded in advance, save in cases of special arrangement, or where a local reference is given.

* * The above rates are adopted by all weekly newspapers published in the five Western Counties of the State.

The Journal has a larger circulation in Eastern Hampden and vicinity than all other papers. It is, therefore, for the interest of those who wish their advertisements read and circulated in this section, to publish them in the Journal.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description neatly and punctually executed at this Office.

Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

Agents for the Journal.

The following persons are authorized to act as Agents in receiving Subscriptions and giving receipts in our name:

Three Rivers, A Shumway,—Thorndike, A R. Murdock,—Bondsville, N. D. Wight,—Belchertown, H. A. Longley,—Collins' Depot, W. Collins,—Monson, T. F. Packard,—Monson, *South Factory*, W. Converse,—Monson, *North Factory*, F. S. Smith,—Wales, J. C. Royce,—Stafford Springs, J. H. Nutting,—Stafford Hollow, H. A. Converse,—Warren, T. H. Knight,—Palmer Centre, E. Turner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[ORIGINAL STORY.]

Nothing but a Mechanic.

"DON'T talk to me in that way, cousin Mary! If *you* choose to select your husband so, I, of course, shall not interfere, but for my part, I can conceive of nothing else than true love as the basis of happiness."

"I agree with you, Annie, viz:—That love should be the foundation of our choice for life, but I cannot conceive that this alone will fit us to judge discreetly of any one, without calling into service the other powers of which I was speaking."

"Humph! Well, if '*sober reason* and sound judgment' are to be your prime ministers through life, then I pity Lewis Hargrave, I am sure of that."

"And pray, sweet coz, what other attendants should I have, which could or would take the place of *judgment and reason?*"

"Why, love to be sure."

"Well, if reason and judgment approve the choice fancy may have made, I cannot see why there is not a fair chance of *loving* in the end."

"I don't know but *you* would have; *I* should not. I suppose after all, this loving at first sight,' is a mere fancy, nevertheless, it is so agrecable I dislike to have war made upon it. But, dear cousin Mary, once more, for the fifteenth time, perhaps, I beg to know how your 'sober judgment and sound reason' ever induced you to allow yourself to be carried off by that bore of a Hargrave, when half the best men in the city were dying at your feet to obtain even one smile of encouragement from you. Why, Mary, say what you will in his favor, he is nothing but a mechanic," and she tossed back her glossy ringlets in utter contempt and scorn.

"Are you acquainted with him, Annie, dear?" and the color went and came in quick succession on her cheek.

"No; I think we do not often meet him in our circle, and Mr. Edwards says he does not see how you can be thus blinded to your own true interest. I suppose I ought not to speak so freely to you, Mary," she added in a softened tone, as she saw the tear-drops standing in her eyes, "but I could not help it, it seems so strange that the accomplished Mary Sanborne should marry a mere *mechanic*."

"The future, *my dear, dear Annie*, must decide on the wisdom of our choice; *I* have done what my best feelings prompted—so without doubt have you—but come with me to my room and look at the wedding-fixtures." And while they are making their way up stairs, I will introduce them to my readers.

"Annie Clayton was the daughter of a physician, whose fortune barely enabled him, by straining it to the utmost, to keep his family in the aristocratic circle in which he moved. He had married early in life the sister of Mr. Sanborne, a sweet tempered woman, but possessed of little energy of character; but one who would have made a more humble home a place for love to dwell in. As it was, she was carried along by the round of fashion, or the word of her husband, without questioning the direction in which she moved.

As Annie grew up to womanhood, a young lady of much beauty, her mother gradually retired until she no longer tried to exert an influence which she knew she did not possess. Annie, like her father, was proud and aristocratic, and at the time of the above conversation, was soon to be married to Frank Edwards, a dashing young lawyer, who prided himself more upon the exquisite grace with which he could pick up a lady's pocket-handkerchief, than his knowledge of Coke and Blackstone. The sparkling jewels which adorned Annie's person, spoke volumes to him of the probable fortune she would bring a husband; so he fluttered about her like a gnat about a candle, without a single consideration of their fitness for life's exigencies.

Not so with Mary Sanborne. Like her father, who was a man in easy circumstances, having retired several years previous to this time, from business, she made *merit* the test of character. From among the multitude of her admirers she had given preference to Lewis Hargrave, a master mechanic with little fortune, but firm principles, and possessed of that true greatess of character which ensures success in life. Mary was a delicate girl, with a soul full of love for everybody and everything, but still possessed of such a nice sense of right and wrong that her whole soul revolted at the flattering, unmeaning compliments that were breathed in her ear. When, therefore, Lewis Hargrave sought her acquaintance, she felt she could lean upon him without fear;—therefore, he found the way to her heart easily, and readily won the consent of her parents to their union.

"And now, dear Annie," and Mary wound her arms lovingly and gracefully about her neck, "you will not refuse to grace my wedding with your presence?"

"O, certainly not!—I shall only be too happy to do so, but I'm dying to see the bridal dress, but I suppose that is in reserve for a surprise."

"Here it is!" And Mary held up a snowy muslin.

"But what are all these mourning prints for? One would suppose you intended doing your own kitchen work."

"And so, indeed, I do."

"Well, now, I do think Mary Sanborne's fingers will look well dabbling among pies and cakes! But, pray, when have you taken lessons in domestic economy?" And she cast a scornful glance around.

"You shall come and partake of my viands ere I will tell you, for fear I might disgrace my teachers, should I expose them now."

"There is everything made up with the scrupulous exactness of a housekeeper's inventory. Well, *I* shall leave all these affairs to my housekeeper; I cannot be bothering my poor head with such matters; it will be time enough to settle down and be an old woman when my time comes;—so with all good wishes for your future happiness, I must bid you good evening."

Mary descended to the parlor, where she found Lewis Hargrave waiting her return. There was manly tenderness in his greeting, and quiet, unobtrusive dignity, but as Mary thought over the words of Annie, 'nothing but a mechanic,' a shade of sadness crossed her brow, which no sooner rested on that mirror of her soul, than it was detected. "You are sad, Miss Mary," he said, taking her hand and pressing it to his lips, "may I share in your sorrow?"

"I am not sad, Lewis, it was only a few silly words of Annie's, and I sometimes tremble for her happiness, in becoming the wife of Mr. Edwards," thus adroitly changing the train of thought, and leading him from observing her too closely.

The two weddings were consummated. Mary Sanborne became the wife of Lewis Hargrave, and occupied a neatly-furnished house in her native city.

Annie Clayton, Mrs. Edwards, removed with her husband to a distant city, to occupy a more magnificently furnished house in one of its principal streets, where, amid the giddy whirl of fashion, we will leave them.

* * * * * * *

Fifteen years have passed quietly, and Lewis Hargrave, having acquired a competence, is spending a season in travelling, accompanied by his still youthful-looking wife, and four children, the very personification of domestic felicity. As they were stopping for a little season in one of our Southern cities, Mrs. Hargrave, in taking a walk, encountered a little girl, who rushed from under a doorway with, "Pray, give me one penny;—I'm starving!" There was such a truthful honestness in the tone and manner of the young girl that Mrs. Hargrave, ever ready to listen to the call of distress, dropped a piece of silver in her hand, when she darted away without leaving opportunity for asking a single question.

Thinking it an ordinary case of want, with which we are ever meeting, she pursued her walk, when, in crossing a narrow street, she again encountered the child, bearing a huge loaf of bread.

"And pray, my dear, said Mrs. H., accosting her, "where do you live?" The little girl modestly dropped her eyes as if ashamed to be recognized as a beggar, and hesitatingly replied, "in D—— St., ma'am."

"Are your parents living?" kindly asked Mrs. H.

"My mother is living." And the child burst into a flood of tears. "But Oh! ma'am, she is going to die—she is so sick—she is starving!"

"May I go and see her?" asked Mrs. H., in a tone of compassion.

"Oh! if you would come—" and then dropping her eyes to the pavement, added, "but you would not like to go into such a bad place."

However, with a quick step she led the way, but so hurriedly Mrs. H. found it very difficult to keep pace with her little guide. They soon reached the house, and ascending several flights of rickety stairs, they stopped before the door of a low attic, and as the child entered, a faint voice inquired, "Have you brought help?" "I broke off a piece of the loaf and placed it in the pale, emaciated hand of the speaker, and then slipping an orange from under her tattered apron, she gave it to her, saying, "Dear mother, a kind lady gave me a large piece of money, and I bought you this nice orange, and the lady herself has come to see you, mother." Mrs. Hargrave had been standing outside the door, and now approached the bedside—if bed it could be called.

The woman raised her eyes, and fixing them on Mrs. H. for a few moments, then uttering a faint shriek, buried her face in the tattered bedcovering.

"My dear woman," said Mrs. Hargrave, gently laying her hand on the bed, "what so distresses you? Is there nothing I can do for you?" And she tried to remove the covering from her face, but the only reply was a stifled groan.

Mrs. Hargrave sat down on a broken stool, and waited for the paroxysm of grief to pass off. While doing so, she looked intently at the child. Her uncombed hair had fallen in heavy ropes over her face, which was pale and thin, but something about her mouth strongly resembled some one she had known, but whom, she could not at that moment recall. She was about inquiring the child's name, when the poor creature, from under the bedclothes, threw them off as if with the spirit of despair, and raising herself upright, extended her arms, and in a voice which seemed but the speech of very agony, exclaimed,

"O Mary Sanborne! Mrs. Hargrave! is it thus you see me?—you of all others in this wide world?—you whom I neglected, despised, sneered at? That you should see me thus——. You do not know me—you cannot know me—oh! no. But oh! that Annie Clayton should beg bread, and beg that bread at your hands!" And she wrung her hands in agony.

Mrs. Hargrave had flung her arms in agony about her neck, and was weeping convulsively. She could only say, "My poor, poor Annie! My poor, poor Annie!"

They wept together for a long time in silence. Mrs. Edwards was the first to recover herself.

"O Mary," she said, "I thought to die and none should know my utter destitution, but God sent you here for my poor Mary's sake. I have but a little while to live, and for myself it matters little, but my poor child——".

"Shall be taken care of, dear Annie. Do not distress yourself on her account; I assure you I will take care of her, but perhaps your case even, is not so hopeless as you think. Be comforted and I will soon see you again."

"No, Mary, dear cousin Mary, what I say I must say now." And she related her life's history, which was the oft told tale of loss of property, neglect of business, dissipation, and death; how she had supported herself and child with her needle until her strength had failed her; then came want and utter destitution, and at last on that day for the first time, she had sent her child into the streets to beg for bread. And calling the child to her, she added, "Her name is Mary Sanborne. You will forget her mother's faults, and cherish my child, and teach her to make merit the criterion of character, and may you forgive me, as I trust God has done the proud heart which once sneered at your husband, because he was nothing but a mechanic!"

She ceased speaking, and throwing herself back upon her pillow, placed her child's hand in that of Mrs. Hargrave, and gasped out a faint "Good bye," and her spirit had taken its flight from earth.

Mrs. Hargrave stood riveted to the spot, and, gently drawing the child to her side, they mingled tears and sobs together until the evening shadows warned her that it was time to arouse herself.

My story is now soon told. Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave had her decently buried, and, taking the child, once more sought their own home, blessing God for the means He had given them, and henceforth she was as one of their own children.—Nor did Mary Sanborne ever regret that she had married "nothing but a mechanic." E. W. H.

TO YOUNG MEN.—We extract the following beautiful paragraph from the Baccalaureate Address, lately delivered before a graduating class of Rutger's College, by the Hon. Theodore Frecling huysen, and commend it to the perusal of the young:

Resolve to do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore may, live above labor, and without work.—Among the most pitiful objects in society is the man whose mind has been trained by the discipline of education—who has learned how to think, and the value of his immortal power, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to nothing; and, of course, to be nothing; with no influence over the public mind—with no interest in the concerns of his country or even his neighborhood, —to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift and right or defeat the wrong—", [illegible] with any calmness of such a miserable career? And however it may be with you in active enterprise, never permit your influence to be in hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live, that with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say that,

"If your country stand not by you skill,
At least, your follies have not wrought her fall."

THE TENTED FIELD.—The following description of the camp of the allies before Sebastopol, is truly horrible, and is but one of the terrible scenes which attends the progress of war:

The condition of the allied troops, at the latest accounts, had not improved, and the dissatisfaction of the suffering soldiery announced almost to mating. The cholera was sweeping off numbers of the late reinforcements, especially of the young men unaccustomed to the hardships of camp life; and the Turkish force was thinning out by the plague at the rate of 150 per day. It is not at all uncommon to see the corpses of these unfortunate beings, who have been stricken down by cholera on their way to the hospital, lying along the roadside. Besides this dreadful disease, typhus fever and dysentery are making terrible havoc among their ranks. Half of the huts are filled with the dead and dying, and the camp is described as reeking with filth and disease.—"Raise up the piece of matting or coarse rug which hangs across the doorway of some miserable house, from within which you hear wailings and cries of pain and prayers, to the prophet, and you will see a mass of accumulated woes that will serve you with nightmares for a lifetime. The dead laid out as they died, are lying side by side with the living, and the latter present a spectacle beyond all imagination. The commonest necessaries of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness; the stench is appalling; the foetid air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere save though the chinks in the walls and roofs, and thus these men die without the last apparent effort being made to save them.'

THE LABOR QUESTION.—The following are the provisions of a bill introduced into the New York Legislature, in reference to labor:—

Sec. 1. Makes ten hours a legal day's labor in all cases.

Sec. 2. No man shall employ a child under ten years of age.

Sec. 3. No man shall employ a child under fifteen years of age to work over five hours day.

Sec. 4. Persons employing children shall see that they attend school five half days each week.

Sec. 5. Guardians shall bind out children under above provisions.

Sec. 6. Agriculturalists shall give children in their employ at least four months schooling each year.

Sec. 7. The penalty is $5 for each day's violation. The act to take effect on the 4th of July, 1855.

☞ A Vermonter once expressed his opinion of a person in the following style: "I could take, said he, the little end of nothing, whittle it down to a point, punch out the pith of a horse-hair, and put in it forty thousand such souls as his, shake them up, and they'd *rattle!*"

☞ Why is a lady walking in front of a gentleman, like the latest news? Because she is in advance of the male.

The Shoemaker.

THE SHOEMAKER sat amid wax and leather,
With lapstone over his knee,
Where, snug in his shop, he defied all weather,
Drawing his quarter and sole together;
A happy old man was he.

This happy old man was so wise and knowing,
The worth of his time he knew;
He bristled his ends, and he kept them going,
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing,
Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed that his wax was sealing,
The closing was firm and fast;
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling
Of pain to the toe, and his skill in healing
Was perfect and true to the last.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,
With gentle and skillful hand
He took its proportion with looks of pleasure,
As if you were giving the costliest treasure,
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting
A fever, or cold, or cough;
For many a foot did he save from wetting,
When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,
His shoeing would keep them off.

When he had done with his speaking and mending
With hope and a peaceful breast, [ing,
Resigning his awl, as his thread was ending,
He passed from his bench to the grave descending
As high as the king to rest. [ing,

HANNAH F. GOULD.

The Vows of Men.

WRITE on the sand when the sun is low,
Seek the spot when the waters flow!
Whisper a name when the storm is heard,
Pause, that the echo may catch the word!—
If that you write on the sand should last;
If the echo is heard 'mid the blast;—
Then believe—and not till then—
That there's truth in the vows of men!

Throw a rose on the stream at morn,
Watch at eve for the flower's return!
Drop in the ocean a golden grain,
Hope 't will shine on the shore again!—
If the rose you again behold;
If you gaze on your grain of gold;—
Then believe—and not till then—
There's truth in the vows of men!

A Catalogue of Marvels.

FROM the report of the Patent Office, the Washington *Cotton Plant* compiles a list of wonders. The report explains the principles of the celebrated Hobbs secondary or [illegible] "depends upon a prevents instruments used in picking from reaching the real ones. Moreover, the lock is powder proof, and may be loaded through the key-hole and fired off until the burglar is tired of his fruitless work, or fears that the report of his explosions will bring to view his experiments, more witnesses than he desires.

Doors and shutters have also been patented, and cannot be broken through with either pick or sledge hammer. The burglar's "occupation's gone."

A harpoon is described, which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line, the deeper goes the harpoon.

An ice making machine has been patented which goes by a steam engine. In an experimental trial it froze several bottles of sherry, and produced blocks of ice of the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was standing at eighty degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace it will make a ton of ice.

From Dr. Gale's examiner's report we gather some idea of the value of patents. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw cutters, took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months, returned with forty thousand dollars. Another had a machine to thrash and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for sixty thousand dollars. These are ordinary cases—while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine, and India rubber patents, are worth millions each.

Examiner Lane's report describes new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus, by which the whale is literally "shock[illegible]." Another is an electro magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire or burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

There is a "sound gatherer," a sort of huge ear trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ear all the noise ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the rattle of the train.

There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them all around with their heads up, and sticks them in paper, in regular rows.

Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in leaves, and turning out the pure article.

One machine cuts cheese; another scours knives and forks; another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented that cannot be tipped back on two legs, and a railway chair that can be tipped back in any position without legs at all.

Another patent is for a machine that counts the passengers in an omnibus and takes their fares. When a very fat gentleman gets in, it counts two, and charges double.

There are a variety of gate patented that lead themselves; a fish line that adjusts its own bait; and a rat trap that throws away the rat, and then baits itself and stands in the corner for another.

The truths of the Patent office are stronger than fiction.

There is a machine, also, by which a man prints instead of writes his thoughts. It is played like a piano. And, speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year in the United States, giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred hands, and costing over two millions of dollars.

Lake Superior.

"THIS lake is almost as grand as the ocean, and one feels an uprising of the soul when standing on its shores, and gazing out on its tossing billows. In addition to its vast extent, the grandeur of its scenery and the immense mineral wealth of its shores, there are a thousand incidents connected with its history which awaken emotions in the breast of the traveler as he looks for the first time over its cold, blue waters. It is three hundred and eighty miles long, one hundred and forty wide, eighteen hundred in circumference, following the coast line, which is deeply indented with bays and gulfs. Its surface is six hundred and twenty seven feet above the surface of the sea, and its greatest depth near one thousand. Its waters are icy cold, ranging even in summer, from 37 to 40 degrees Fahrenheit, and are filled with the best fish. The underlaying rocks are of a primitive character. Parallel trappean ranges, metalliferous to a greater or less extent, and varying in age, height, and distance, cross the country in a south west and north east direction. Their breaks and interruptions cause the present outlines of the lake, and the protrusions and upheavals form the islands on its surface. The scenery is wild and beautiful. The shores in many places rise abruptly hundreds of feet above the water; their tops and sides almost concealed by evergreens, whose graceful forms veil the savage sternness of the rocks and soften it to beauty. At Thunder Cape, and neighboring points on the north-west coast, these pine clad mountains tower a thousand feet [illegible] the surface of land and sinking [illegible] gulfs of witching beauty break the line of mural precipices and penetrate the country for miles; brawling streams come tumbling in cascades down the mossy rocks, their crystal waters almost alive with speckled trout; thousands of ragged pinecovered islands, of the most picturesque and beautiful outlines, diversify the scenery.—[*N. Y. Tribune.*

Elopement.

A beautiful Virginian lady, married to a substantial citizen many years her senior, recently eloped with a gallant young Kentuckian. The husband of the lady followed the runaways to Washington, where he found his wife's name entered upon one of the hotel registers, and he naturally determined to put up at the house. On going to the dining room, he discovered his runaway half indulging in creature comforts, but there was no gentleman within some distance of her. A handsome-looking young gentleman, however, took his seat near the good man, and was most civilly attentive to him till dinner was over.

As the ladies retired, the deserted husband tapped his wife on the shoulder, saying, "What are you doing here, Mrs.——?" The lady started, but with much self-confidence, answered, "I've come to see what they do in Congress." "What are you doing here, Mr.——?" "I reckon I've come also to see what they do in Congress," replied the husband [illegible] retired to the chamber over in his pocket handkerchief stick in his hand, there was no sign of any male thing besides himself in that room. While the re-united couple were talking, it seems that the attentive young gent, who was no other than the gay Kentuckian, paid his own bill, and made tracks before any cat could get out of the bag!

HOW TO KILL HAWKS AND SAVE CHICKENS.—A writer in a South Carolina paper says that his barn yard has been the quarry of all the hawks in his vicinity. He learned, however, that a large teaspoon full of grated Nux Vomica, or what is vulgarly called, "Ox Vomit," put into a pint of grist, and mixed thoroughly, will stop these feathered rascals. Feed it to the young chickens; and if a hawk happens to eat one them with this in its maw, he will never come after a second one. The drug is terrible to a hawk, while it is not only harmless to chickens and turkeys, but absolutely very beneficial.

The writer tried this plan a year before making it public, and found it to be a complete security against the depredations of those piratical scoundrels, the hawks.

☞ About the time that Temperance and Ati-Slavery began to flourish, a committee waited on old Parson Milton, of Newburyport, Mass., requesting him to advocate the cause. "Shan't do it!" said the parson of the old school; "when you hired me it was to preach the gospel—now it's rum and niggers!"

For the Journal.

OUR LOST AURA.

BY A. F. P.

Life has many pleasant memories. Constantly up-springing with perennial freshness, the joys of the past bloom ever on our pathway, and become again the treasures of the present. Like those delicate flowers which thrive among glaciers and Alpine snows, sweet memories cheer the chill hour of sorrow. Most lovingly do they begnile the tear-dimmed eye to look away from its utter desolation, bringing back a thrill of life to the crushed and fainting heart.

Such are the memories of our AURA. The bitterness of the parting hour is over. We have folded her tiny hands on her breast, and laid her gently in her lonely coffin. We have brushed the sunny hair from the pale brow, and have scattered fresh flowers over her delicate shroud. We have taken the last look of her smiling face, and with faltering step have followed her to the place of the dead. O! hour of agony! We have turned away from the loved one forever, and tried to say, "Thy will be done."

We are again engaged in life's active duties, but listlessness and abstraction pervade the long, long days. The heart is holding converse with bye-gone hours. Looks of "familiar love" and past words of welcome, vanished smiles and sounds of fairy foot-falls, haunt the present, and beckon us back through the bright vista of three short years. There, in the beautiful perspective, a young bride, leaning on the proud arm of manhood, approaches the altar. Scarcely has the light of seventeen Summers fallen on those golden curls, now twined with snowy flowers. A cluster of rose-buds trembles in the small hand which holds it, and the sweet, timid face brings a tear-drop to many a loving eye. The man of God descends from the sacred desk, and before the silent congregation, the fair maiden has given her happiness to the keeping of another.

Redolent with beauty, and laden with fragrance sweeter than that from orange-groves, are the recollections of the expanding of her new life, in the double capacity of wife and sister, but in the urn of our affections are faithfully garnered these reminiscences of the loved and lost.

Two years fly swiftly away, and another scene comes up before us. 'T is another Sabbath. In the village church all is prepared for the celebration of that most solemn rite—the Lord's Supper. At the altar stands the same youthful pair we have seen there before, waiting to be together consecrated to the service of a loved Redeemer. The water of baptism falls on the bared brows of those young disciples, and they are numbered among God's people. There is joy among the angels of Heaven, and He who "doeth all things well," and in whose hand alone are the secrets of the future, was thus preparing our idol for her Dwelling above.

One year more, and we are gathered in the same village church again. AURA walks not with us. But she comes, borne slowly and helplessly after us.

We are looking at her beautiful dust.

Grief, with passionate tears hath wet
The hair, shedding gleams from her pale brow, yet
Love, with sad kisses, *unfelt*, hath prese[illegible]

Strangers read on the coffin-plate that the brief period of her life was twenty years, and our hearts are telling us,

"She is gone as a dew-drop is swept from the bough,
And we sigh for the world where her home is now."

ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM.—The North Adams American relates that an Irish girl, with the pretty name of Winnie Hines, who is in the employ of Rev. Mr. Stover, Methodist, has lately become disposed so far to act for herself as to abstain from the Catholic Church and the Confessional. Mr. Patrick Hines, uncle of the girl, hereupon took the matter in hand, and introducing himself into Mr. Stover's house, had an interview with Winnie, and upbraided her with her heresy. Finally, becoming enraged at her continuacy and evident design to do as she pleased, he broke out into the most awful threats of violence towards her, unless she returned to the Church and repudiated the heretics. He told her he would be the death of her, he would smash her brains out, and much else of a similar character. The girl was much terrified at these threats, and for sometime afterward hardly dared to go on the street after dark. This process of conversation not being approved of by the people of Adams, Patrick was arrested, brought before the Police Court, and put under bonds to keep the peace, and it is confidently expected that he will be a wiser, if not a better man, for the future.

A CASE OF EXTREME POVERTY.—A friend narrates to us the particulars of a case of peculiar hardships and sufferings, which, fortunately for the sufferers, came under his ob- [illegible] Sunday. On that day he found, than some pallets [illegible] any furniture other with his wife and five children—Englishman, whom had tasted food for three days! They had recently arrived here, without money, ignorant of the country and the people, and had only been able to secure the shelter of a roof, where they were literally starving by inches, the father being too proud to ask alms, and being entirely unable to obtain employment. It is hardly necessary to say that their immediate wants were supplied, and the whole family provided with comforts and necessaries.—[*Buffalo Democracy*, 10th.

THE POOR OF NEW YORK.—The unemployed poor of New York continue daily to congregate in the Park. On Thursday one of the "scrub" orators who harangue these assemblages was accused by a person in the crowd of insincerity and laziness, to which the speaker replied indignantly, and offered to go to work at once. No sooner said than done—the man in the crowd immediately employed the orator to carry bricks from one side of the Park to the other. The orator took off his coat, and, cheered by a large crowd, worked diligently for an hour and a half, received fifty cents, and declared himself ready for another job.

☞ In Toronto, Canada, on the 13th inst., a man named Gibson fired at another man named Lenox, with whom he had quarrelled. Lenox, although uninjured, was some what startled, and fell, to the ground. Gibson, thinking [illegible] had killed him, hastened to his own home and [illegible] himself in the head—causing, as it thought, a fatal wound.

☞ The parishioners of Rev. T. [illegible] Cotton, in Ware, made him a New Year's present of more than one hundred dollars.

THE JOURNAL.

PALMER, MASS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1855.

THE POOR.

This is a hard Winter for the poor, especially the poor of our cities. Labor, that legitimate source of support, cannot be obtained by thousands, and they have no alternative left but to beg their daily bread. Many, driven to desperation, commit crimes for the sake of gaining the shelter and comfort of a prison; others, too proud to beg, and ashamed to steal, put an end to their miseries by suicide. Already have we chronicled many instances of crime, starvation and self-destruction, the results of hunger. The end of this "Winter of our discontent" cannot be near. Provisions and fuel were never higher, and for at least two months longer the blasts of our Northern climate will chill the blood and freeze the hearts of the suffering poor.

In all our Northern and Western cities, the wail of suffering is daily heard. "Give us work! give us bread!" is the cry in street and lane, while the poor-houses are filled and the houses of the wealthy are besieged for alms. In New York, thousands are daily fed at soup-houses established by the city, yet these cannot supply the demand for food. Many of the destitute are wandering into the country, with the hope of finding work, or at least a hope of finding enough to eat. May none be so heartless as to turn them away empty.

We who sit around our comfortable fires, and hear the story of the sufferings of the poor, should not feel an indifference because the cry of distress is not at our very doors. With a liberal hand we contribute to religious enterprises at home and abroad. We rear costly churches, furnish them with a magnificence becoming kingly palaces, we send missionaries and Bibles to distant lands, all to illustrate the Christian feeling in our hearts. But let us not, in our zeal to save souls abroad, starve those near home from their earthly tenements. "Charity begins at home," is a maxim as true now as it was when first uttered, and there never was a better time than now to show it, or a time when it would be better appreciated. The Christian philanthropist knows that to a starving family a hundred weight of flour contains more practical religion than a barrel of moralizing sermons; that we must first feed the empty stomach if we would instruct and enlighten the immortal mind, for it is true that the latter can only be kept within our reach by sustaining the former. The duty we owe our fellow-creatures by administering to the sufferings of the unfortunate, thousands of whom are now looking imploringly to us for help. Let us not forget them in the day of their adversity, lest the sun of our prosperity be also clouded.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The night express train from Springfield to Boston, on Monday evening, was thrown off the track at Clappville, by the breaking of a switch, and the cars thrown into confusion, the baggage car taking another track, and dashing into a freight car, the first passenger car being thrown lengthwise across the track, and the second passenger car plunging down a thirty feet embankment, where it stood on end, the passengers and a hot stove piled together at the lower end of the car. No one was much injured, though many received slight scratches. The conductor went back to Worcester in a hand-car, and returned with another train, which took the passengers into Boston about 4 o'clock the next morning. It is singular that no greater injury was done, as the train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

☞ Palmer testimony ought to have weight as to the results of a too greedy ambition. We believe that town had two candidates for councillor, one for clerk of the House, several for senators, besides those whose cases are pending with the governor and council.—[*Republican.*

Not correct. The town of Palmer *did not* furnish a single candidate for the office of Councillor, and the report that such was the case originated with "Sam" of the Republican, who has been very busy for the past two weeks [illegible] forward candidates for office. Neither [illegible] "several candidates for Senators," as stated by the Republican. The name of one of our citizens was suggested, but no effort was made to secure his nomination. Furthermore, there are no Palmer "cases pending with the Governor and Council."

"THE FARMER."—This paper (formerly the Connecticut Valley Farmer) is now issued from the press of J. S. & C. Adams, and published by J. A. Nash. The present number is a good one, and we commend it to the farmers in this region. Every farmer should take an agricultural journal aside from his weekly newspaper, and as "The Farmer" is offered at the low price of $1 per year, no tiller of the soil is too poor to take it.

FIREMEN AND LIQUOR.—The Niagara and Cataract Fire Companies, of Springfield, disbanded on Monday evening, because the new city government had shut up the shops which furnished them with liquor. Fire Companies founded on rum ought to disband.

A DANCING BIRD.—The *Charlottesville Jeffersonian* says a young lady in this place has a pet pigeon, which dances very gracefully whenever she plays on the harp, and when the music ceases, it will jump up and pull the harp strings itself.

Legislative Correspondence.

CAPITOL HILL, BOSTON, Jan. 22d, 1855.

Dear Journal:—I closed my last communication by expressing some doubt about the prospect of a short session, and I must say that doubt is not satisfactorily removed.

I stated that unless the Senate should defeat the will of the people, as expressed in caucus, Gen. Wilson would be elected to the U. S. Senate, the present week. But this has been defeated, for the present at least, aside from any interference on the part of the Senate.

The trial was postponed one week, for the purpose of examining the merits of the different candidates, and I must acknowledge that this agitation has placed Wilson in the position of the dog; not *nip* and *tuck* with the fox, but if anything, a *leetle* ahead. Of course, your humble correspondent had no hand in placing him in his present position, and so any suggestions I make, may presume to be unbiassed.

Contrary to the expectations of all, on the second ballot he had a large majority, and owing to the determination of the minority to disregard their obligations, by bolting the nomination thus regularly made, the more conscientious, who, from the beginning to the end opposed the nomination, now feel bound to sustain it; and to appearances Wilson will be elected by a majority of fifty larger than he could have received one week ago. With all his short comings, this opposition does not originate in the American party wholly nor mainly, but may be summed up in three words, viz: Cotton, *cotton*, COTTON.

But, leaving Henry Wilson out of the question, I go for the *American principle*, and shall do my utmost to withhold the right of suffrage for the present, from all your John Mitchels, who are so peculiarly anxious to become the owners of large plantations of slaves.

Now for the legitimate object of my communications, viz: To keep you informed of the more important doings of the Legislature. Well, after more than two weeks of *arduous* labor, they have paid our old friend, Stowe, fifty dollars, in full, for services recently rendered.

That is about all the business that has been consummated. To be sure, a large amount of all kinds of business has been entered upon the docket, from the rearing of a clam, *down* to the revision of the Constitution; the several committees are in daily, solemn conclave, scratching their bewildered polls, looking very sagely at the subject matter before them, and the reports, which we shall soon begin to hear from them, will, no doubt, [illegible] receive seventy-five dollars at the close of each month, on account; a measure, which, I presume, will not meet serious opposition, especially from the landlords.

The various subjects alluded to in the Governor's Message, as demanding the attention of the Legislature, have been referred to appropriate committees, and no doubt will receive their candid consideration. The Governor is making good his word, by disbanding at once, all foreign military companies. Some of them are extra patriotic, and seem determined sooner to blow *our* brains out, than to relinquish the right to assist us in scattering the brains of our enemies.—Gov. Gardner is very popular, and his *little native American* is doing finely, I believe.

In my next, if I am unable to report progress, I will attempt to delineate a few characters, as promised in my last. Success to the American interest, is certainly the wish of one CHEIGH.—ENNE.

TREASURER'S REPORT.—From the State Treasurer's Report of receipts and expenditurer for the past year, 1854, we take the following figures: Total receipts, $2,144,323.37; cash on hand January 1st, 1854, $202,969,65; aggregate, $2,347, 293,02. Total payments, $2,261,836,65; cash on hand Jan. 1st, 1855, $85,356,38.

BALLS FOR THE POOR.—They are giving balls and parties in New York, to aid the poor. On Thursday evening, last week, about $4,000 were realized at a ball given for that purpose.

CALICO BALL.—Two hundred couples attended a ball in New York recently, and all of the ladies, who were of the upper order, were dressed in calico, and some of the men wore coarse pea-jackets and corduroys

SUICIDE.—Miss Amelia M. Sherman, aged 20, of North Adams, committed suicide last Sunday by taking laudanum. She had been seduced, and resorted to suicide to hide her shame.

ALL FOREIGNERS.—It is stated that of the thousands of poor who crowd around the soup-houses in New York, there is scarcely an American to be seen. They are early all foreigners.

☞ A society for the detection of thieves has been organized in Palmer.—[*Amherst Express.*

Yes, sir, about ten years ago.

CLEAR.—The Connecticut River is clear of ice from Hartford to Holyoke, and on Tuesday, the water was nine feet above low water mark at Springfield.

TASTES DIFFER.—The Amherst Express puffs up a new map of Ware, while the Ware people condemn it.

☞ The Holyoke Independant newspaper is discontinued for the present, in consequence of an outrage upon the office.

The Storm.

It *did* storm last Sunday and Monday.—The rain poured down in torrents on Sunday night and all the forenoon on Monday, and the wind blew almost a hurricane, doing considerable damage in many places. The shipping along the coast suffered much from the gale.

Capt. Calhoun, seven men and a boy, of the bark Flyer, ashore on Rockway beach, are missing, and have probably perished.—The roof of ex-Mayor Collins' house at Hartford, was torn off, a school-house unroofed, and signs and chimnies scattered. Two ships are ashore on Fire Island, high and dry on the beach; schooner Pearl in the same condition at Newbern, and other small craft at various points, but the crews, so far as ascertained, were safe.

Railroad communication is entirely suspended in all directions from Chicago, by snow, no trains having arrived since Saturday.

At Philadelphia the gale was violent, unroofing a railroad bridge and several houses, and demolishing two or three new buildings. The storm was severe both in Boston and New York, but no important damage is reported. The new Court House at Camden, N. J., was partly unroofed, and several dwellings in the neighborhood demolished, and trees and fences leveled in all directions.

At Buffalo the storm was terrific. Ten schooners were sunk near the city, several houses unroofed and numerous minor disasters occurred. The brig Elizabeth from Glasgow, went on shore on Scituate beach, and has gone to pieces; the cargo will probably be saved. Thirteen dead bodies have been picked up on the beach at Long Branch, supposed to have come from the wreck of the New Era.

The storm was very violent in Northampton and vicinity, though no extensive damage was done. The Mill river was very much swollen, and did some damage along its banks. The dam connected with the Hampshire flouring mills, owned by Damon & Joy, was damaged, some forty feet having been crushed off by the ice, from the top, on the western side of the stream, together with the floom and a part of the old hemp mill.

The crew of the schooner Bowditch of Portland, had a narrow escape. She went ashore on Jones' beach below New York, and sank immediately. The crew took to the rigging for safety. An attempt was made to reach them by boats, but the violence of the breakers rendered it impossible. After considerable delay, a line was fired across the schooner from a mortar, and the seamen were drawn ashore safely in the life-car. The schooner and cargo of coal are a total loss.

Gen. Henry Wilson.

The House of Representatives on Tuesday voted for U. S. Senator, and Gen. Wilson was elected on the part of that branch by *one hundred majority*. We are not surprised at the choice made by the House, though we sincerely regret it. It remains for the Senate to ratify the action of the House, before this election will be consummated. The Senate, on its part, votes for Senator next Wednesday. In this body, the opponents of Gen. Wilson have hope, but to us that hope is faint. Wilson's friends have managed the game shrewdly, and the Senate is unprepared to resist successfully the effort that will be made to elect him.

THREE MEN HUNG.—John J. Taylor was executed at Galena, Ill., Friday, for the murder of his wife, in the presence of ten thousand persons. He spoke nearly an hour, protesting his innocence of intentional crime, and blaming the liquor that maddened him. He hoped and believed he was forgiven by his Maker, and died without a struggle. The same day, Stephen Short and William Hanning were hung at Greensburg, Ky., confessing their guilt. A crowd of six thousand came to be instructed by the great moral lesson of the gallows.

☞ In Watkinson county, Miss., the trial of Justus Hurd, for killing one of his slaves, resulted last week in a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the penitentiary. He was a wealthy citizen of Amite county, originally from New England, but a resident of Mississippi for twenty years.

ARRESTED.—The late Mexican consul-general to the United States has been arrested in New York, at the instance of his government, for having appropriated $70,000 for his services in transmitting the seven millions to Mexico. He was held to bail in the sum of $90,000, a reduction of which was asked by his counsel.

ROBBERY AND RECOVERY OF PROPERTY.—The store of Tiffany & Co., New York, was robbed a few days since of a package of diamonds valued at from $8000 to $10,000.—Subsequently one of the diamonds was pawned for $500, which circumstance led to the detection of the thief and the recovery of all the stolen property.

HADLEY.—The young men of Hadley applied to the selectmen some weeks since for the right to use the town hall for a dancing school, and being refused, they succeeded in calling a town meeting and carried the day in opposition to the fathers.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.—There is a gentleman living in New Haven, aged 44 years, who is the youngest member of a family of ten children, all of whom are living. The oldest is 66 years old, and their united ages amount to 553.

☞ David Thomas of Baltimore, aged about 60, was married on Friday night, 19th, and died in about an hour after retiring to rest with his bride. Verdict—"Death from organic disease of the heart."

CARELESS.—A few days since, Mr. Wm. Head, of Springfield, Washington County, Kentucky, burnt up his pocket book by accident, containing $223, besides several valuable papers.

A Chapter of Fires.

In Springfield, on Sunday morning, a fire broke out in Ferry street, destroying a building occupied by about twenty Irish families. Most of their furniture was destroyed. Loss not known.

A fire broke out in West Springfield at 6 P. M., on Sunday, destroying three barns belonging to the Poor House. Four cows, a yoke of cattle and a horse were burned.—Considerable stock was also destroyed. The loss is unknown. The fire was set by an incendiary.

The daguerreotype rooms of Mr. Shatford in Bryant's block, on Main street, Woonsocket, were burnt on Sunday night. The rooms adjoining, occupied by a milliner, and a portion of the block as a tenement, were also damaged by water.

The steamboat Garden City, was burned to the water's edge, on the 14th inst., near the mouth of the Arkansas river. She was bound from St. Louis to New Orleans, and was loaded with flour, lard and oats. The passengers and crew all reached the shore in safety, with the baggage.

On Sunday morning, Mr. E. Denning's collar manufactory, at Hartford, was damaged by fire to the amount of $4000. The barn of Mr. Robert Watkinson, with hay and grain, and a cow, was destroyed by fire.

A destructive fire occurred at Charleston, S. C., the 19th, some half dozen buildings being burned and $25,000 of property destroyed.

In Brookfield, the house of Emmons Twitchell, Esq., was burned to the ground on Saturday evening. It took fire in consequence of a defect in the flue of one of the chimneys.

An extensive paper manufactory, saw-mill and storehouse, belonging to A. W. & D. R. Squires, Essex, Vt., was burnt Friday night. The loss is quiet heavy, but not fully estimated. $7,000 insurance.

Carr's livery stable and several shops adjoining, have been burned at Ogdensburg, N. Y. Loss $3,000 or $4,000, partly insured.

PETRIFIED BODIES.—The *Dayton* (Ohio) *Empire* gives an account of several bodies having been found in a state of petrifaction in an old grave yard near Germantown.—One of the bodies was that of Mrs. Loy, which had been buried twenty-four years.—The shroud and all the covering on the body had disappeared, but the body was perfect except the right leg, from the knee to the ankle-joint, where the flesh appeared to have wasted away, and lay at the bottom of the coffin in a substance resembling ashes mixed with sand. The body was stone, of a drab color, with the smile on her face which she wore when she died. A grandchild was also interred, and found also to be stone, but not so perfect. The hair on the head was the same as in life.

A QUIET SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.—The papers report that Sunday was a very quiet day in New York, and but very little liquor was sold. Even the Jew clothing stores, some of them at least, were closed. The police made but 31 arrests in 17 of the wards—the others not heard from. The arrests heretofore on Sunday have ranged from 100 to 175 each day.

MURDER BY A WOMAN.—On Thursday night, at Cincinnati, a young man made an assault upon a woman named Mary Ann Kelly, slapping her in the face. She immediately drew a bowie knife and stabbed her assailant in the abdomen and neck, and he died in a few minutes. The police court held that the woman acted in self defence, and discharged her.

☞ A farmer of Newton, L. I., was waited upon on Friday by a parcel of men and boys, who summoned him to deliver to them some of the fruits of his farm for "the poor of New York." He opened his cellar door, telling them to "be merciful," when they took out two wagon loads of pork, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, &c., and started for the city.

THE POOR.—In Philadelphia about nine thousand dollars have been collected in aid of the suffering poor—the churches, the banks, the corn exchange and the board of brokers, having each contributed to the fund. It is said the common councils of each of the cities of Milwaukie and Sheboygan have appropriated each $100,000 for the poor.—It seems a pretty high figure.

GRAPE WINE.—The *Ohio Farmer* says Charles Carpenter, of Kelley's Island, from a single acre of grapes, last season, expressed 808 gallons of juice, making 700 gallons of wine. Beside this, he sold $100 worth of grapes, and his family and fifteen hands ate all they chose during the season. The single acre yielded at least $1200.

☞ It is said that the Grand Jury of New York have found two bills of indictment against Robert Schuyler, late president of the New Haven Railroad Company, one for embezzlement, and one for grand larceny. What good will that do while Schuyler is in a foreign country enjoying his ill-gotten wealth?

NEW LIGHT.—A writer in the *Tribune* states that a New York gentleman has discovered a new species of light, equal in quality to gas light, and superior to it inasmuch as it will be cheaper, portable, and not easily put out of repair. The inventor thinks it may be made to warm houses, cook dinners and propel steam engines.

☞ The late James McBride, of New York, bequeathed $500 each to fifteen different benevolent and charitable institutions, mostly located in the city of New York.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.—Mr. Pillsbury, Senator from this county, is making his mark in the Legislature. While a bill in relation to the Eagle Insurance company of Boston was under debate in the Senate, Wednesday, he said the subject of Insurance had become a drug in legislation. Insurance had everywhere been overdone, and he had helped to overdo it, and he hoped that Heaven would forgive the injury he had done, for mortal could not do it. He had gone through all the grades, from canvasser down to director and president. Some companies are safe, but many are not. In order to get business, economy is introduced, and the rates are put so low that at the first sweep of the devouring element, the ones assured go to the next, supposed to be full of golden eggs, and find it empty. He did not speak of this company in particular, but hoped the subject would be examined before the prayer was granted.

WARE SAVINGS BANK.—The fourth annual report of this institution shows the amount now on deposit, to be $103,117,74, which increased by interest and dividends on stocks makes the whole amount $185,360,13. The report as published in the Amherst Express, states, that during the past year, 295 new accounts have been opened, and 114 accounts have been closed. The amount of deposits during the year is $60,336 10; and the amount withdrawn during the year is $25,394 22. Making an increase of 181 in the number of depositors, and of $34,974 88 in the amount of deposits.

DIDN'T MAKE MUCH.—A farmer named Abram Rose, in Ottawa county, Ohio, having suffered from the killing of cattle by the trains on the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, to revenge himself, placed obstructions on the track. In consequence, he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

CONVICTED.—S. M. Booth, convicted at Milwaukie of aiding in the escape of a slave, has been sentenced by the U. S. district court to a fine of $1000 and imprisonment one month; John Reynolds, same offence, ten days and $200.

LARGE LUMP.—The monster nugget recently discovered in California, which weighs 160 1-2 pounds, is 20 inches long, 15 inches broad, and 6 inches thick, and is worth $38,290, is now in New York, and is to be shipped for Paris, to be exhibited at the great Exhibition in May.

☞ Martin Chaney, porter at the Codman House, Portland, was found dead in an outhouse on Saturday. The coroner's jury said that "the deceased came to his death while in a fit, or from some other cause within himself."

☞ Mr. Butt Hewson, who challenged Prentice, the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, to a duel, has been indicted by the grand jury in Little Rock. His second, Maj. Davis, is indicted also.

SNOW.—It snowed all day Wednesday in New York, leaving about a foot on the ground, and sleighs were out for the first time this season. There was also a light fall of snow in Baltimore.

EARLY SPRING.—A large and vigorous rattlesnake was killed a few days since in Henderson County, North Carolina. The weatherwise say that the appearance of snakes at this season is indicative of an early spring.

☞ A son-in-law and daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers of Scotland, have gone out to minister to the wounded, sick and dying, at the naval hospital on the west shore of the Bosphorus.

THE RASCAL.—Charles O. Richardson, late secretary of the St. Nicholas Insurance company at New York, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling $15,000 of the funds of the company.

SUICIDE.—On Monday of last week, Mrs. Julia, wife of Mr. Lewis Phinney of Cotuit Port, committed suicide by drowning. Mrs. P. was an amiable woman, and much esteemed in the community in which she resided.

LEGISLATIVE.—In the House, Saturday morning, an order was introduced and adopted, designed to secure to every person on Massachusetts soil the right of trial by jury, and "due process of law."

☞ The cholera is raging in Caraccas, and a letter dated December 16, states that one-tenth of the inhabitants had fallen victims to the disease. In Cumana, a city of six thousand inhabitants, eight hundred had died.

☞ The celebrated clipper ship Great Republic, just rebuilt, has been chartered to carry guano to Liverpol, at £1 per ton. Afterwards she will be taken to carry troops to the Crimea.

BOILED TO DEATH.—In Baltimore on Tuesday, a little child fell into a large kettle of boiling water, during the absence of its mother, and was literally boiled to death.

DON'T DOUBT IT.—It is said that more money is spent in the United States for cigars than for common schools. Such facts as this contain much of the secret of hard times.

☞ Mr. Benjamin Haywood, of Grafton, a man of seventy years of age, committed suicide on Thursday, last week, by cutting his throat with a razor.

☞ Dr. Charles Walker, who died last week in Northampton, left policies of Insurance on his life to the amount of $3500.

Murphy, who it will be recollected, murdered his wife in this city, on the 10th of April, 1853, by pouring sulphuric acid down her throat, after having tied her down on a bedstead, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. He has been removed to the State Prison.—[*Fall River News.*

LOCAL MATTERS.

A Disappointment.—Rev. C. Sparry, who was announced to lecture on Romanism at the Vestry of the Baptist Church, last Tuesday evening, did not make his appearance.—A crowded house assembled, and after waiting an hour, dispersed with anything but good opinions of the lecturer. Mr. S., we understand, was in town that day, but the reason of his non-appearance we have not learned. We have reason to believe he is a humbug.

P. S. We are informed that the lecturer was suddenly called home by sickness in his family.

Palmer Literary Association.—The board of directors have engaged Rev. A. L. Stone of Boston, Oliver Wendell Holmes of Pittsfield, Rev. Walter Clark of Hartford, Horace Greeley of New York, and Wendell Phillips of Boston, to lecture before the Association. The time for each lecture is not definitely fixed, but proper notice will be given.

Donation.—A donation was given to Rev. E. B. Morgan, pastor of the Methodist Society, at the Town House, on Tuesday evening. Rev. Dr. Raymond of Wilbraham, delivered an address, and short speeches were made by several others, which, with the performances of the choir and the socialities of the closing hours, rendered the occasion a very interesting and happy one.—The pastor received a cash donation of over $35.

The weather always changes after we write a "weather paragraph." We predicted snow last Saturday, and it rained on Sunday, and if we should now predict a thaw, it would be just like the weather to turn around and snow, just as it has been trying to do all the week. Unless the elements conform to our wishes a little better, the Journal and weather will have a falling out, sure.

The Governor and his Council were in town on Friday. They spent Thursday night at Springfield, and came to Palmer on the Friday morning train. The forenoon was spent by them in the inspection of the Alms House. They returned to Boston in the afternoon train.

Gambling on Sunday.—A couple of gamblers from Chepatchet, R. I., were arrested last Monday, on complaint of Luke Blair, who charged them with gambling with him on Sunday, and taking from him about $50. They settled the matter by refunding the money.

Another Arrival.—Another load of paupers, 75 in number, from the Tewksbury Alms House, arrived in this place last Tuesday evening. Half of them were able-bodied men, who were driven into the Alms House by want.

Three Rivers.—The factory at Three Rivers had to stop on Monday and Tuesday on account of high water. The bridge over the river is so far completed as to be passable for wagons and teams.

The District School, No 1, has been suspended on account of the sickness of the teacher.

See the notice of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural Society in another column.

Awful Fatality.—A family of German emigrants recently arrived at St. Louis from New Orleans, consisting of father, mother and seven children. Between the hours of 5 and 7 o'clock in the afternoon shortly after their arrival, *every one of the children sickened and died*, of cholera, as the physician certified to the authorities.

Cruelty.—During one of the cold nights of last week, some wretches forced a young man named Edward Doran, into an alley way in New York, and despoiled him of every article of clothing upon him, except his shirt and drawers.

☞ A telegraph office is about being established in Warren by the Western railroad, to be used as a substitute for a second track from Palmer to Warren, in notifying trains at either station, thus preventing unnecessary delays, and removing danger of collisions.—*Rep.*

How is the above plan going to operate without a telegraph office at Palmer?

Supposed Murder.—On the 11th inst., Mary wife of Thomas Turnix, of Troy, suddenly disappeared in that city under mysterious circumstances, and has not been seen or heard of since that time. She was last seen with her husband in River street, and he was arrested on the 17th and lodged in jail, on suspicion of having drowned her. She was an intemperate woman, and as yet there is no evidence tending to fasten the crime upon the prisoner.

Sheriff of Hampden County.—The Governor and Council have appointed Nathaniel Cutler of Chicopee, Sheriff of this County, in place of Patrick Boise of Westfield, removed.

Accepted.—Judge Russell of the Boston police court has reversed his decision, and consented to accept his position as one of the board of overseers of Harvard college, though he was chosen upon the false pretense of being a Methodist.

☞ The Catholic Telegraph states that the venerable Father Mathew is at Maileira in distress, in want of means to pay his board. His right hand is paralyzed.

☞ Elevated posts in Governments are like steep rocks, only accessible to eagles and to reptiles.

A Strong Hint.—Mayor Wood has issued his ultimatum to the liquor sellers of New York. He says to them. "If your shops are open, or you again sell liquors upon Sunday, I shall resort to every legal means at my command to close your establishment for the sale of liquor, not only upon that day, but for every other day in the week." The Mayor talks as though he means what he says.

Set Free.—Two negro boys, slaves, 9 and 10 years old, have been set free by Judge DeLong, in Guernsey county, Ohio. Their master was conveying them from Virginia to Kentucky, through Ohio, and an accident occurring to the train in which they were, advantage was taken of the delay, a writ sued out, and the boys set free.

High Sheriff of Hampshire County.—H. A. Longley of Belchertown has been appointed by the Governor, Sheriff of Hampshire county, in place of W. A. Hawley of Northampton, removed; and A. P. Peck of Northampton, register of probate, for the same county, in place of Samuel F. Lyman. Mr Longley will make an excellent sheriff.

Good News.—In Parkersburg, Va., a place of 3000 inhabitants, the know nothings carried all but six votes for ticket for town council at a recent election.

Caution to Deceivers.—Mary A. Clark has recovered a verdict of $5000 against Thomas M. Brown, at Providence, for breach of promise.

BORN.

In Ware, Jan. 12th, a son to C. H. Blood; Jan. 18th, a son to G. C. Fenn.

At Granby, 9th, a son to A. Blish; 16th, a son to S. F. Eastman.

MARRIED.

In this town, (Thorndike) Jan. 20th, by A. R. Murdock Esq., Jacob Eherle and Rose Wagner, both of Palmer.

At Easthampton, Jan. 18th, by Rev. A. M. Colton, Robert Dewar and Adeline F. Clapp.

At Southampton, 17th, George N. Moore of Virginia, and Mary Ann Hooper of Westport, N. Y.; 21st, William Chilson of Buckland, and Sally L. Ludding.

At East Amherst, 17th, Lucas Bridgman of Westhampton, and Martha, daughter of the late Cecil Jewett of Northampton.

At North Brookfield, 17th, by Rev. C. Cushing, Dr. Nathaniel H. Forster and Mary E. Draper.

At South Hadley, 11th, Benjamin A. Kellogg of Hadley, and Emeline S. Moody.

At Wilbraham, 11th, Otis S. Knowlton of Fulton, III., and Mary A. Miller of Chicopee.

DIED.

In Ludlow, (Jencksville) Jan. 6th, Aura L., aged 20, wife of George W. Ray.

In this town, Jan. 22d, an infant son of Joshua Jackson, 6 months.

At Brookfield, 12th, Susan J. Green, 51.

At. West Brookfield, 10th, Abigail F., wife of Orsemus Cutler.

At Northampton, 22d, Julia, 24, wife of Chas. O. Smith.

At Liberty, Ohio, Jan. 17th, Russell Clapp, 69, formerly of Southampton.

Large Pickerel.—Henry Newbury, of Brooklyn, says the Windham County Telegraph, while fishing on Moosup Lake, Monday, 8th inst., caught a pickerel weighing 11 pounds, 8 ounces. On dressing his finny captive, Mr. N. extracted from his stomach a live perch, five inches long, which still lives, and may be seen at Deacon Newbury's shop in Brooklyn.

A Monument.—The Legislature of Delaware has made an appropriation towards the erection of a monument in Philadelphia to commemorate the Declaration of Independence. Of the original thirteen States, only four have neglected to respond to join in this work. They are Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina.

Social Gathering.

THE annual Social Gathering of the M. E. Church of Monson, will take place on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, January 31st and February 1st, 1855, at which time and place a cordial invitation is extended to all.

A Sunday School Exhibition—music, vocal and instrumental, sacred and secular—may be expected. Per Order.

To the Honorable, the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas next to be holden in Springfield, within and for the County of Hampden, on the first Monday of October next.

HUMBLY shews Horace C. Smith of Palmer, in said County, that he is interested in and holds in common and undivided with one Edward A. Shaw, whose pursuit, place of residence, is to your petitioner unknown, or other person or persons, whose place of residence are to your petitioner unknown, the fee of one individual half of a tract of land, situated in said Palmer, containing about 26 acres, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake and stones the west side of the old road leading from the old Massachusetts Turnpike, a little west of Lemuel Davis' house, across to the old Brimfield road, [illegible] north westerly of the house formerly owned by [illegible] thence south 1° on said line 74 rods, to a stake and stones, thence south 13°, your petitioner, thence south 1° on said line 74 rods, to a stake and stones, being at a west 74 rods to a stake and stones, being at a corner of other lands of your petitioner, thence south 45°, west 20 rods and 15 links, to a stake and stones on the north side of the road leading from the house of your petitioner, by the house of Samuel Fleming, thence on said road and the first mentioned road to first mentioned bound, and your petitioner is desirous of holding his said share of the land in severalty. Wherefore he prays your honors that notice may be issued in due form of law, and that you will cause petition to be made, and his aforesaid share thereof to be divided and set off to him, by meets and bounds, as in duty bound will ever pray.

September 30th, 1854.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.

Court of Common Pleas. Oct. Term, 1854.

UPON the foregoing petition it is ordered that the petitioner give notice unto the said Edward A. Shaw, and to all other persons interested, to appear before this Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for the County of Hampden, on the second Monday of March next, by publishing an attested copy of the foregoing petition, and of this order thereon, three weeks successively, the last publication to be thirty days at least before said second Monday of March, that they may then and there show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. GEO B. MORRIS, Clerk.

Copy—Attest— GEO. B. MORRIS, Clerk.

(40)

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN COUNTY SS. *Court of Common Pleas.* October Term, A. D., 1854.

Lucius H. Goff of Richford, in the County of Franklin, State of Vermont, Plaintiff, *vs.* Jonathan Goff of Palmer, in said County of Hampden, Defendant.

THIS is an action of contract to recover $200, as by the writ on file, dated the 27th day of July A. D. 1854 will appear. It now appearing to the Court, upon the suggestion of the Plaintiff's counsel, that the Defendant is not an Inhabitant of this Commonwealth, nor was resident therein at the time of the service of the writ in this case: And it further appearing, on the inspection of the Officer's return, that no service was made upon the said Defendant.

It is now Ordered by the Court here, that the Plaintiff give notice to the said Defendant of the dependency of this action, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the Palmer Journal, a public newspaper printed at Palmer in the county of Hampden and state of Massachusetts once a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next term of this Court, to be holden at Springfield, within and for the County of Hampden, aforesaid, on the second Monday of March next that he may then appear, and take upon himself the defense of this action And that this action be continued to the next term of this Court as aforesaid, and so from term to term until notice shall be given to the said Defendant agreeably to this order.

GEO. B. MORRIS, *Clerk.*

A true Copy—Attest,

403w GEO. B. MORRIS, *Clerk.*

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Probate Court holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the 1st Tuesday of November, A. D. 1854.

WHEREAS Elmira N. Bond of said Brimfield, on the fourth Tuesday of September, A. D. 1854, presented her petition to this Court, praying that her name may be changed to Almira Annee Dean; and the further consideration of said petition was referred to this Court, now holden, and the said petitioner ordered to give public notice of the pendency thereof;—and, whereas it now appears to the satisfaction of this Court, that said notice has been duly given, and that for sufficient reasons, consistent with the public interest, the prayer of said petitioner ought to be granted. It is, therefore, decreed that the name of the petitioner be changed to Almira Annee Dean, and that she give public notice of said change, by publishing an attested copy of this decree in The Palmer Journal, and make return thereof at a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of February next, to which said petition is referred for further proceedings therein.

OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy, Attest,— HENRY SMITH,

(38) Register.

HAMPDEN SS.

AT a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January A. D. 1855; on the petition of Alonzo V. Blanchard, guardian of Calvin Blanchard, minor, son of Amasa Blanchard, late of Monson, in said County, deceased, representing that it would be for the benefit of said ward that his right or share in certain real estate situated in Wisconsin, being certain tracts of land described as follows:—One tract of land in the County of Dodge, State of Wisconsin, in the County of Dodge, State of Wisconsin, being S. E. quarter of the S. W. quarter of section 35 in township Nord 11, north of Range [illegible] 40 acres of land, as per Retums duplicate No. 4937, dated Green Bay, Wisconsin, April 19th, 1846; also another tract described as follows:—East half of the N. E. quarter of section 2, in township 10, north of Range 14, East Disiriet, of lands formerly subject to sale at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, containing 75 acres and 23-100 of an acre; also one other tract, to wit:—The west half of the S. E. quarter of section 2, in township at north of Range 14, east, in the district of lands subject formerly to sale at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, containing 80 acres, should be sold, and the proceeeds thereof put at interest, according to the provision of law in that behalf

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said guardian give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, three weeks successively, previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same. OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy, Attest,— HENRY SMITH,

(38) Register.

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January A. D. 1855, on the petition of Elmira P. Staunton, guardian of Herbert E. Staunton, Sarah S. Staunton, M. Jennette S. Staunton, minors, heirs of Adam Staunton, late of Monson, in said County, deceased, representing that it would be for the benefit of said wards that their rights or shares in certain real estate situated in Monson and Wales in said County, being one undivided ninth, part, each, of the homestead owned by said Adam Staunton at the time of his decease, should be sold, and the proceeds thereof put at interest, according to the provision of law in that behalf

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said guardian give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, three weeks successively, previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same. OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy, Attest,— HENRY SMITH,

(38) Register.

New London, Willimantic & Palmer R. R

Commencing 13th December, 1854.

LEAVE Palmer for New London, at 8.00 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

Leave New London for Palmer at 8.00 A. M. and 2.00 P. M.

WM. R. STORRS,

Superintendent.

New London, Dec. 13th, 1854. 34tf

Pay Your Taxes!!

THOSE who have not paid their Taxes this year, are requested to do so immediately, if they wish to save themselves costs. Be wise in time.

W. W. NEWBURY, Collector.

Palmer, Sept. 23d, 1854.

"I'll do it Well."

There lives in New England a gentleman who gave the following interesting account of his own life. He was an apprentice in a tin manufactory. When twenty-one years old, he had lost his health, so that he was unable to work at his trade. Wholly destitute of means, he was thrown out upon the world, to seek any employment for which he had strength.

He said he went to find employment with the determination that whatever he did he would do well. The first and only thing he found he could do was to black boots and scour knives in a hotel. This he did and did well, as the gentleman, now living would testify. Though the business was low and servile, he did not lay aside his self respect, or allow himself to be made mean by his business. The respect and confidence of his employers were soon secured, and he was advanced to a more lucrative and less laborious position.

At length his health was restored, and he returned to his legitimate business, which he now carries on extensively. He has accumulated an ample fortune, and is training an interesting family by giving them the best advantages for moral and mental cultivation. He now holds an elevated place in the community where he lives.

Young men who may chance to read the above statement of facts, should mark the secret of success. The man's whole character, of whom I have spoken, was formed by the determination to do whatever he did, well.

Mormon Life.

The Chicago papers contain some amusing letters from the new "saints" of Utah. One happy brother writes in high praise of the institution of polygamy. He congratulates himself upon the possession of three wives, the latest of whom, a German, he married three months ago. He says:

"She is larger than either Sarah Ann or Elizabeth, (the name of my second wife,) and, I say it without invidiousness or impropriety, is decidedly handsome. Her person is of good size, very round, full chest, bright flaxen hair, and a soft blue eye. She enters into the duties of her new situation with wonderful alacrity, and is very happy, as are also Sarah Ann and Elizabeth. You may be surprised at this, but you will be still more so when I assure you that all my present wives are anxious that I should get another—one who is fitted by education, and physically adapted, to take charge of the business of the dairy. With such an arrangement of my household every department of a well organized establishment, on a patriarchal scale, would have a head to it, and be governed in order. I have no inclination to complicate my own peace, I am fully satisfied with blood and love, but if I should do so it will be entirely out of regard for them. My daughter Louisa is engaged to be married to a man from Pennsylvania, who has already a wife and three children."

ENLARGEMENT OF THE HEART.—A short time since, Death, the inexorable, demanded the carcass of a wealthy old curmudgeon, and it was found that he had died worth nearly a million. But the cause of his death. "What could it have been?" was in every body's mouth. "Ah, Mr. A——," says one, "old H. is gone at last!" "No! you astonish me! What was the matter?" "Well, it is hard to tell. It is known though, that he yesterday relented toward a beggar who had importuned him every day for twenty years, gave him a sixpence, and took to his bed immediately. Dr. C——thinks it must have been *enlargement of the heart.*

WILL MEET AGAIN.—As certainly as Spring will return after the lapse of Winter, so certainly will friends, lovers, and kindred, meet again; they will meet again in the presence of the all-loving Father; and then first will they form a whole with each other, and with every thing good, after which they sighed and strove in vain in this piecemeal state, and thus does the felicity of the all begin—ion that knows no power extends unto all, and whose light lightens upon all.

PRETTY SENTIMENT.—All things are engaged in writing their history. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand; not a footstep upon the snow or the ground but prints a map of its march. The air is full of sound, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

AN OLD FELLOW.—Some one was telling Sam Hyde about the longevity of the land turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in my meadow, who was so old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back carved (tolerable plain considering all things) these words:—*Paradise, Year 1, Adam.*

☞ People should understand that it is cheaper, and in every respect much better, to look up neglected children, and to educate them, than to hang them when older.

☞ By the last enumeration of the people of England, it appears that there are two thousand and forty-one actors and actresses in that country.

☞ He that listens after what people say of him shall never have any peace.

POETRY.

An Original Love Story.

He struggled to kiss her; she struggled the same
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,—
'Avaunt, sir!" and off he avaunted.

But soon he returned, with the fiendishest laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried, 'Don't!" and the poor fellow don't-ed

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying loud as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, 'Can't you?'—the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered, 'How could you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted;
But come thou with me!—to the parson we'll go;
Say, wilt thou, my dear?' and she wilted.

Then gaily he took her, to see her new home—
A shanty by no means enchanted—
'See! here we can live with no longer to roam!'
He said, 'Shan't we, my dear?' So they shantied!

The Result.

And gently beam'd o'er them love's rose-color'd ray;—
(The bridegroom and bride of this ballad)
He said, 'Let us walk,' at the close of the day,
'My own lovely Sall,' and they sallied.

He plucked her the sweetest and lovliest flower
That scented the path where they wandered,
And when she exclaimed, 'Let us turn from this bower,
And roam near the pond,' then they pondered.

And when the glad sun hid his radiant light,
And the frogs a 'good evening' had croaked,
Said the bride, 'As the moon is just peeping in sight,
We'll walk round the slope'—and they sloped.

Old Time softly paused o'er the home of this pair,
Nor grief or perplexity daunted,
And when the meek husband asked, 'What shall I wear?'
She answered, 'Plaid pants'—and he panted.

So, like a good wife', was his wardrobe her care,
(Neglecting it seemed to her wicked)
And when she brought linen, so shining and fair,
Saying, 'Wear this, dear Dick,' then he dickied.

And when a bright bud of divinity came,
To gladden the home where it tarried,
They put to vote that the young stranger's name
'Sweet CARRIE' should be—and 'twas carried.

None remember Thee.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

NONE remember thee! thou whose heart
Pour'd love on all around;
Thy name no anguish can impart—
'Tis a forgotten sound;—
Thy old companions pass thee by
With a cold, bright smile and a vacant eye,
And none remember thee—
Save me.

None remember thee! thou wert not
Beauteous as some things are;—
My glory beamed upon thy lot—
My pale and quiet star.
Like a Winter bud that too soon hath burst,
Thy cheek was fading from the first,
And none remember thee
Save me.

None remember thee! they could spy
Nought when they gazed on thee,
But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet eye,
It hath passed from thy memory—
The gifts of genius were not thine,
Proudly before the world to shine,
And none remember thee
Save me.

None remember thee! now thou'rt gone,
Or they could not choose but weep,
When they thought of thee, my gentle one,
In thy long and lonely sleep;
Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell
How gladly together we used to dwell,
And none remember thee
Save me.

FRIVOLOUS CURIOSITY about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who is thence justly thought incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him he had written three years with the same pen, and it was an excellent good one still.—[*Lord Chesterfield.*

call me a fool. . . . a fool!" "Do you Sir?" "Yes, Sir—I would call anybody a fool." Then I cannot consider it personal. I wish you good morning, Sir."

STOLEN MONEY RECOVERED.—Homer Ruggles, the young man who was arrested upon suspicion of mail robbery in Northfield, Vt., and lodged in Montpelier jail, has confessed the theft, and stated that the money could be found in the patch box of his rifle, where upon search $600 were discovered.

☞ The Roman beggars are a great curiosity to a stranger: they sit in chairs at every church door and rattle their tin-boxes at the passers by; one copper is usually the extent of their demand, and if the charitably disposed person has no copper coin, they are always ready to change a piece of silver.

☞ The State Prison at Auburn, it is said, has ceased to be a burden on the State; for it now yields a monthly surplus, but it is as much of a burden to the inmates as ever. People in this world are never satisfied.

☞ 'Have you much fish in your bag?' asked a person of a fisherman, who was returning home. 'Yes; a good *eel*,' was the slippery reply.

☞ A late writer, in speaking of the extravagance of the age, refers to a young gent who pastures eight golden studs on his shirt-bosom! What a quadrupedal idea!

☞ Harrison Bacon of Barre, recently sold twenty yearling heifers for $1000 or an average of $50 each.

THE PALMER JOURNAL.

$1,50 a Year, or] A BUSINESS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING. [$1,25 in Advance.

VOLUME 5. PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855. NUMBER 41.

THE PALMER JOURNAL;
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
GORDEN M. FISK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
OFFICE CORNER OF MAIN AND FURNACE STS.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.—One Dollar and a Half per annum. A discount of Twenty-five Cents to those who pay in *advance*. For six months, 66 Cents; for three months, 33 Cents. Single copies 3 Cents.

☞ All Letters to meet with attention must be POST PAID.

☞ Communications of News &c. should always be accompanied with a responsible name.

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—The space occupied by 100 words, or that occupied by 14 Brevier lines, constitutes a *square*. One square one week 75 cents; 3 weeks $1. Each insertion afterwards 20 cents. One square 6 months $5—one year $9. One-half square or less—1 week 50 cents; two weeks 75 cents. Each after insertion 15 cents. One-half a square 6 months $3—1 year $5. Twenty-five per cent advance for continuance inside, after one week. Legal advertising of all kinds, such as Insolvent and Probate Notices, Sales on Execution &c., not less than 25 per cent in advance of ordinary rates. Special notices 33 1-3 per cent advance of ordinary rates.

Cards of acknowledgement, religious notices and the like, one insertion, 50 cents per square. Political notices, calls for conventions and secular meetings to be charged the same as other notices or advertisements similarly published.—Notices in news columns 10 cents per line, one insertion, but no charge made of less than 50c.

Discounts will be made to merchants advertising at the above rates to the amount of $20 pr. annum, of not more than ten per cent; $30—15 per cent; $40—20 per cent; $50—25 per c.; and on $75, or over, 33 1-3 per cent.

Births, marriages and deaths inserted without charge; but all additions to the ordinary announcements, as obituary notices, funeral appointments &c., charged at 4 cents per line—no charge being less than 25 cents.

☞ From transient advertisers and patent medicine agents, cash will be demanded in advance, save in cases of special arrangement, or where a local reference is given.

* * The above rates are adopted by all weekly newspapers published in the five Western Counties of the State.

The Journal has a larger circulation in Eastern Hampden and vicinity than all other papers. It is, therefore, for the interest of those who wish their advertisements read and circulated in this section, to publish them in the Journal.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description neatly and punctually executed at this Office.
Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

Agents for the Journal.

The following persons are authorized to act as Agents in receiving Subscriptions and giving receipts in our name:

Three Rivers, A. Shumway,—Thorndike, A. R. Murdock,—Bondsville, N. D. Wight,—Belchertown, H. A. Longley,—Collins' Depot, W. Collins,—Monson, T. F. Packard,—Monson, *South Factory*, W. Converse,—Monson, *North Factory*, F. S. Smith,—Wales, J. C. Royce,—Stafford Springs, J. H. Nutting,—Stafford Hollow, H. A. Converse.—Warren, T. H. Knight,—Palmer Centre, E. Turner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

What our Young Men are made for.

THIS is a very easy matter to find out, for upon three minutes' acquaintance with any of them, you may discover their whole mental and bodily composition, notwithstanding the emphatic line of the poet, Campbell,

'Can *hearts* be read? Alas! we answer, No.'

Well, if we cannot read hearts, we can read heads, without being a practical phrenologist.

In every sized community, we may find a vast variety of young men, with very curious peculiarities, to wit:—

Anybody may know the 'sap headed' young gent. He looks as if his brains were marbles, and continually chasing each other through the cavities of his cranium. This young man is never burdened with an original idea, and ever sides with everybody else's opinion—pass him around.

The 'religious minded' young man may be easily known: Physiognomy rather elongated; closely shaved face; shirt-collar and neck-kerchief neat; hair tranquil; never laughs; smiles now and then; takes down all the texts of a Sunday, and knows nothing about the merits of the sermon; language rather effeminate, and steps aside to avoid a worm;—deal amiably with him.

Here comes the 'funny minded' young man. A rollicking, boisterous, dancing, whistling, fat-faced fellow, ever itching for fun, to stamp on the cat's tail, bruise old people's corns, and make horrible faces at the baby. At a party, he is licking the girls, or else showing how to swallow the poker. He knows a verse of every comic song, and is great on good feeding. His laugh is the loudest and merriest, and there's no end to his mischief. Let him have his fling.

Nobody can mistake the 'literary minded young gentleman. He has always a book somewhere about him, and a periodical in his hat. On his tables are papers and pamphlets strewn around. He is not a general talker, but if he can get a friend, in company to themselves, then he warms upon the merits of his favorite authors. He's no hand at making an extempore speech, and his writing does not flow with original ease, from the fact of his anxiety to imitate the style of the classic writers. Bury him in a library.

The 'blowing' young gentleman is heard from in every assembly. Everything he has a hand in is the best of its kind. He is acquainted with the 'biggest bugs,' and intimate with the most beautiful ladies. Everything pertaining to him and his, is of a superlative nature. He tells how he walked the farthest, danced the longest, rode the fastest, kissed the greatest number of ladies, and was the best shot. His tailor is the best, and his bootmaker cannot be equalled.—For the sake of being superlative in all things, he'll admit he's the greatest ass. Let his ears grow.

You are surely acquainted with the 'bashful' young man. Rather tall and delicate looking; has a timid voice, and startles if he hears himself speak above a whisper. He is always ready to blush, and is afraid to be seen by a woman.—He sits quietly in a corner, and never has confidence in himself to broach a subject. In a quardrille party he is in awful trepidation, for fear of doing something wrong, and is terrified at the careless antics of funny young gentlemen.—Perhaps after wondering for a long spell of silence, to know what to say to his fair partner, he may ask her if she is 'fond of swimming!' and on getting a blundering negative, holds his tongue forever after. Have mercy on him.

The 'about-town' young gentleman is seldom seen in ladies' society. He is somewhat hairy about the face, dresses in alarming patterns, big-buttoned coats, and fancy colored vests. He's great at whistling and toddies, while his cigar is ever in his mouth. A jolly loud oath adds emphasis to his language, and slang expressions are his great delight. He designates a woman as a 'petticoat,' and a man as 'shanks.' His watch is a 'turnip,' his hat a 'tile,' and his boots are 'kickers.' He knows all the fast horses, fast saloons, theatrical and fighting men and women, and introduces himself as 'one of 'em.' Give him rope enough.

The poetical young gentleman is a favorite with candy-eating school girls.—His hair is long, and sometimes parted in the middle, his collar *a la Byron*, and his hands generally very neat, with the remainder of his dress rather careless.—Everything suggests a poetical idea to him, and in impulsive moments his fingers rush o'er his poetic brow, to his locks. He can compose a sonnet to a lady's lost toe-nail, or lines on the death of a frozen frog, while in an ode to the moon he is all extatic. He has always a piece of his own to read or repeat to you, and perhaps if you gaped or yawned in his presence, would compose a stanza on the loss of bread. His favorite ladies are called the souls of poetry,' and anything hard or out of tune, shocks his nerves. Let him win the lays.

DEBT.—Blessed is the man who can slap his breeches pocket in the face of the world, and triumphantly exclaim! "Behold, ye good people! Lo, ye heavily laden debtors! Come and look upon a man—a being like unto yourselves—who owes not a dollar!" We would travel far to see such a creature; we would contribute liberally towards providing a glass case in which his embalmed remains should be preserved after death, as a sacred relic for posterity—a specimen of a species almost extinct in the nineteenth century; the cash philosopher! Him no duns can harass, nor the approach of inevitable payday disturb. His substance no voracious lawyer can devour, nor their ruthless myrmidons seize upon. He, securely armed in specie, smiles at the dread sheriff, and defies his power. He is cheerful even on the awful eve of quarter day. He alone is the free citizen—only he can feel truly independent! Happy mortal!—[*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

A TOUCHING SCENE.—A beautiful infant had been taught to say, and it could say little else, "God will take care of baby." It was seized with sickness, at a time when both parents were just recovering from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last it was given up to die, Almost agonized, the mother begged to be carried into the room of her darling to give it one last embrace.—Both parents succeeded in reaching the apartment just as it was thought the little baby had breathed its last. The mother wept aloud, when once more the little creature opened its eyes, looked lovingly up in her face, smiled, moved its lips, and in a faint voice, said, "God will take care of baby." Sweet, consoling words! They had hardly ceased when the infant Spirit was in heaven.

☞ Thomas Hyer and Moses Haimar have been held to bail in New York, on a charge of keeping a gambling house. The complaint was made by Adolphus Berndt, who alleges that he lost $1850 in their house.

LIBRARIES.—There are 15,616 public libraries in the United States, containing 4,636,411 volumes.

For the Journal.

A Sketch.

IT was that season of the year when weary Summer was lapsing into the arms of Autumn. The day had been warm, and the light wind bore invigorating coolness on its wings, as it gently agitated the foliage of the distant forests, or waved the tops of the lofty shade-trees. The weary laborer was returning to his evening meal. Happy children were sporting upon the lawn before my window, and I was happy in watching their innocent pastimes, when suddenly the sound of fearful oaths fell upon my listening ears.

My blood was chilled; the more when I perceived they were uttered by a little boy, over whose fair brow scarce ten Summers had thrown their cheerful influences. The beauties of the scene quickly receded from my view The bright hopes I was painting—the air-castles fancy was rearing—the fond anticipations which in imagination I was realizing, and which I loved to dwell upon—were banished from my mind. Ah! thought I, had you no mother to teach your youthful lips, to take not the name of God in vain?—no kind friends to interest themselves in your welfare, or lead you from that dangerous path in which you now so fast are traveling?

I drew of him many pictures, and wondered if the cruel hand of Death had, unmindful of his need of kind parental care, laid them low in the grave. How much I wished it might be in my power to exert an influence over him for good; but little did I dream of it, for we were strangers then. Now he is a member of my school. Almost daily have I had occasion to reprove him (though gentle reproofs they too have been) for the use of profane language, or falsehood. One day, when it seemed as if he had obeyed more closely than ever Satan's commands, I detained him after school.

I first learned that his father was a dissipated man, and that the boy, at the tender age of ten years, was thrown upon the charities of the cold and heartless world.

A little later he was taken into the family of a farmer, and has since resided in many different places; has been reproved for *faults themselves*, instead of having been shown the *sin* of the faults, and receiving encouragement to do better. I first related to him the story of "Green Hollow," admirably comparing with his own case; next showed him the sin and folly of indulging in such practices, and obtained from him an unasked-for promise, that he would "go and sin no more." He left me. He had covered my face with kisses, and bathed it with tears, while his arms encircled my neck.

Since then, I could not ask for a better child. My wishes are by him anticipated. He waits not for a command.

O! could I at some future day be assured that I had instilled into his mind a truth that had prevented his committing many impure deeds, I should be happy.

The lone orphan! How sad to think that no parental care delights to train his tender thoughts! Perhaps such an one is entrusted to your care. If so, grant sympathy—grant an unselfish love; instruct him to be an honor to himself—a comfort to you, and an ornament to society. And when the gentle breeze wafts to your senses delicious odors from your flowery bowers, or when the silvery moon, goddess of the night, clothes the verdure round your beauteous, much-loved home, with fairy shadows, then lift your heart in earnest prayer to Him who can soothe the sorrows of the fatherless. In Heaven He will repay you. LILLIE.

WRITERS.—Fine writers are not always fine talker; a man may be incomparable as a talker, yet insignificant as a writer. In a fine writer we have Intellect disengaged from the Emotions, and dealing freely with its subject with such mastery as is given to it; in the fine talker the Intellect moves in alliance with the Emotions, and deals with subject, not according to the demands of the subject, but according to the impulses of the feelings: so that instead of mastering the subject, the talker is mastered by his emotions—he gives utterance to what he feels: if he feels strongly he communicates that to us.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—It is estimated that in the Chinese wars of Races, over one hundred millions of human beings perished by fire and sword; in the Napoleonic wars, inclusive of the French revolution, sixty millions, and in our American wars, over two millions. This latter estimate, of course, includes all the wars with the aborigines, the French and Indian, Revolutionary, 1812, and the Mexican wars.

HINT.—Every tradesman who has daughters growing up, should let them acquire a knowledge of book keeping, since, in the changes of fortune they may have to get their own bread. Many a young lady who is a proficient on the piano can scarcely earn her bread, such are the multitudes of music teachers, but to any accountant situations are always open.—*Exchange.*

For the Journal.

The Week is Past.

THE week is past! Reader, at the mention of these words, does not memory—that phantom which loves to hover round and tread with noiseless footfalls the dark recesses of the past—fly away on noiseless pinions, breaking down the feeble barriers which separate week from week, to sunny childhood's days? Returning now with equally noiseless wing, what reminiscences of those days fill your mind! Once a joyous, happy child—O! how happy!—happy in the possession of sweet innocence; rich—O! how rich!—beyond the wealth of a prince—in the possession of your toys.

The week is past! Commingled with these happy visions of memory's offering, are others you wish she had not aroused. But the tolling of the village-church bell upon the hallowed Sabbath, brings them up with double force. The village-church bell tolled then with more measured sound than now—the coffin—people following in its train—the man of God proclaiming from the holy Bible, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live"—all these flit through the brain like the vagaries of a night's dream. The moistened eye quick re-assumes its cheerfulness; the tendrils of the heart are yet entwined around these thoughts—but memory now is still, and wanders not.

The week is past! 'Tis the dawning of another Sabbath morn—the dawning of another week. From yonder spire, pointing toward Heaven, issues the merry sound of the bell, and up through the valley, and far over the waving wood, like sounds fall upon the ear from neighboring hamlets. Throw away all care for secular pursuits from your mind now, O man, and go listen to the evangel proclaimed to your fallen race! Eight centuries and a half, with a mighty voice, testify to its truthfulness. Then went up from Bethlehem of Judea, "Unto us a Savior's born!" and all the heavenly host sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!"

The week is past! "*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!*" If you disregard this command of the decalogue, will you also forget the example of our Fathers? Our Fathers! Where are they?—

"I call;—the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;"

"The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they not heed its roar."

O Time! thou knowest no rest. In vain do we plead to thee when upon the bed of death, to stay thee in thy flight but for one moment. Onward, onward is thy flight, while the phantoms and ruins of empires, kingdoms, republics, and the dust of nations, mark thy devastating career, and flit away with thee to the regions of the past, and generations thereafter read upon the pages of history, and acknowledge thy ruthlessness! Then go back again, O memory, and recall to the minds of men what they have read upon history's pages of their Fathers. How rigidly *they* observed the Sabbath, bring up to their minds. Why, they came here that they might worship God "according to the dictates of their own consciences," and you, their descendants, are in possession of this great prerogative this day. He who earns his daily bread by the "sweat of his brow," and has learned to say, "Father, I thank Thee!" upon his heart especially do the few hours of public worship of God on this day, have a soothing effect. His soul, freed from all cares that may have oppressed it, soars far above sublunary things, to that ultramundane world where care comes not,—

—"deir to him the Sabbath morn,
The village-bells, the shepherd's voice;—
These oft have found his heart forlorn;
Thes always bid his heart rejoice."

May none disregard the command of God, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!"

The week is past! "Charity envieth not!" Reader, does not memory go back, reviewing simply the seven days now past? In these days of poverty and destitution, have you not relieved some of your fellow morals upon whom they were fastened?—upon whom they had fastened their gaunt figers with that tenacity death's agents alone possess? Did the *thanks* of such seem greater in your eyes, than your great gift of gold to some society having the same end in view, which was blazoned abroad, and held up to the gaze of your fellow men? O you who relieve the sufferings of the needy! remember that if you given the true spirit of charity—which is one of the noblest attributes of Christiaity—your reward—that substantial and more enduring reward than earth can give—awaits you in the home of the Christian, upon such an act

—"angels smile, recording it in Heaven."

E. E. F.

☞ Tkty-six persons upwards of seventy years of age, have died at Newport, R. I., during the past year. Their united ages are 2,930 years, or average of nearly 81 and a half year

The Country Girls.

BY MY PEN.

LET city poets boast of *belles*,
Whose *chimes* are sweet and *clear-y*,
Whose brows are decked with coronals,
Whose *lips* prefer Madear-y,
While I shall sing of country girls,
Who, born among the clover,
Can sing so sweet that they will make
A *feller* feel all over.

Their brows are not bound round with pearls,
But from their vine-bound bowers,
You see them come with flowing curls,
Adorned with sweetest flowers;
No op'ra-hoods rest on their heads;
No high-heeled gaiters raise 'em;—
But, oh! they are so pretty though,
I cannot cease to praise 'em.

Then, as for wines, they never care—
For toddies nor for brandy;
If asked to take some, they declare
That water's just as handy;
But if you urge right hard, and stretch
Your coaxing *leetle* wider,
Perhaps they'll say, We don't care if
We take a glass of cider.

The city girls, they flirt about,
To show their painted faces,
And they are always 'going out'
To every kind o' places;
But country girls are e'er content
With *colors* nature gave 'em,
And from the pest of 'going out'
Good judgment ever saves 'em.

So city poets, boast no more
Of flirting city lasses,
While country girls with beauty's lore
Their features far surpasses.
And for your girls, don't tune your lyres;
To do so'd be a pity,
While prettier girls than those you praise
Have never seen the city!

A Brave Man.

THE San Francisco papers contain accounts of one of the most desperate fights we haver seen recorded in print. A party of three men, passing through Rocky Canon, forty miles from Placerville, were beset by eleven robbers. One of the three, J. C. McDonald, of Alabama, was killed almost instantly, by a pistol shot. A second, Mr. A. Sparks, of Mississippi, after firing twice at the assailants, fell to the ground severely wounded, and the third, Capt. Jonathan R. Davis, of South Carolina, although slightly wounded, fired his revolver so rapidly and with such deadly aim at the robbers, that in a few moments every one of the eleven lay around him on the ground, dead or mortally wounded. The scene was witnessed by several persons from the tops of the neighboring hills, and the deeds of Capt. Davis are thus recorded by the pen of one of the beholders:—

In the meantime, Capt. Davis, who was the first to commence shooting in defence of himself and party, in an instant after the first volley of the robbers, being still unhurt, kept up an incessant firing upon them with his revolvers, every ball forcing its victim to bite the dust, until all the loads of both parties seemed to have been discharged. The only surviving robbers made a charge upon Capt. Davis with bowie knives, and one with a short sword or sabre. Capt. Davis stood firmly on his ground until they rushed up abreast of him within about four steps. He then made a spring upon them with a large bowie knife, warding off their blows as fast as they were aimed at him, and giving three of them wounds that soon proved fatal.

Having wounded the other one and disarmed him by throwing his knife in the air in warding off a blow, as this last man expressed in a tone of gratitude before his death, Capt. D. went to work at once, tearing up his own shirt and binding up all the wounds of the living, of both his friends and enemies.

CHARLES STEARNS.—A correspondent of the Westfield American relates the following anecdote of Mr. Stearns:

"An anecdote I have just heard of Mr. Stearns illustrates his great kindness of heart—a quality of character, by the way, which has often been developed to the advantage of his needy and suffering fellow creatures. Mr. Stearns was coming from the city of Washington, and needed to reach home at a particular moment, when, learning that a man had been unjustly imprisoned in the State of Maryland, he stopped over for 24 hours, and devoted the time to procuring his pardon from the Governor, in which, by his indomitable perseverance, he succeeded. Such a man is a valuable member of society; but, after all, Mr. Stearns is nothing but a mechanic, and is poor besides—two all-sufficient reasons why he should not be elevated to office."

THE FUTURE.—What is more simple and beautiful and true than this, from Ike Marvel:

"The past belongs to God; the present only is ours, and short as it is, there is more in it than we can well imagine.

He who can do it with his purpose is doing a man's work; there are few who do it and many who do less. The future is a great land. A man cannot go around it in a day; he cannot measure it at a bound, nor gather up its harvest in a single sheaf. It is broader than the vision, and has no end.

☞ James T. Ball, a youth of Prince George country, Md., lately killed *four* birds with one stone. Huzzar for Young America! Two birds with one stoue is as much as our fathers ever dreamed of.

An Eastern Story.

IN the tribe of Neggdeh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger: for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back.—But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and gallopped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

AN EXPENSIVE MISTAKE.—Quite a serious fracas occurred at Baltimore on Sunday morning, in consequence of a mistake made by putting on the wrong pair of boots. Two of the guests at the Virginia House, Mr. Rosefield and Mr. Sterling, had each ordered a pair of gaiter boots, and expected his boots sent home on Saturday afternoon. But one pair of boots were left. Mr. R. going in shortly after, and supposing the boots had been left for him, took them up to his room. Mr. S. was told that his boots had been sent to the Virginia House, and, being disappointed in not finding them there, commenced a search for them. Of this mistake Mr. R. knew nothing, and on Sunday donned his new boots. He was met by Mr. S. in the street, who charged him with having on his boots, and ordered him to take them off at once. This demand was refused on the ground that he supposed they belonged to himself, and, even if he had made a mistake, he did not feel disposed to take them off and walk home bootless. Mr. S. then knocked him down, whereupon he was arrested and taken to the office of the High Constable on a charge of assault and battery. That proceeding through wi S. in turn preferred a charge of larce against R., who was required to give it for a further examination. At 11 o clock on Monday the parties appeared before Justice Morrison, when the affair was talked over, and finally the whole matter settled by the assailing party passing one hundred dollars to the party assailed, the taking of the boots having been proved a mistake, such as might reasonably happen in a public house.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.—By a most laborious and long-continued use of the microscope, and by a vast number of careful and minute dissections, man has gained such insight into animal being, as not only to define its primary groups, but almost to draw the ideal archetype, that preceded their creation. Not content with the study of his own organization, and the comparison of it with the fauna of every zone, he has been able to count the pulsations of the heart of a caterpillar, to watch the flow of blood through the veins of the silk-worm, to enumerate the millions of living things that dwell in a drop of water, to take the census of creatures so small that parts of their members remain invisible to the most powerful microscope, to trace the lungs of the insect which floats so gayly on the limber fans of its wings, and revels in the full fruition of its transcended powers of motion.—[*Bancroft.*

A DRUNKARD'S TESTIMONY.—"Tell me," said a benevolent visitor to a poor drunkard, while urging him to abandon the intoxicating cup, "where was it you took your *first step* in this intemperate course?" "*At my father's table*," replied the unhappy man. "Before I left home I had acquired a love for the drink that has ruined me. The *first drop* I ever took, was handed me by my poor heart-broken mother!"

THE JOURNAL.

PALMER, MASS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

GEN. WILSON IS ELECTED!

Henry Wilson was elected U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, by the Senate, on Wednesday. The voting was as follows:—Wilson 21, E. M. Wright 15, J. Rockwell 1, J. M. Rockwell 1, N. P. Banks 1, Marshal P. Wilder 1. Both of the Hampden Senators voted for Wilson.

Mr. Wilson takes his seat in Congress immediately, and Mr. Rockwell retires. The term for which Gen. Wilson is elected, expires March 4th, 1859. We have always opposed the election of Wilson, because we believed it was our duty to do so, but we do not believe his election will dissolve the Union or disorganize the American party. We have got so accustomed to swallowing bitter pills that this one slips down comparatively easy.

The election of Mr. W., is called by the Whig papers, the consummation of a bargain made before election, last November, but how a bargain could be effected between members before they were elected, or even nominated, is a mystery we are unable to solve. Perhaps these wiseacres can instruct the people how such things are done.

Gen. Wilson *may* disappoint those who have opposed his election. We hope he will. He undoubtedly represents the American and anti-slavery interests of Massachusetts, but if in advocating the latter he should injure the former, we shall get more than we have bargained for. The election of U. S. Senator has absorbed the interest of the Legislature for the past four weeks. Now that the question is settled, we trust that business will progress more rapidly.

Removals from Office.

Some of the Whig papers are making awfully wry faces, because Gov. Gardner sees fit to remove from office those who were appointed by a Whig administration. The fact is this:—At the present day, no political party can stand long, if it does not reward those who have been the means of its success. The Whig and Democratic parties have brought about this proscription by their own example, and for them to make complaint now, is truly ridiculous.

We presume Gov. Gardner will permit *some* Whigs to remain in office. We do not object to this, provided that the incumbents are not obnoxious to the American party, and have not been office-seekers—competency, of course, included. But as a general thing, the exigency of the times demands a clean sweep, and it the Governor does not use his prerogative in this respect, he will merit the charge already thrown out by the New York Tribune, that he is selling himself to the Whigs. Let the old parties complain; they are nothing but shadows of past iniquity;—they cannot injure the American party; it is strong enough to stand and go alone. We have confidence enough in our Governor to believe that he will discharge his duty manfully and courageously as he has commenced. But should he disappoint his friends for the sake of pleasing the Whigs, we can only say to him—Remember John Tyler!

MINNESOTA.—We have received the first number of the St. Peter's Courier, published by J. C. Steover, formerly of the Chicopee Telegraph. St. Peter's is in the western part of Minnesota, and the Courier thus speaks of the place:—

"We are now located on the confines of civilization and on the borders of the most western settlement in the United States, where the savage is seen in all his primeval glory, the chase still yielding him a subsistance. Where our office now stands, one year since was occupied as the camp-ground of a large and warlike band of the Dakotahs, is now the home of civilization and refinement. It is with no little degree of pride and admiration that we behold the rapid settling of this valley, and its present and prospective importance."

To his friends in the East, friend Steover says:—

"No doubt our friends at the East are at present commiserating our sad condition, imagining us at the present time entirely frozen up in this northern country. But the facts are these:—We are enjoying the most delightful weather, perpetual sunshine every day, and the most magnificent moon and starlight nights. In the month of November, which at the East is eternal gloom, we have but six cloudy days, and in December, but one snow-storm, and that very moderate. It is almost too mild; we are wondering when Winter will come, and when the thermometer is fifteen degrees below zero, and every tree, shrub, and sprig is covered with gems, the very air sparkling with frost, it is really delightful, and ordinary clothing is all that is required. Minnesota is the finest country in the world, and has the most salubrious climate. Come and enjoy it!"

SCENE IN CONGRESS.—In the House last Tuesday, during a debate on a bill for a telegraph to the Pacific, Mr. Farley of Maine, supported the bill. Mr. Lane of Oregon wished the bill laid aside for the considertion of other matters of a strictly territorial character. Sharp words ensued, and Lane called Farley 'a d——d liar!' The *gentlemen* then rushed toward each other with threatening gestures and trembling frames, and a scene of great confusion ensued, until the Sergeant-at-arms appeared and restored order.

TOO BAD.—Two little boys, only about 10 years of age, have been sent to the House of Correction in Springfield, for stealing a piece of lead pipe. Could no humane gentlemen be found in Springfield, who were willing to save such young boys from the disgrace of a prison?

For the Journal.

The Congreve Rocket.

Anybody who has carelessly fired a heavily loaded gun at a squirrel in a tree-top, has probably sympathized with that son of Erin, who remarked on a similar occasion—hearing an insulting chatter from among the foliage—"Och, it's a different song ye'll be afther singing, if t'other end of the gun had hit ye." Every maker of fire-arms, and every one who uses them to any extent, is anxious to prevent this recoil, or "kick," as it is expressively called. It equals, of course—as the powder expands in every direction equally—the force with which the ball is driven forward, but acts only for a brief instant, while the barrel confines the power in that direction, and enables it to act longer. Now, if the powder is prevented from escaping at the muzzle, the gun must be thrown backward with great violence. Any one who has shot a snake in the grass, standing tolerably near, knows how much the recoil is increased by bringing the muzzle near the ground. Now, a rocket acts upon this principle. In our ordinary fire-works, a paper case takes the place of a gun-barrel. This is filled with powder, whose expansive force when ignited, drives the rocket through the air. A long stick attached answers the purpose of a rudder, and keeps the open mouth of the case downward. The recoil is greatly assisted by the repulsion of the atmosphere upon the current of fire escaping from the tube.

Sir William Congreve, whose name is associated with the use of rockets, as engines of destruction, simply substituted for the paper case a strong sheet-iron cone, and fastened the stick in the center, instead of at the side, as is customary with the ordinary ones. The effect of the rocket is fully equal to that of a cannon-ball of the same weight, and in some things it surpasses any other projectile. The recoil of the rocket is entirely expended upon the air, and it can be fired from a light boat, or from places where artillery cannot be placed, the only thing required for its discharge, and this simply to increase its accuracy of flight, being a tube a little heavier than an ordinary musket. They can be made heavier than any shot or shell. Their flight is visible, and this is no small aid to them in producing consternation in the ranks of an army, and they scatter torrents of fire. Nothing is so destructive to the order of a troop of cavalry as a volley of rockets, the horses being rendered perfectly ungovernable by their presence.

Their disadvantages principally arise from the impossibility of aiming them exactly.—They cannot be used against a wind, or across it, for the long stick acts as a powerful lever, and turns it out of its course. If they strike any object, they are so much turned aside that they have been known to come back to the place whence they started.

Sometimes they are fired from tubes much resembling a gun. These are fitted with a sort of spring, to retain the rocket till it has acquired force enough to go straight, for otherwise it would be apt to sink as soon as it left the barrel. Sometimes they are fired from the ground, in which case their flight is very erratic, giving no chance of dodging to any one who sees the terrible missile coming.

Congreve rockets were employed with terrible effect by the English, in bombarding Boulogne in 1806, and at Copenhagen in 1807. They did good service at the battle of Leipsic, where several companies of French troops threw down their arms at the first volley, and were also used at Waterloo. The largest ever made weigh three hundred pounds, are nearly ten feet long with sticks in proportion.

Pretty visitors are these, to come hissing into a thick settled town like Sevastopol!—May God grant that we may never make their personal acquaintance on this side of the Atlantic.

* *

VERDICTS AGAINST THE WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY.—We learn from the Worcester Spy, that two suits for damages against the Western Railroad, have been decided against the Road, in that city during the last week. One was for obstructing the water of the Quinsigamond River, by a bridge over the same in West Brookfield, occasioning the water to overflow and damage the meadow of a Mr. Mellen, in Brookfield. This was the first of similar cases now pending against the Road. The jury gave a verdict of $405,00 damages.

The other suit was brought by Ellen Baldwin of Spencer, to recover damages for injuries sustained by her, in consequence of the carriage being run into, in which she with her brother, who was the driver, were riding, at a crossing in Spencer, on the 27th of February, 1854. This trial lasted seven days, and resulted in a verdict against the Corporation of $4,946,93.

WARE.—In Ware, last year, there were 120 births, 39 marriages, and 68 deaths, 26 of the deaths being of children under three years of age.——A fire broke out in the boiler-house of the Otis Company, at Ware, on Wednesday of last week, but no great damage was done.

DEATH OF A REPRESENTATIVE.—Milton Combs, member of the Legislature from Middlefield, Hampshire County, died at his home on Wednesday. He had been home from Boston a week, and his disease was lung fever. He was between fifty and fifty-five years of age.

HAMPSHIRE COUNTY.—The new Sheriff of Hampshire County, H. A. Longley, of Belchertown, has appointed Austin C. Wood, of Northampton, keeper of the jail and House of Correction, and re-appointed George F. Wright of the same place, as a Deputy Sheriff.

Washington Correspondence.

City of Washington,
January 30th, 1855.

Editor of the Journal:—The subject of greatest interest to the citizens of Massachusetts, which has received the attention of Congress at the present session, is the "French Spoliation Bill."

This measure of tardy justice, it appears, is about to be consummated. A bill appropriating five millions of dollars for the purpose of indemnifying sufferers by French spoliation on American commerce previous to 1800, has passed the Senate, and the same bill with two or three slight amendments, passed the House on Saturday last, by a vote of 110 to 76. In consequence of the amendments, it necessarily goes back to the Senate, and will doubtless be concurred in.

There is a question, however, which follows, which is, whether the President will follow in the steps of his "illustrious predecessor," Polk, and give the bill his veto.—The preponderance of opinion, is, that he will let it become a law. All sorts of amendments have been offered, to embarrass the passage of the bill, and to defeat it, but as it stands, it is satisfactory to the claimants.

HAMPDEN.

The Poor of Massachusetts.

The "Returns relating to the Poor of Massachusetts," for the year ending November 1st, 1854, as prepared by the Secretary of the State, are just published. From this report we gather the following:—

The County of Suffolk relieved or supported during the year, as paupers, 9604 persons, of whom 3757 were State paupers. Of the State paupers, 6909 were foreigners. The County of Essex supporting 2670 paupers; Middlesex 2221; Worcester 1507; Hampshire 208; Hampden 234; Franklin 453;—Berkshire 502; Norfolk 935; Bristol 2584; Plymouth 515; Barnstable 322; Dukes 52; Nantucket 357. Dukes is the only County which had not one foreign pauper to support. Intemperance is the greatest cause of pauperism, and it is believed that 7201 of the paupers of Suffolk County were rendered paupers by this vice. The proportion is not nearly so large in the other Counties. The net expense of supporting and relieving paupers, including the interest of an Alms House, was, in Suffolk County, $129,733,00, or more than twice as much as in any other. The least sum expended in any one County, for this purpose, was $1,156,00, which was appropriated by the County of Nantucket. The value of labor of persons in the Alms Houses last year was $18,091,00, and the number of persons unable to perform labor is 5,527.

There are 2,061 indigent children under 14 years of age, supported by the State, Hampden County furnishing 47, Hampshire 29, Franklin 43, Berkshire 108, and Suffolk 706.

The whole number of persons relieved or supported by the various Counties of the State during the year, was 23,125; the whole number of indigent children thus supported, was 2061.

HOW A NOBLEMAN CAN BE MADE.—The Pope of Rome claims the power to depose kings, confer honors and take them away.—Since the reign of the first Bonaparte, he has not attempted to exercise his pretended authority over potentates, but has condescended to selling titles to those who can command the means to purchase. The Pope is said to be driving a profitable business in noble titles, and for a suitable compensation will ennoble the most plebeian blood. Here is an instance:—

"Quite an excitement has of late been created among the fashionable world of Paris, by the fact that a millionaire of that city, one of the mushroom aristocracy, who has made his fortune within a few years, by speculations, has purchased of the Pope the title of a Count of the Holy Empire, and a gorgeous coat-of-arms, and having ordered fifty thousand dollars' worth of rich furniture for his house, is about to dash forward into fashionable display, in a manner that will throw many of his brother nobility into the shade."

A FATHER AND SONS ARRESTED FOR ROBBERY.—At Scituate, on Thursday, Geo. W. Goodrich, father, Nathan N. Goodrich, Joseph A. Goodrich, his sons, together with one James Dustin, were arrested for robbing a store there, and were committed for examination.

BEAR HUNT.—A great bear hunt recently came off in Franklin County. The brute was traced by his tracks by hunters, for several days, and at last he was found under a barn, when he turned out to be a large New Foundland dog!

THUNDER DURING A SNOW-STORM.—The Toledo, Ohio, Blade of the 23d ult, records two heavy claps of thunder during the prevalence of a fierce snow-storm. The people were a good deal surprised at this unusual phenomena.

AMHERST.—There were 58 births—32 males and 26 females—in Amherst last year, and 60 deaths—28 males and 32 females—and 814 births, 500 marriages and 08 deaths have occurred in the town during the past eleven years.

BURNED TO DEATH.—A little daughter of David Vinton of North Hadley, was so severely scalded by turning a kettle of boiling water upon her person, last Thursday, that she died in twenty-one hours.

ACCIDENT.—An engine ran off the track about two miles this side of Westfield, off Monday, and George Frost of Springfield, fireman, was so badly injured that is expected he will die.

CURE FOR THE LIVER COMPLAINT.—'Acorn' forwards to the Spirit of the Time a sure cure for the liver complaint. It is to 'cut the confounded thing out, and throw it away.'

SPRINGFIELD.—There were 422 births, 204 marriages and 235 deaths in Springfield last year.

New Publications.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADIES' GAZETTE OF PARIS, LONDON AND NEW YORK FASHIONS.—We have received the January number of a magazine with the above title, which contains the style of everything in the way of a lady's dress, from a bonnet to a shoe. It is profusely illustrated, and besides containing instructions for cutting dresses &c., it furnishes a large variety of reading matter of special interest to the ladies. Those who wish to keep posted up in the fashions, will of course subscribe for it. Price 25 cents a number, or $3,00 per year. Address as above at New York.

A VALUABLE PRESENT.—Richard H. See & Co., publishers of Graham's Magazine, will furnish to all its subscribers this year, a valuable Steel Engraving, embracing the likenesses of the fourteen Presidents of the United States.—The Engraving is about 24 inches long by 20 wide, and is a beautiful ornament to any parlor. In addition to the portraits of the Presidents, the Engraving contains a view of the Capitol at Washington, and also a view of the National and Bunker Hill monuments. We have received the February number of Graham, and it is fully equal to any of its predecessors. Terms $3,00 per year. Published at Philadelphia.

U. S. MAGAZINE.—This valuable periodical is much improved with the January number, and the publishers promise that each succeeding number shall be an improvement on the previous one. It is afforded at the low price of 1,00, and is well worth double the money. J. M. Emerson & Co., publishers, New York.

"WOMEN'S RIGHTS."—Caroline S. Freeman writes to the *Manchester (N. H.) Mirror*, that if she had been born a "*boy baby*," by this time she would have become a citizen—being upwards of 21 years of age—but having been born a "*girl baby*," she is disqualified—"mere accident of birth," "which retards the progress of woman in the great march of life," being her only disqualification! She says, "the entire inability of woman to *seek*, as well as *accept*, a husband; to openly assert her heart felt preference and yearning after the man of her choice, and give, as well as receive, a free and open declaration of love," is one of the misfortunes of her sex in being born "girl babies." The following is the conclusion of her "Declaration of Independence." We guess Caroline is "hard up:"

"Against these exclusive privileges on the part of the other sex, I, with thousands others of my own sex in this city, earnestly protest. And I am authorized in their name and in their behalf, to declare that on and after the Fourth of July A. D. 1855, we proclaim and publish to the world our independence from all such cruel and unchristian restriction. And this is to give timely notice to all single gentlemen (widowers excluded) of industrious and temperate habits in this city, that they must improve the few remaining months, to the best advantage;—for, after the in-coming of the immortal Fourth, we, the *working* sisterhood of Manchester, will show what woman can do in this great, heretofore restricted 'commerce of love,' by gallanting around modest youth, making declarations, and popping questions.

"Yours in behalf of equal rights."

STRAY WATCH.—About two years since, Mr. Alonzo A. Hatch of Leicester, lost a valuable gold watch. He supposed it was stolen, but was unable to find sufficient evidence to cause an arrest. Last Sunday morning the watch was found hanging upon the latch of one of the doors of Mr. Wm. Hatch's barn, in good order and condition.

SUMMARY PROCEEDINGS.—A man and woman who kept a disreputable house in Hermon, Me., a few days since were drummed out of town by the indignant citizens. All the inmates of the house, with their goods and chattels, were placed on sleds, and accompanied by drums, fifes and banners, and about one hundred men, were coveyed without the limits of the town.

☞ In Zanesville, Ohio, a rifle was accidentally discharged in a hotel, and the iron ramrod, which was in the barrel at the time, was forced upwards through the ceiling of the room, then through a bed, and next through the arm and body of a man named Samuel Kirk, who was sleeping there. The wounded man was recovering at last accounts.

A NICE LITTLE CASE AT LAW.—An English paper states that the Rev. W. J. Alban, vicar of Mevagissy, has incurred an expense of upwards of two hundred pounds in prosecuting a fisherman named Dunn for refusing to take off his hat in the church yard, and the suit is not concluded yet. Justice is a very expensive thing in England.

HOGS.—The *Louisville Courier* of Tuesday gives 280,454 as the whole number of hogs killed during this season, which compared with the number killed last season (407,013,) shows a falling off of 126,559 hogs. In the net weight of the hogs this season there is also a large deficit.

☞ The Rev. I. J. Roberts, for eighteen years a Missionary in China, and said to have been the religious preceptor of Tae-ping-Wang, the chief of the patriotic revolutionary party, has just arrived in New York, directly from Shanghai.

SENTENCED.—Wm. B. Smith, who murdered Charles F. Brewster, at South Berwick, last summer, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung at the expiration of one year's imprisonment.

At Montreal there was a heavy storm on Saturday, and the snow is reported as several feet deep. The mails are all delayed.

APPOINTMENT.—Charles A. Winchester of Springfield, has been appointed Register of Probate for Hampden County, in place of Henry Smith, removed.

A Chapter of Fires.

On Thursday evening, last week, about 5 o'clock, a fire broke out in the beautiful mansion, nearly completed for Mr. Edward Leavitt (son of David Leavitt, Esq.,) which was situated in the midst of a fine grove in the village of Great Barrington, Mass., and before assistance could be rendered, the building was totally destroyed. The contractor had an insurance of $4000 upon the premises.—

On Monday evening, Jan. 22d, the large brick school house in Sturbridge (centre village,) was destroyed by fire. The fire was first discovered in the upper part of the building, and it is supposed took from a defect in the chimney. Loss about $3000. Insured for $1500.

In New York, on Friday morning, Jan. 26th, a stable occupied by Messrs. Donnelly & Bracken was destroyed by fire with a cottage house adjoining, occupied by Mr. DeLa-Flechelle. Four horses were burned to death in the stable. Total loss $3000—insured.

The *Herald* learns that the clock factory of Miles Morse, in Plymouth, was destroyed by fire on Monday. The loss is stated to be $30,000, on which there was an insurance of $20,000.

About five o'clock Wednesday morning Jan. 24th, a factory, situated in North Kingston, called the Bellville Mill, owned and occupied by C. & W. Rhodes, was entirely destroyed by fire. It was insured for $4000 in the American and $4000 in the Commercial Mutual, of Boston, and $2,000 at the Manufacturers' Mutual, Worcester. Loss from $15,000 to $20,000.

The sash and blind manufactory owned by Meek & Teft, at Hartford, was destroyed by fire on Saturday evening, caused by an incendiary. Loss $2,000, insured in a Boston office $600.

The building in West Brookfield belonging to Chandler Giddings, and occupied, a portion of it by himself, as a shoe shop, and the remainder by Mr. Knowlton, as a store, was discovered to be on fire about four o'clock on Wednesday morning, last week. The building was entirely destroyed, with stock of goods in the store. The stock and tools in the shoe shop were chiefly saved. A dwelling house belonging to Mr. Giddings, on one side of the store, and a projecting wing of another dwelling house on the other side, were also burnt, but their contents were saved. The *safe* in the store was destroyed, with all the books and papers of Mr. Giddings and Mr. Knowlton. Mr. Giddings had a coat hanging in the store, in the pocket of which was a pocket-book containing $800 in bank bills, which were destroyed."

The Oil Cloth Carpeting Factory of Jacob Vining, in Fall River, was entirely destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning, about one o'clock. The loss is estimated at about $8000—Insurance $4000.

NEW RUSSIAN RIFLE CORPS.—A private letter from St. Petersburg states that the crown serfs have offered the Emperor Nicholas a contigent of 60,000 men, who are to be employed as sharpshooters. Among them are to be all the ermine hunters, who are estimated at 20,000. These are said to be skillful marksmen, who pass their whole lives on the banks of the Ural or the Oby, in the chase of the fox, the beaver and the ermine. It is known that this animal can only be aimed at from a considerable distance, and must be hit in the nose to avoid injuring the skin. The whole of these hunters, so the letter says, are to be immediately organized and sent to the Crimea. They are to be armed with the Minnie rifle.

BLOODY WORK.—An affair of very tragic character occurred among the slaves on the plantation of Col. B. P. Walker, in Appomattox county, Va., last Monday night, during his absence. The Lynchburg *Virginian* says:—

"As it was reported to us, a slave from a neighboring plantation desired to marry one of Colonel Walker's negro girls, but could not procure the consent of her father. At the time mentioned he sought out the girl, attacked her with a knife and slew her. Other slaves interposing, he attacked them also, and inflicted serious, if not fatal wounds on two of them. Finally he turned his knife upon himself and took his own life. We have heard no further particulars."

THE KINNEY EXPEDITION.—The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Courier and Enquirer* writes that the much talked of expedition arranged by Col. Kinney is dead, at least for the present. Such representations have been made to Government in regard to the character of the expedition, as will result in the issuing of instructions which will break up the organization.

THE UNEMPLOYED.—A gentleman residing five miles from Louisville, says that five thousand men, women, girls and boys, can find employment in that vicinity, at good wages. At the same time, we notice that two hundred paupers recently arrived at Cincinnati by steamer from New Orleans, having been forwarded by the New Orleans Emigration Society.

CHANGE OF WHALING GROUNDS.—A Sandwich Islands correspondent of the *New Bedford Mercury* suggests that the Arctic Sea is giving out as a whaling ground. Notwithstanding it was formerly the best known fishing place, this year it has averaged only about 300 barrels to the vessel, while the Ochotsk has turned out fifty 1000 barrels.

SEVERE STORMS.—The recent storms were very severe at the West. The railroads south and west of Chicago have been blocked up with snow for a week past. At St. Louis, navigation is suspended, the river being gorged with ice.

☞ The Boston correspondent of the *Pawtucket Gazette* says that Governor Gardner will retain the present Attorney General in office. Mr. Clifford waited upon the Governor to tender his resignation, but the Governor warmly remonstrated.

☞ Why are cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them here.

ADVENTURES OF CAPT. CLARK OF THE PROPELLER WESTMORELAND.—It will be recollected that when the Westmoreland was lost, on Lake Michigan, the captain, with two ladies, were left upon the beach where they landed from the boats, the rest of the party having gone, a part of them to South Manitou, and the others to Manitee and thence to Racine. After waiting two or three days for the return of the party who had gone to Manitou, the captain escorted the two ladies to a point fifteen miles north of Platt river, where the wrecked mariners came ashore, and left them for the winter with a man named Fisher, who is there building a wood stock. Then, taking their words of tidings to their friends, and bidding them farewell, the captain started upon his forlorn journey towards civilization.

The road was long and the prospect gloomy; but with the hope and energy of a true Yankee tar he proceeded. Travelling by day, and seeking by night such shelter as the woods afforded, he pursued his lonely course for six days and nights. At the end of that time his eyes were greeted with the view of buildings at Grand Haven; and there, tired, hungry, but still "jolly," he obtained food and rest. He arrived at Buffalo on Saturday, 13th ult. The ladies, whose names are Cary and Taylor, are both unmarried, and their prospect for remaining so until spring is good.—One of them belongs in Boston, and the other in Chicago. When the spring thaws them out, their friends will be rejoiced to meet them after their hardships and escapes.

SANTA ANNA TURNED SLAVE DEALER.—His Serene Highness, the President of Mexico, has granted permission to the house of the brothers Goicouria, merchants of Havana, to export from the department of Yucatan Indian prisoners taken in the Yucatan war now going on, "in order to bring them to the island of Cuba, and employ them there as servants, &c." The first cargo of these Indians has been landed at Havana.

BY THE JOB.—A person in Worcester, who has been fined a number of weeks in succession for getting drunk upon a Saturday night, upon the occasion of paying his last fine proposed to the Judge that he should take him by the year and let him off cheaper, in consequence of the frequency of his attendance at the Police Court.

BOLD FELLOW.—Mr. Fairchild, while in New Britain, Ct., a few evenings since, was stopped by three men, who demanded his money. He seized a pair of cow-hide boots lying in his wagon and knocked one of them down, stretched out another with a blow of his fist, and the third took to his heels.

GOOD.—The Lehigh Valley *Times* tells a story of a Postmaster who ascertained that one of his clerks was secretary of a Know Nothing Council, and accordingly discharged him, but had the singular ill fortune to select the president of the same council, for his successor.

☞ The coal mountain in Pennsylvania which has been on fire since 1838, will probably soon be extinguished, as the fire is approaching a point which can be submerged in water. A mass of coal has been consumed three-eights of a mile long, sixty feet wide, and three hundred feet deep, equal to 1,420,000 tons of coal.

THE EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF SARDINIAN CONVICTS AND PAUPERS.—There is a prospect that the Sardinian frigate Des Genys, said to be on its way to New York with a large number of convicts and paupers, will not be allowed to land them, the authorities having taken the matter in hand.

UNCLE SAM'S FUNDS.—On the 25th of last month, the balance in the United States Treasury, subject to draft, was $21,708,698, showing a diminution of about $8,000,000, from the highest point in September last.

THE TARIFF.—The *Journal of Commerce* says that a conference on the tariff question was held on Saturday in Washington, by Messrs Houston, Hunter, James, Guthrie and Edmonds, and a project was agreed upon.

☞ The Westfield "Wide Awake American" is to be removed to Springfield, and will be hereafter published under the title of the "Springfield American."

☞ Samuel O. Mead, a Boston broker, who suspended last December, has resumed payment in full, and been restored to good and regular standing among the brokers.

☞ The citizens of Toronto have raised $40,000 as a temporary loan to a large manufacturing firm in that city, recently burned out, to enable them to go forward.

☞ Over three thousand certificates of naturalization, were, during the year past, issued to foreigners in the various courts of St. Louis county, Mo.

☞ A pair of horses belonging to Mr. Chapin of Chicopee, while crossing the river at Jones' ferry, fell through the ice and were drowned.

AN OLD BOOK.—The oldest book in the United States, it is said, is a manuscript Bible in the posession of Dr. Witherspoon, of Alabama, written over a *thousand years ago!*

☞ A remarkable religious excitement has broken out in the Maryland Penitentiary, and many of the convicts have made profession of religion.

☞ The *Baltimore Patriot* says that the injury to property in that city, occasioned by the storm of Monday night, was upwards of $20,000.

☞ A seven thousand dollar bed has been made in Paris for a Turkish gentleman of fortune.

MEXICO.—Late Mexican papers give flaming accounts of victories of the government troops over the insurgents.

LOCAL MATTERS.

FACTS RELATING TO THE PALMER HIGH SCHOOL.—The number of pupils in the High School, for the past year, has been as follows:—Spring term 19—average attendance 12 1-2; Summer term 19—average attendance 13; Fall term 47—average attendance 39 1-2; Winter term 33; Total 118—average attendance 29 1-2. The number of different scholars who have been in the school two weeks or more, (none others are reckoned) is 86. Of these, one only has attended through the year: four have been 3 terms in the school; twenty-four 2 terms, and the remaining fifty-seven have been 1 term, or part of a term exceeding two weeks. About twenty others have been admitted to the school, who did not remain long enough to be counted as scholars, generally being deficient in the preparatory studies. The various Districts of the town have furnished scholars as follows:—No. 3, Depot, thirty-four; No. 2, Three Rivers, fifteen; No. 12, Thorndike, eleven; No. 1, Old Center, five; No. 6, four; No. 4, three; Nos. 8 and 11, each two; Nos. 9 and 5, each 1. The other three Districts have furnished none. There have been eight from other towns. Thorndike, which has the school two terms, furnishes less than one-third the number supplied by the Depot in one term, and only about two-third the number supplied by Three Rivers. Of the aggregate numbers (118) 38 are from the Depot, 25 from Thorndike, and 20 from Three Rivers. Fourteen who have been members of the school, reside in a circle whose radius is one mile, and center the school-house at Thorndike; 20 in a similar circle centering at Three Rivers; 34 at the Depot.

DEPUTY SHERIFF.—There are two or three applicants for Deputy Sheriff in this town.—We won't undertake to say which stands the best chance, but it is *strongly* hinted that a man who "don't know" the secrets of the new order, will receive the appointment.—*We* don't believe it. *More* next week.

THAT TEA-PARTY.—Last Wednesday evening, according to announcement, a Tea-party took place at the Vestry of the Congregational Church. About eighty couples sat down to luxuriously loaded tables, and the proceeds arising therefrom amounted to over $88,00, which amount is to be appropriated to the paying of the sexton, Mr. John Morgan, for his services. The ladies won themselves much honor by the taste displayed in arranging the tables, and the skill they manifested in the art of cookery.

LECTURE.—Rev. A. L. Stone, of the Park Street Church, Boston, is announced to lecture before the "Palmer Literary Association," next Monday evening, at the Baptist Church.

P. S. Since the above announcement, it has been determined by the Directors, to have the Rev. WALTER CLARK of Hartford, lecture next Monday evening. Subject,—"Thought."—Rev. Mr. Stone will lecture before the Association on the 12th inst.

OFF THE TRACK.—On Wednesday, the passenger-car of the morning train from Amherst to Palmer, ran off the track, and came near going into the river at Three Rivers.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A cow belonging to Mr. Lorenzo Watson, in Spencer, was killed last week, Thursday, she having exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a mad dog, some two or three weeks since. A man named Hopkins, was bitten by the same dog, but the precautionary measures taken at the time, it is hoped will prevent him from suffering from the awful malady.

WOMAN VS. LIQUOR SELLING.—Fifty women attacked a tavern at Mount Pleasant, O., Monday, demolished the liquor casks, and dragged the landlord through the liquor, which stood six inches deep on the floor.—Warrants were issued against twenty of them, but the officers returned, saying they were unable to serve the writs, and went back with reinforcements.

MORE CONVICTS AND PAUPERS.—Complaint has been made to the authorities of New York that the ship Arnold from Rotterdam, has discharging some two hundred pauper emigrants; and the commissioners of emigration are investigating the matter.

SNOW.—The railroads west and south of Chicago continue blocked up with snow; no communication has been had with St Louis or Springfield for eleven days. Seventeen locomotives are frozen or buried in the snow on the Chicago and Mississippi road.

COSMOPOLITAN ASSOCIATION.—The distribution of the works of Art, by this Association, has been postponed till the 28th inst., in order to complete the gallery which contains them.—The managers announce that the distribution will positively take place at that time.

☞ It is reported that the Mormons are not only docile, but are much pleased with their new Governor, (Gov. Steptoe,) whom they soon hope to convert to their religious faith.

☞ In New York, on Sunday evening, a little girl ten years of age, daughter of Mr. Samuel Trafton, was burned to death by the explosion of a burning fluid lamp.

HOAX.—The Boston *Times* pretends that one of Brigham Young's wives, having escaped from his "preserve," is about to expose the iniquities of Mormonism in a course of public lectures.

FOR JAPAN.—The schooner Wilmington, Capt. William Brown, sailed a day or two since from New London for Japan. She has on board an assorted cargo of merchandize.

THE CARSON LEAGUE CONSPIRATORS.—The trial of the several persons arrested as conspirators against the "Carson League," in Chester, by burning barns, blowing up a meeting house, disfiguring horses, &c., had their trial at Springfield last week, and were convicted. The case goes to the Supreme Court on exceptions taken by the detendants' counsel. This is the case in which it will be remembered an Albany policer office joined the conspirators and entered into their plans so as to obtain evidence against them.

FIGHT WITH BIRDS.—The other day a young man in Delaware county, Pa., seeing a large flock of loons in a marsh, struck one with a stone, and so wounded it that he caught it. The bird made a screech, and all the flock came to the rescue, picked him on the face and other parts of the body with their sharp bills to such a degree as nearly to overpower him. He called lustily for help, and after assistance had arrived, the birds were driven off.

A BIGAMIST.—The Pittsburg (Pa.) Post says that a man, named David Bates, was convicted, at the last term of the Indiana County Court, of bigamy, and sentenced to twenty-two months imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary. It appears he was committed for the same offence in 1851, and had just got out. He returned to the neighborhood of Blairsville, and, by dyeing his whiskers and changing his name to David Bentty, was again married to a young widow, by the very same Justice of the Peace who married him before. One of the witnesses on the trial stated that Bates had seven wives living, or even more.

AN ABSCONDING CASHIER.—About ten days since, it was ascertained that Frank May, Cashier of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, at Indianapolis, had absconded, taking with him a large sum of money—estimated at $25,000 to $50,000. The bank is owned by Col. Allen May, an uncle of the absconding cashier, who, up to the present time, has sustained a high reputation for honesty and probity. It is supposed that he came East.

RUSSIAN RULE IN THE CRIMEA.—A late decree which the Emperor Nicholas has issued in relation to the Tartars of the Crimea is as follows:

Art. 1st. Every Tartar guilty of bad intentions, or of hostile designs, shall be put in prison until he has given evidence that he repents. Art. 2d. Every Tartar having committed a robbery, shall have a leg or an arm cut off. Art. 3. If a Tartar commits murder without stealing, he shall be hung. Art. 4th. If any Tartar kills and steals, he shall have an arm or a leg cut off, and after shall be hung.

ARKANSAS THANKSGIVING.—Gov. Conway, of Arkansas, having appointed no Thanksgiving, Queen'sbury, of the Independent, has issued his proclamation, appointing four days for that festival, enjoining upon the good and bad people of the State to cook the best of dinners, and not to give a mouthful to the Governor, "who deserves a good deal of punishing for not marrying and doing like other men. In the name of common sense, if a Governor can't support a wife, who can?"

PRATT IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.—Daniel Pratt, Jr., the Great American Traveller, is in Lawrence. He writes to the editor of the *Sentinel*:—

As I am a single unmarried man, I should get well payed if I could find a Lady of good character and abilities, to become my Wife, in Lawrence, if a Lady should address me, at the Post Office, Lawrence, all will be confidential.

JENNY LIND.—From a private correspondence dated Stockholm, Sweden, Dec. 15, we learn that Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt was in that city, attending to her property. She was unaccompanied by her husband, the laws of Sweden forbidding the presence of a Jew. The correspondent adds that Jenny had so changed in appearance, and grown so old in looks, that her oldest and most intimate friends did not recognize her.—*Chronicle.*

HOOSAC TUNNEL.—The contract for the completion of the Troy and Greenfield Railroad, including the Hoosac tunnel, was concluded at Boston, on the 27th ult. Messrs. E. W. Serrell & Co., are the contractors, and the terms of the contract are such as to secure to the company the $2,000,000 loan by the State of Massachusetts.

ROBBERY OF A WOMAN.—A Woman was robbed in the cars of the Central Railroad, a few miles east of Rochester, on Saturday last. Chlorotorm was administered to her by another female, and while under its influence the robbery was effected.

NEW OFFICERS.—The New London and Palmer railroad has got a new set of directors, nine of whom reside in New London, and one in Boston and New York each; there is none in either Norwich, Willimantic or Palmer; and Thomas W. Williams of Norwich is the president.

APPOINTMENTS.—Parsons Allen, Gilman Noyes and George C. Homer of Brimfield, have been appointed justices of the peace, and Henry F. Brown of the same town, justice of the quorum, by the Governor and Council.

☞ The investigation into the affair of taking away religious books given to the children in the Alms House in Albany, by the catholics, sustains all that has been heretofore alleged, and proves, moreover, that many of the books were burned!

☞ Messrs. Janeway, proprietors of a paper-hanging factory in New Brunswick, have started a night school for their boys, numbering about twenty-five. The room rent, light, fuel, books and teacher's salary, is provided by the proprietors at their own expense.

☞ At an election called by the City Council of Los Angelos, California, to fill a vacancy for alderman, not one voter appeared at the polls, and not one vote was cast. So says a California paper.

NOVEL TEAM.—One of our ice dealers, says the *Chicago Press*, drove his wagon through the streets with a pair of elks in harness.—It was an odd looking team and drew a crowd wherever they passed along. They obeyed the bit well enough, but stepped along carefully, as if apprehending danger, and evidently bewildered by the strange sights and sounds of a city.

FALL OF A BRIDGE.—The bridge over Rock Island at Dixon, Illinois, which is one of the most expensive structures on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, has been carried away by a freshet, which has also caused an inundation of the surrounding country. The accident will delay the through business of the road till the bridge can be rebuilt.

WEBSTER'S CLAIM ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.—We learn from New Orleans, that in the suit of Daniel Webster against that city, claiming $50,000 for professional services in the Guines case, the jury were unableto agree.

MAIL ROBBER ARRESTED.—B. B. Bascom, a railroad ticket agent at Willimantic, Ct., was arrested on Saturday, for robbing the mails. The arrest was made through the agency of Mr. Holbrook, the Post Office Agent.

☞ Dr. Ray, of the Galena (Ill.,) *Jeffersonian*, predicts that the population of Illinois, in 1780, will amount to 4,000,000; that of Chicago to 300,000, that of Galena to 80,000.

☞ A powder mill at Wilkesbarre, Pa., owned by Parish, Silver & Co., exploded last week, killing a white boy named Joseph Rhodes, and a colored boy named Jerry Cooper.

WHAT A PLACE.—During the past year not a single marriage has taken place in Danville, Va., which has a population of 2500.—The ladies there, it is said, are "uncommonly hard to marry."

☞ The Belfast (Ireland) *Mercury* makes the strange announcement that the corporation of that city is bankrupt, that it has in fact failed, with a debt of £280,000 ($1,350,000).

☞ A powerful revival of religion is in progress at the Academy at Wilbraham.

☞ There is a Snap-house in Springfield, for the benefit of the poor.

Cambridge Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, January 31—At market to-day 1047 cattle—about 800 beeves, and 247 stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, Two and Three Years Old. Prices—Market beef—Extra, $8 1-2 per cwt; first quality 8; second do 7 1 4 a 7 1-2; third do 6 1-2 a 7; ordinary 6 1-4 per 100 lbs. Hides 5 1-2 a 6 per cwt Tallow—8 1-2 a 9. Pelts, 75c a $1,12. Calf skins 12c per lb. Veal calves—4, 4 1-2, 5 a 6c. Barreling Cattle—$6 3-4 a 7 1-2 per 100 lbs. Cows, and calves—$25 to 36 a 52. Yearlings—$12 13 a 16. Two years old—19, 25 a 42 Three years old 37, 38, 40, 42, 45 a 56. Sheep and lambs 3115 at market. Extra $6, 6 1-2 7 a 10; by lot, 2 1-4 2 1-2 2 3-4 3 a 4,48.

MARRIED.

In this town, (Three Rivers) Feb. 1st, by Rev. L. H. Wakeman, Geo. Warner and Catharine Holden, both of this town.

In this town, Jan. 27th, by A. R. Murdock Esq., Augustus Sutnay of Belchertown, and Marie Lochapell of Canada.

At Worcester, 25th, Joseph Metcalf and Mary A. Shepherd of Palmer.

In East Amherst, Jan. 17th, Lucas Bridgman of Westhampton, to Martha, daughter of the late Cecil Jewett of Northampton.

DIED.

In Ware, Jan. 26th ult., Wilton, 4, only son of Oliver S. Bennett.

In Shutesbury, Jan, 20th, Mrs. Lois Stowell, 96, the oldest inhabitant of the town.

At West Springfield, 28th, Eunice Cooley, 90, widow of Walter Cooley.

In Springfield, Jan. 25th, Daniel Wyatt, 21, son of Dr. E. D. Hudson; 21st, an infant son of D. F. Ashley.

The number of deaths in Ware last year was 62.

In Beaver Dam, Wis., Albert Eugene, 1 yr. 6 months, son of Albert S. and Harriet J. Rockwood.

To the Honorable, the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas next to be holden in Springfield, within and for the County of Hampden, on the first Monday of October next.

HUMBLY shews Horace C. Smith of Palmer, in said County, that he is interested in and holds in common and undivided with one Edward A. Shaw, whose present place of residence, is to your petitioner unknown, or other person or persons, whose place of residence are to your petitioner unknown, the fee of one undivided half of a tract of land, situated in said Palmer, containing about 25 acres, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake and stones the west side of the old road leading from the old Massachusetts Turnpike, a little west of Leonard Davis' house, across to the old Brimfield road, a few rods south westerly of the house formerly owned by Willis King, thence west 4°, south about ten rods, to a stake and stones, in the line of other lands belonging to your petitioner, thence south 1° on said line 74 rods, to a stake and stones, thence south 13°, west 74 rods to a stake and stones, being at a corner of other lands of your petitioner, thence south 45°, west 21 rods and 15 links, to a stake and stones on the north side of the road leading from the house of your petitioner, by the house of Samuel Fleming, thence on said road and the first mentioned road to first mentioned bound, and your petitioner is desirous of holding his said share of the land in severalty. Wherefore he prays your honors that notice may be issued in due form of law, and that you will cause partition to be made, and his aforesaid share thereof to be divided and set off to him, by metes and bounds, as in duty bound will ever pray.

HORACE C. SMITH.

September 30th, 1854.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS. Court of Common Pleas. Oct. Term, 1854.

UPON the foregoing petition it is ordered that the petitioner give notice unto the said Edward A. Shaw, and to all other persons interested, to appear before this Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for the County of Hampden, on the second Monday of March next, by publishing an attested copy of the foregoing petition, and of this order thereon, three weeks successively, the last publication to be thirty days at least before said second Monday of March, that they may then and there show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. GEO B. MORRIS, Clerk.

Copy—Attest— GEO. B. MORRIS,
(10) Clerk.

Agricultural Meeting.

THE Eastern Hampden Agricultural Society will hold its annual meeting for the choice of officers and the transaction of other business, at Nassowanno Hall, on Monday, February 12, at 2 o'clock p. m. Per Order.

WM HOLBROOK, Clerk.

New London, Willimantic & Palmer R. R

Commencing 13th December, 1854.

LEAVE Palmer for New London, at 8.00 A. M. and 2 30 P. M.

Leave New London for Palmer at 8.00 A. M. and 2.00 P. M.

WM. R. STORRS,
Superintendent.

New London, Dec. 13th, 1854. 34tf

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN COUNTY SS. *Court of Common Pleas.* October Term, A. D., 1854.

Lucius H. Goff of Richford, in the County of Franklin, State of Vermont, Plaintiff, vs. Jonathan Goff of Palmer, in said County of Hampden, Defendant.

THIS is an action of contract to recover $200, as by the writ on file, dated the 27th day of July A. D. 1854 will appear. It now appearing to the Court, upon the suggestion of the Plaintiff's counsel, that the Defendant is not an Inhabitant of this Commonwealth, nor was resident therein at the time of the service of the writ in this case: And it further appearing, on the inspection of the Officer's return, that no service was made upon the said Defendant.

It is now Ordered by the Court here, that the Plaintiff give notice to the said Defendant of the pendency of this action, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the Palmer Journal, a public newspaper printed at Palmer in the county of Hampden and state of Massachusetts once a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next term of this Court, to be holden at Springfield, within and for the County of Hampden, aforesaid, on the 2d Monday of March next that he may then and there appear, and take upon himself the defense of this action, and that this action be continued to the next term of this Court as aforesaid, and so from term to term until notice shall be given to the said Defendant agreeably to this order.

GEO. B. MORRIS, *Clerk.*

A true Copy—Attest,
403w GEO. B. MORRIS, *Clerk.*

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber by Note or Book account of more than 3 months standing, are requested to make immediate payment, or they will soon pass into other hands for collection. SETH KNOWLTON.

Wilbraham, Jan 13th, 1855. 38

A Valuable lot of Timber & Land At Auction.

BY license from the Probate Court, will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises, on Saturday the 10th of February next, at 10 o'cl'k A. M, a valuable lot of timber and land (known as the Partridge lot) situated near the Chapin School-house in Wilbraham, containing about 28 acres. The timber will be sold by the acre, in lots to suit the purchasers. The land will be sold, reserving the privilege for a suitable time to take off the timber.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale. SETH KNOWLTON, Guardian.

Wilbraham, Jan. 16th, 1855. 38

Advice to the Ladies.

Our friend, of the *N. Y. Merchant's Ledger* appears to have taken the ladies under his especial care. His paper of January 6th is full of the most fatherly advice to them. Has a "change come o'er the spirit of his dream?" The following are some of the items of this paternal instruction:

Dr. Franklin recommends a young man in the choice of a wife to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason that when there are many daughters they improve each other and from emulation, acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by paternal fondness.

The strongest objection to the marriage of first cousins is in the closeness of the relationship. If you will consult any well-informed friend you will be satisfied of the wisdom of our remarks on this subject.

Never marry a widower with a daughter as old as yourself. The jealousy of the daughter would embitter the union. Even if the daughter be married, unless an angel in disposition, she would be a thorn in your side.

Young girls should not accept rings from married men, unless they are relatives or very familiar acquaintances of the family.

For a lady who is engaged to one gentleman, to receive presents and accept of attentions from another is very wrong. It is imprudent and indelicate conduct, and would infallibly expose her to the charge of coquetry.

Love seizes on us suddenly without giving us time to reflect; our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair fixes and determines us.

The ladies love teazing. To do so is the privilege of a young girl. Courtship would not be sweet without some sours. Young men should bear it all with patience, and they will be rewarded for their forbearance in due season. It is ridiculous in a man to resent every petty slight cast upon him by a lady.

AFFECTING ROMANCE.—With the death of Dennis Bryan, the young man who died recently at Morean, from having his legs crushed by the cars, is connected an affecting bit of romance which has been related to us as follows:

After his mangled limbs had been amputated, his mind aroused to the terrible consciousness that he must die, and he implored the bystanders to "send for his Lucy."—"Where is she? I must see her before I die—let me see her and I can die in peace," were his frequent ejaculations. His parents were asked what he meant—if he were married—to which they replied he was not, and that they knew nothing of the person he named as "Lucy." After his death, it came to light that he had been married about three months to a lady belonging to one of the first families in Pansingburgh. His wife's parents had opposed their marriage on the ground of his lack of means, and the consequence was, the young couple were clandestinely united and their marriage kept a profound secret. Young Bryan had placed all his earnings, $550, in the hands of his wife, it being their intention, when $600 had been accumulated, to publicly announce their marriage. But alas! the day on which they intended to thus claim and expected to receive the forgiveness of offended parents, never arrived.—*Whitehall Chronicle.*

ROME TO BE BURNT OR SWALLOWED UP.—Dr. Cumming, in his Apocalyptic Sketches, and many other authors, have asserted, as their interpretation of some part of the Apocalypse, that Rome will be destroyed by fire from Heaven, or swallowed up by earthquakes, or overwhelmed with destruction by volcanoes, as the visible punishment of the Almighty for its popery and its crimes.—Townsend, in his "Journal of a Tour," says he is unwilling to deduce any argument of this kind from the prophecies which are unfulfilled; but he be beheld everywhere—in Rome, near Rome, and through the whole country of Italy from Rome to Naples—the most astounding proofs, not merely of the possibility, but of the exceeding probability, that the whole region of central Italy will one day suffer under such a catastrophe.—The soil of Rome is tufa, of a volcanic origin; the smell of the sulphur, which is found to be most disagreeable, must be the result of volcanic subterranean action still going on. At Naples, the boiling sulphur is seen bubbling near the surface of the earth. When a stick was drawn along the ground, the sulphureous smoke followed the indentation; and Mr. Townsend says it would never surprise him to hear of the utter destruction of the entire peninsula of Italy.

WELL SAID—Question—What ought to be done with a gentleman who engages the affections of a young lady, and then leaves her?

Answer—Bless him, and let him go. We always think, in such cases, that a young lady has abundant cause for congratulation, and instead of whining and crying over "spilt affection," let her put on her sunny smiles, and endeavor to captivate a more worthy beau. You may depend upon it, that a man who has no more stability of mind, or honesty of purpose, than to act in this way to a young lady, is not worth a tear of regret; on the contary, she should be especially happy that she has so luckily got rid of a man, who, throughout his life, in whatever he undertook, would exhibit the same unfixedness of purpose and the same irresolution of mind. Love is like everything else; a man who is not to be trusted in that, is very likely to be unsafe in other respects.

POETRY.

Winter.

As some fair statue, white, and hard, and cold,
Smiling in marble, rigid, and at rest,
Or like some gentle child of beauteous mould,
Whose placid face and softly swelling breast
Are fixed in death, and on them bear imprest
His magic seal of peace, so, frozen, lies
The loveliest of nature; every tree
Stands hung with lace against the clear blue skies;
The hills are giant waves of glistening snow;
Rare Northern fowl, now strangely tame to see,
With ruffling plumage cluster on the bough,
And tempt the murderous gun; mouse-like, the wren
Hides in the new-cut hedge, and all things now
Fear starving Winter more than cruel men.

A Wife.

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing.—[Proverbs 18:2.

A being formed by God for me,
My stay and comforter to be;
A stable mind, a trusting heart,
A soul attuned in every part,
To noble thoughts and true;
A form of fair and gentle grace,
A beaming eye, a speaking face,
Lips, whose sole dialect is love;
Where smiles and blessings grow,
As if an influence from above
Were always breathing through.

THE sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright, and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the Summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

DRUNKARDS'S CLOAK.—In the time of Oliver Cromwell, the magistrates in the north of England punished drunkards by making them carry what is called "The Drunkard's Cloak." This was a large barrel, with one head out, and a hole in the other, through which the offender was made to put his head, while his hands were drawn through two small holes, one on each side. With this he was compelled to march along the public streets.

What a strange sight it would be were all the drunkards now-a-days compelled to march about, wearing barrels for cloaks.

GLASS.—Glass, in ductility, ranks next, to gold. Its flexibility, also, is so great that when hot it can be drawn out like elastic thread, miles in length in a moment, and to a minuteness equal to that of the silkworm. It is so elastic that it can be blown to a gauze-like thinness, so as easily to float upon the air, and a globe of it, hemetrically sealed, if dropped upon a polished anvil, will recoil two-thirds the distance of its fall, and remain entire until the second or third rebound.

COMETS AND WOMEN.—Comets, doubtless, answer some wise and good purpose in the creation; so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful, and with peculiar splendor, but at night appear most brilliant; so do women.. Comets and women, therefore, are closely analogous; but the nature of which being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is, to view with admiration the one, and almost to adoration, love the other.

☞ The question has been asked why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt-sleeves, whilst it is considered in every way correct for ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all!

☞ The reign of flounces is drawing to a close, consequently about half the silk, velvet, or satin, heretofore allowed for a dress pattern will be a clear saving. A lady can probably work herself along with twenty yards for a pattern.

☞ "Jane, give the baby some landanum and put it to sleep, and then bring me my parasol. I am going to a meeting for the amelioration of the condition of the human race.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Two blooming young ladies got "COTCHED" out in a shower very recently, and when they had got home, the rain had washed the very COLOR OUT OF THEIR CHEEKS!

☞ The latest style of ladies skirts has the addition of a row of bristles; it is found that they sweep the streets much better than silk.

THE HARMONY OF COLORS.—Black husband and white wife livingly amicably.

☞ The reduction of the public debt at the Treasury Department, last week, amounted to $10,5000.

☞ A young lady was lately married to a Mr. Tongue. Isn't she Tongue-tied? We hope she may be happy, and hold her tongue many a long year.

☞ A late writer says you can tell when a boarding-house changes it servant-girl, by just noticing the color of the hair in the tea-biscuit. Make a note.

☞ The Inmigrants arrived at New York during the past year, numbered 307,639, of whom 168,723 were Germans and 880,200 Irish.

MONEY got by gaming is like a pyramid of snow.

DEATH is a black camel, which kneels at the gates of all.

BARNUM has recently procured the lungs which breathe "the breath of morning."

THE man who was suddenly thrown out of business has recovered—damages.

THE man who stuck to a point has got loose.

A MAN never surfeits of too much honesty.

THE PALMER JOURNAL.

$1,50 a Year, or] A BUSINESS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING. [$1,25 in Advance.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE CORNER OF MAIN AND FURNACE STS.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.—One Dollar and a Half per annum. A discount of Twenty-five Cents to those who pay in *advance*. For six months, 66 Cents; for three months, 33 Cents. Single copies 3 Cents.

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* * The above rates are adopted by all weekly newspapers published in the five Western Counties of the State.

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Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POOR LAWYER.

THE Knickerbocker Magazine, some years ago, contained Washington Irving's 'Early Experience of Ringwood.' This exciting story was well termed by the editor, 'a species of Montjoy of the West;' for the loves of Ralph Ringwood are scarcely less poetical than those of Montjoy himself. Here is the first introduction to the lovely maiden, who was to have so great an influence on his after life:—

I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for my horse, when, in passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young lady seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I left Richmond; at that time I was too much of a boy, to be struck by female beauty. She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the wood, and then her white dress! it was dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and so ddenly bewildered. My heart yearned to know her; but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and knew none of the habitudes of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigman, or any other of my leathern-dressed belles of the pigeon-roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurls' daughters with their looking-glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress and those auburn ringlets and blue eyes, quite daunted, while they fascinated me. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once that I would kiss her. It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might sieze upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse for it, and that kiss!—oh! I should die if I did not get it!

I gave no time for thought to cool, but entered the house, and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and she turned and looked up. I snatched as sweet a kiss as was ever stolen, and I vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback, galloping homeward, my very heart tingling at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attempts the study of law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he delved night and day. Ralph pursues his studies, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when, to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found with her the identical blue-eyed beauty, whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any sign of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes.—While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room, to give directions, add left them alone. Heavens and earth! what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth, to have been in the deepest dell in the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something, in excuse of my former rudeness. I could not contrive an idea, nor utter a single wo[illegible] moment matters grew wor[illegible] to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good-will.

At length I plucked up courage, seeing her equally embarrassed with myself, and walking desperately up to her, exclaimed:—

I have been trying to muster up something to say, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do have pity on me, and help me out of it!

A smile dimpled about her mouth and played among the blushes of her cheeks. She looked up with a shy, but arch glance at the eye that expressed volumes of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went on well.

Passing the delightful descriptions which succeeded, we procced to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair, the marriage and the settlement.

That very Autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple—she not more than sixteen, and I not quite twenty—and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment was well suited to our circumstacnes; a low house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half a dozen chairs, a half a dozen knives and forks, a half a dozen spoons—everything by the half dozen—a little delph ware: everything in a small way; we were poor, but then so happy!

We had not been married many days when a Court was held in a county town about twenty-five miles distant. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the way of business; but how was I to go? I had expended all my means on our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must.—Money must be made, or we should soon have the wolf at our door. I accordingly borrowed a horse and a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to my heart; I felt as though I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the county town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the Court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger, a mere youngster, was to make way in such a crowd, and get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers in the country, who gather on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with a great noise, and little altercation. Just as I entered the room I saw a rough, bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as he passed. Immediately knocked him down, and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. In a moment and a half, a dozen rough shakes of the hand, and invitations to drink, and I found myself quite a personage in the rough assemblage.

The next morning the Court opened; I took my seat among the lawyers, but felt as a mere spectator, not having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning, a man was put into the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and he had not had an opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose one from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial the next day. He looked around the Court, and selected me. I could not tell why he should make such a choice—I, a beardless youngster, unpracticed at the bar—perfectly unknown. I felt diffident, yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the Court he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag, as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses—it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke not lightly of his innocence; but that was no affair of mine. I was to be his advocate; not his judge or jury. I followed him to the jail, and learned from him the particulars of his case; from thence I went to the Clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep; it was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing through my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap; the idea of my poor little wife at home; that I was to astonish her with my good fortune.

But the awful responsibility I had undertaken, to speak for the first time in a strange Court; the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents—all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I tossed about all night, fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent—in a word, the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous; I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts and tranquilize my [illegible] It was a bright morning, [illegible] my forehead and [illegible] hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to Court. I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thought of my little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back to the man his hundred dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a rogue, than the culprit I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down hill. Just then, the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something that I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body—in an instant my diffidence was gone—my whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness and bitterness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind apology. This, for a man of his redoubtable powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful glow, carried the cause triumphant, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Everybody was curious to know who this new lawyer was that had suddenly risen among them, and bearded the Attorney General at the very onset. The story of my debut at the inn on the preceding evening, when I knocked down a bully, and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exaggeration. Even my beardless chin and juvenile countenance, were in my favor; for the people gave me more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs in our Courts, came thronging in upon me; I was repeatedly employed in other cases, and by Saturday night, when the Court closed, having paid my bill at the inn, I found myself with one hundred and fifty dollars in notes, and a horse, which I afterwards sold for two hundred and fifty dollars more.

Never did a miser gloat more on his pelf, and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled my money in a heap on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No; I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued, but what a height of golden fancies and splendid air-castles! As soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted the borrowed horse with which I had come to Court, and led the other which I had received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of surprise I had in store for my little wife; for both of us expected nothing but that I should spend all the money I had borrowed, and should return in debt.

Our meeting was joyous, as you suppose; but I played the part of an Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaking of his success. She had prepared a snug rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old-fashioned desk, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected money for.

For myself, to be sure, I replied, I made it at Court.

She looked at me for a moment in the face incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance, and play the Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch—my feelings all at once gave way—I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted for money.

A Drugged Community.

So common have frauds in trade, by adulteration of cheap with dear substances become, that one scarcely feels safe now-a-days in trusting to anything save his own close examinations and even chemical test of articles of family consumption. It was not so when old fashioned honesty was not accounted stupidity—when a man was content to earn a respectable living for himself and family, and did not set up his contemporaneously with his grocery shop—when his sons chopped his wood and wore homespun, and his daughters cooked his breakfast before they went to the district school—when swindling was accounted crime, and cheating retained its dictionary definition.

A man must grow rich *now* with a rush. His sons, as soon as they shed their petticoats, must sport gold watches and diamond rings and his daughters leave off long pantaletts for long Cashmere shawls and rosewood pianos. He can't find God in the old wooden church or the village school house; and we doubt if God can find him in the dim light of richly stained glass and velvet curtains, hid beneath the mass of pride, and vanity, and avarice that is enclosed within the frescoed walls [illegible] modern theaters,—churches we [illegible] have said. It takes a "power of money" for a poor man to ape with a moderate degree of success a millionaire, and honest trade is too slow a process of becoming a nabob.

Last week we gave an article on the adulteration of cream tartar. This article which is an ingredient in food, is used by almost every family in the land, was shown by a test of six lots from different shops, to be composed of forty-three to sixty-two parts in the hundred of foreign an mostly deleterious matter, among which was fine white sand and pumice.—The adulteration of medicines both by the importer and retailer, has become so common that physicians have to use the greatest care in getting pure articles. Many articles are very expensive, and adulteration is both easy and profitable. Quinine, for example, which is worth from three to four dollars an ounce, is sometimes so weakened that a common dose in fever has no more effect upon the patient than would so much flour. It is, said that many articles of the materia medica which were once highly estimated, have fallen into disrepute, from this species of dishonesty. Not long since, an immense quantity of Peruvian bark was condemned at New York on the attempt of the importer to pass it through the Custom House.

But the cheapest and most common articles of daily food and family economy, are constantly adulterated. Damaged wheat is ground with white corn to make the flour look white. Potash is put into sour molassess to restore its sweetness.—Pumice stone or other heavy substance is ground into powdered sugar; if you don't believe it, test your next purchase by noticing how much of a spoonful is left indissoluble in the bottom of a tumbler. Half the candles sold in market for New Bedford sperm, are mixed with hardened tallow.

Nine tenths of all the ground coffee sold never was born of a coffee-blossom, and will blossom you for the grave, if you drink it. Whitened whale oil is constantly sold for a dollar and a half a gallon, the price of pure sperm. And when cheating in weight is added to cheating in quality and by adulteration, the poor working man who earns only a dollar a day, has a remarkably slim chance of getting rich.—Twenty-five per cent loss on his wood and coal, and half that amount on his grocer-[illegible] at him down to a pretty low figure [illegible] ally when his wife and children are so liable to get sick on chalked milk and bread made with sanded cream tartar—and kept sick on adulterated medicines.

An incident occurred last week, which illustrates this recklessness in trade. A spirited horse ran away with a carriage in which were a lady and two children. In her endeavors to stop the horse, the bit was broken, leaving him completely unmanageable. The occupants were saved, but it was discovered that some cheating tradesman had risked these three lives by selling a *cast iron* bit, on which he made fifty cents.

How many deaths think you really occur from drinking chemical lemonade, drugged beer, wines and brandies, manufactured in Boston lofts and cellars? We have been into a manufactory of this kind in South Market street, where there were rows of 300 gallon casks standing on end on the four sides of a large room, each having a faucet in the center, and another larger one close to its bottom. What do you suppose the larger one was for?—Why, to draw off the drugs and dye-stuffs, when by frequent mixings and settlings, the liquor was getting too thick to pass muster.—[*Boston Paper.*

☞ The eagle of the French standard has the wings folded. An eagle with the wings outspread is the military emblem of the United States.

Poe-try.---A Parody.

It was many and many a mile away,
In the thriving city of C.,
That a maiden there lived, whose name—but nay!
The initials were X. Y. Z.,
And this maiden tho't little by night or by day,
Except of herself—and me.

I was at school, and she was at school,
In the thriving city of C.,
But we fell in love—through a broken rule,
I, and my X. Y. Z.,
And never a teacher in that grim school,
Of love had the least IDEE.

And this was the reason that, one find day,
From the thriving city of C.,
A meddling letter was sent by the mail,
To the home of X. Y. Z.,
And so the next week her father came,
And bore her away from me,
And he sternly swore her school-days were o'er,
In the thriving city of C.

The teachers so grim, so unhappy and prim,
Had envied her and me—
Yes; that was the reason, as every one knew,
In the thriving city of C.—
That the cruel letter went forth by mail,
Tearing and bearing off X. Y. Z.

But their envy was weaker by far than our love,
Although they were older than we,
And thought themselves wiser than we,
And neither the teachers in that grim school,
Nor all the gossips in C.,
Could induce me by promise or threat to forget
My beautiful X. Y. Z.

For the mail didn't come, without bringing me
Epistle from X. Y. Z., [some
And at every letter the symptoms were better,
In the case of old Mr. Z.;
He admitted 'twas hasty, splenetic and testy,—
He invited me down from C.,
Kind old Mr. Z. BARRY BRAKE.

Apprentices.

THAT word is pretty much out of date now. There was a time when boys learned to be masons, carpenters, machinists, printers, merchants, sailors, and many other things by years of practice; but in this 'progressive' age they come at it, or think they do, by intuition.—Wordsworth's idea that '*the boy is the father of the man*,' is constructed to mean that the *boy knows more than the old man*.' A verdant gawky apprentice, as green as medow grass, will dictate to his 'boss' in three weeks, and 'strike' for higher wages, vainly thinking that he can earn as much as Mr. B., who has worked at the business longer than the apprentice has been out of his baby clothes. On the fourth week the apprentice is on a 'strike,' and struts about from morass to morass, like a familiar swamp bird with a nameless name, in search of worms and vermin. He was bound out for a series of years, and from the moment he breaks his word he is on the down-hill road to ruin.—Most young men's capital is their word, and their honesty, and when these are gone, they are gone, they are good for nothing. They *know* it and feel it, and the stigma oppresses them as much as guilt does the State Prison refugee. A mark as palpable as that of Cain is on them, and they are destined to be grovelling worms and vermin birds all their days.

Young men, take this advice: *Never break a contract*, and then, through your talents may be small and your life otherwise wayward, you will have one quality that the world will always respect. Wanting that quality, and one epithet will jump to the mouth whenever your name his uttered—'mean scamp.'

Receipts.

To Clean Kid Gloves of any Color.—Take white soap and make a very thick lather with a soft brush, such as gentlemen use in shaving, and put the glove upon the hand; cover it with the lather, and rub it off quickly with a clean flannel till it is dry. Repeat the process until the glove is clean, being careful that it is done so quickly as not to saturate the kid, and it will look as nice as new.

To Sew New and Stiff Cloth Easily.—Pass a cake of white soap a few times over it, and the needle will penetrate easily.

Paste that is Paste.—Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold add as much floor as will make it the consistency of cream; then strew into it as much powdered rosin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves; boil it to a consistence, stirring all the time. It will keep for a year, and when dry may be softened by water.

To remove Ink from Cotton or Linen. Dip the spotted part of the linen into melted tallow, wash out, and the spots will disappear and leave the linen as white and pure as before it was soiled.

WOMEN.—Night being come (when Pyrrhus lay with his army before Lacedæmon,) the Lacedæmonians determined in counsel to send the women over into Crete; but they unanimously opposed it; and one of them called Archidamice, took a sword, and entering the Senate with it in her hand, demanded of them, in the name of the rest—"What could make them entertain so ill an opinion of the women as to think they were so much in love with life, as to be able to outlive the loss of Sparta."

☞ Every second of time, throughout the busy hours of the day, and during the silence of night, an immortal soul is passing from time into eternity.

DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.—The following calculation, based on a text of Revelation, is curious:

Rev. 21: 16. "And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and breadth and height are equal."

"Twelve thousands furlongs—6,920,000 feet which being cubed, is 942,088,000,000,000,000, cubical feet: the half of which we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of Heaven, half of the balance for sts., and the remainder divided by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room 16 feet square and 16 feet high, will be 30,643,750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 900,000,000 of inhabitants, and a generation will last thirty three and half years; 2,700,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 yrs.; 2,700,000,000,000 persons. Then suppose there were 11,230 such worlds, equal to this number of inhabitants, and duration of years, then there would be a room 16 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 16 feet high, for each person, and yet there would be room."

SUPPORT YOUR COUNTRY PAPER.—We occasionally receive letters in which the writers express an intention to "stop" their country or village paper, and take one of our publications instead. We always regret to receive such intimations.—We think a man ought to support his own paper FIRST, and then if he can afford to take a paper published at a distance, let him do so, and we shall be happy to supply him with Life Illustrated. The country press, in our opinion, is the most import in its effect on the enlightenment of the nation. It conveys in three thousand rills, the intelligence of the age, from the various sources of intelligence, to nearly every home in the country. The country press ought to receive a cordial support. Every place should try to have its paper of such a character that the people could be justly proud of it. To this end, let them pay promptly, advertise liberally, recommend warmly, and in every way STAND BY THEIR EDITOR as long as they conscientiously can.—[*Life Illustrated.*

CASH AND CREDIT.—The Williamsburg Daily Times says—"If you would get rich, don't deal in pass books. Credit is the "tempter in a new shape." Buy dry goods on a trust, and you will purchase a thousand articles that cash would never have dreamed of. A dollar in the hand looks larger than ten dollars seen through the perspective of sixty days due bill. Cash is practical, while credit takes horribly to taste and romance. Let cash buy a dinner and you will have a beef steak flanked with onion. Send Credit to market, and he will return with eight pairs of woodcock and a peck of mushroons. Credit believes in double breasted pins and champagne suppers. Cash is more easily satisfied. Give him three meals a day, and he don't care much if two of them are made up of roasted potatoes and a little dirty salt. Cash is a good adviser, while credit is a good fellow to be on visiting terms with. If you want double chins and contentment, do business with Cash. A special edict with a vermillion tail."

DANGERS OF A HIGH PILLOW.—It is often a question among people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man whether lying with the head exalted, or even with the body, be more wholesome. Most, consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body: therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body: and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus, to avoid danger.

☞ A little boy going to church on Sunday last remarked: 'Ma, there goes a woman with a hat on; and, oh see, mother, she's got boots on too!' 'Oh no, my son you are mistaken; it is only a *gentleman with a woman's shawl on*,' replied the mother.

THE HEART.—The book of all books is your heart, in which are written and engraved the deepest lessons of divine instruction. Learn, therefore, to be deeply attentive to the presence of God in your heart, who is always speaking, always illuminating that heart that is attentive to him.

ON a farm in Dunbarton, N. H., there are two trees that bear apples sweet one side, and sour upon the other. These apples represent a good many politicians—hard on one side, and soft on the other—pro-slavery at the South, and anti-slavery at the North.

☞ Cherish a love for justice, truth, self-control, and benevolence. Swerve not from the right for any present advantage. In all circumstances show yourself a man of unflinching rectitude.

BETTER to expose ourselves to ingratitude than fail in assisting the unfortunate.

THE JOURNAL.

PALMER, MASS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1855.

Horrors of the Eastern War.

Monarchies are ungrateful towards those who fight their battles and preserve their honor. This fact is strikingly illustrated in the Eastern war, where thousands upon thousands of brave Englishmen have already sacrificed themselves to sustain the glory of their country. If we may credit the accounts which are received from the Crimea, the English army is in a most deplorable condition, and the poor soldiers are undergoing hardships and privations unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare. It is reported that nearly one thousand die monthly, from diseases contracted by exposure in the trenches. Hundreds are forced to stand in the water, from nine to twelve hours in a day, and then sleep on the cold ground at night, with no covering but a scanty blanket, and no food but hard bread and uncooked meat. The officers have houses built for themselves, and seem to look with indifference upon the perishing soldiers.

The severity of a Russian Winter must cripple the Allies in the Crimea, and render them an easy prey to the Russian soldiers, who are inured to the climate. The French army is in a far better condition than the English. More humanity and less ingratitude, is shown by the French officers, who say that the English army is already an incumbrance to them. We subjoin a few extracts from letters sent home from the seat of war, relative to the distress and sufferings to which the soldiers are subjected :—

"Most of the patients lie on the ground, with one, or at most, two blankets and a coverlid—they, of course, keep all their clothes on. We think ourselves fortunate if we get fresh meat for them three days running.—They have no tea, arrow-root, or any other little thing thought indispensable in a London hospital. To-day, for a great treat, we managed to make some oatmeal porridge for them."

A soldier of the 93d Highlanders, writes to his wife,—

"Last night I was on picket, and had to sit till 3 o'clock A. M., half way up to the knees in mud, and wet to the skin with the heavy rain. We were forced to sit, as the ground was so dirty that we could not walk about. In wet weather the men are very little better in their tents. I don't know what we are to do when the Winter comes on.—We are bad now, but we shall be worse then. But I hope in God we shall be out of this place soon!"

A son writes to his father,—

"Many of our poor fellows have hardly a shoe to their feet, or clothes to their backs, and yet are obliged to do the most arduous duty, although so diminished in numbers; in fact, the three troops in camp would hardly make one of the strength we came out."

Imagine the fact that the men in the trenches have no other food than dry biscuit, raw port and ur burned coffee, and that hundreds of them are now in the Scutari hospital-barracks here, with feet mortified from long and continued exposure to the wet of the trenches. After weeks of wet, with no change, and without the means of drying their shoes or boots, the men give up in utter depair, from utter inability any longer to stand on their feet, and lie down to die, while their comrades, in pulling off their soaked boots, pull off their toes in them!

The Turks in Constantinople ask with consternation in their countenances, How is all this to end? They seem to think already that their own days are numbered, and that neither French, English, nor Russians, will ever leave this country again.

At Balaklava there is everything; in the camp, nothing, or but little, and that little has constantly to be fetched by sending men just out of the trenches, twelve miles, through nine inches deep of mud and mire, and keeping them standing or sitting in it for hours, until they can get what is to be given to them. The only bed for weeks, in the hospitals in camp, was an inch and a half of mud!

A brave dragoon, who lost his leg in battle, writes to his brother that he had been taken on board a steamer, where he lay between decks for ten days, with no assistance, the rain coming through the deck above, and completely saturating him. The annexed presents a fearful picture :—

"In the last week of November, and first of December, cholera made most fearful ravages among our already thinned ranks. My Varna experience of sickness became as nothing when compared with the awful scenes which took place. I wandered over blood-red battle fields with almost perfect indifference, feeling intoxicated as it were, thinking of the glorious victories we had won, but when mortal disease was hourly laying hold of my comrades on every side—when almost constantly, day and night, men were borne, yelling with agony, to the hospitals, and in a few hours their bodies thrust into holes, a dozen at a time, I sometimes felt my heart sink within me, at the dismal prospect around me."

A "GOOD TIME."—Senator Wilson and his friends had a "gathering" at Natick, on Monday evening, at which time Wilson took occasion to deny in the most explicit terms, in thought, word, or deed, any arrangement or understanding, either with himself or his friends on the one hand, and Mr. Gardner or his friends on the other hand, that the one should be Governor and the other Senator.—Among those present was our friend, Pillsbury, Senator from this County. He is a Wilson man, sure!

RE-ELECTED.—Wm. H. Seward has been re-elected U. S. Senator, by the New York Legislature, for the term of six years. Seward is an anti-Know Nothing, and though an able statesman, we cannot but regret his re-election.

Legislative Correspondence.

CAPITOL HILL, BOSTON,
February 5th, 1855.

Dear Journal:—Last week I intended to have given you some account of the doings of the Legislature, but I could not ascertain much that they accomplished, and what little they *did* do I suppose you have no desire to hear, viz:—Destroying once more the ever-glorious Union, by electing Gen. Wilson to the U. S. Senate. Did ever mortal witness such a tenacious old remnant as is that same identical Union? And yet some pretend to talk about saving it, even now, after this ninety-ninth time it has suffered total annihilation. The wheels of legislation are moving onward. Several enactments have *already* been sanctioned by the Governor.—But, as an apology for this *haste*, it may be proper to state that *necessity* controlled the matter, so that this venerable old mother can now boast another offspring, already christened PROGRESS, to accompany her *old boy, Invention*, along the rugged paths of life. The Constitutional Amendments have been debated with much warmth, particularly in the Senate, and passed one reading. The section concerning Clerks of Courts being chosen by the people, met with firm opposition, but finally passed with seven opposition.—The article relating to apportioning the State, or rather the Counties into representative districts, so that the House shall consist of only three hundred Representatives, will be opposed strongly in that body, and I think may be defeated. The several Committees are all complaining of the unusual amount of business on their hands. The insurance petitions are all laid upon the shelf for the present, until it is decided whether or not a *general law* shall be enacted, of which I think there is much doubt.

A committee has been raised on petitions, for the abolition of capital punishment, consisting of two from the Senate, and five from the House. Only one of each, I understand, is favorable to the petitioners; so t[illegible] if one is made, will probably be in the halter. It is frequently remark[illegible] (though I doubt not unjustly) that the Legislature is composed of so many clergymen, this Christ-like method of neck-breaking a poor, trembling sinner, will meet a hearty response; but the subject is to undergo investigation, and I trust will be moved forward a little at least, from the slough of the dark ages, where it took its origin. Petitions are flowing in for the removal of Judge Loring from the office of Judge of Probate, and I doubt not the Northern dough-face, who voluntarily removed the fugitive, Burns, from liberty into slavery, will be himself removed from the bench to the *dunce's* block, where he belongs. Another movement has been made in the Legislature, to suppress all bank-notes of a less denomination than five dollars. Alas! if this should succeed! for it would be a final adieu to the *rags* in *my* wallet.

But a word respecting some of the leading geniuses of the Senate. I have already informed you that the President, Mr. Benchley, is a prompt, gentlemanly presiding officer.—He is a practical mechanic, and whatever specimens of handy-work he may have exhibited in former times, he certainly understands the manufacture of *statutes*. Directly on his left sits the Senator from Berkshire, Mr. Palmer, of Great Barrington. He is a lawyer by profession, a man of sound sense, though his speaking talent is not of the brilliant order. He enters into the various subjects like a man of work, and in any exigency, he goes right about working out a happy delivery. If he fails, he is still as complacent as a Summer's morn. His services are invaluable in that body.

His colleague, Mr. Richmond, of North Adams, is a much younger man, more impulsive, can make a good speech, but cannot think harder, or see farther into the *pitch dark* than he. He is chairman of the judiciary, a responsible situation,—one that demands much of his time, and the full exercise of his talents, which are of no inferior order. He stands high amongst those who stand the highest. I remain your

CHEIGH ENNE.

THE Greenfield Republic is the first to interpret the signature to our Boston correspondence, Here is the explanation :—

"An ingenious chap does up letters from Boston, for the Palmer Journal. His signature is what, when pronounced, makes 'K. N.,' but the rogue elaborates it into 'cheighenne.' This is another illustration of the wonderful flexibility of English orthography. If brother Phunse don't phteich him how to spell better than phthaphth, he must give an accompt of himself. Baghd spœllers should be diskaughdid."

TAKEN IN.—Jonathan Nelson, a resident of Penobscot County, Me., was met on Saturday afternoon by sharpers, at the foot of Warren street, N. Y., where he was about purchasing a ticket to go to California in the George Law, and induced to place confidence in a fellow, who afterwards robbed him of his watch, and all the money he possessed. One of the sharpers was arrested, but Mr. Nelson had not got back his funds.

R. R. ACCIDENT.—The accommodation train for Boston, Tuesday morning, met with an accident at Warren. A rail broke, and one car ran off the track. The passengers were frightened, and a lady and gentleman jumped off, the gentleman breaking a leg, and the lady receiving an ugly cut on the back of the head.

ENTERPRISE.—The Springfield Daily Republican came out in a new dress, and with a double sheet, on Saturday. On other days it prints a smaller paper, and in our opinion, not so good a one as it has done.

Gen. Wilson.

The North Adams Transcript attributes the election of Henry Wilson to the opposition of the Springfield Republican, and intimates that the Republican was hired to oppose him, on the ground that everything which that paper goes against is bound to succeed!

The Greenfield Republic talks as follows:

"Mr. Wilson is a worthy and deserving man. He is a self-made man. In point of ability he will equal or excel a majority of the body to which he is elected, and no man is more industrious, and few have more sagacity and forecast. The honor of Massachusetts will be safe in the hands of Henry Wilson and Charles Sumner.

"The Whig leaders must feel particularly chagrined at the election of Gen. Wilson.—Refusing to form the Republican party for fear of having to give a sheriffship or registership or two to the Free Soilers, expecting to keep everything in their own party, they have lost everything, and the man they hated most, is elevated to a highly important post. Had they come into the fusion movement, the Whigs, being the most numerous, could and would have filled the place with a man from their ranks; but now, alas! Mordeci is exalted and Haman hanged. Justice does contrive to reign oftener than men would allow it, and it sometimes gets the upper-hand in a most unexpected hour and manner. Nevertheless, they who are disappointed must be expected to make a prodigious outcry, and defame those to whom well-merited retribution has conferred the honors they coveted."

Cold Weather.

We had another "spell of weather," the fore part of this week, and a very cold spell it was, too. On Tuesday, the mercury went down from six to ten degrees below zero, and stayed there all day. In many places it had not been so cold for twenty years. At the Cambridge observatory it was colder than it had been for fifteen years, the thermometer indicating fifteen degrees below zero during the whole day.

At Toronto, Canada, a person was frozen [illegible]

[illegible] Montreal reported 22 degrees below zero, Quebec 32, Ogdensburg 25, Bangor 15, Calais 10. In many places the mercury had not been so low for twenty years, ranging at numerous points from 20 to 40 degrees below zero.

In Palmer, the mercury went down to ten degrees below zero on Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning it stood at twelve degrees. In Ware, it went down to fifteen degrees, and at Barre, 22 degrees. Indeed, it *was* cold; the air cut like a razor. It embraced those who ventured out with an Arctic frigidity—it pricked their ears, tingled their cheeks, pinched their noses, stiffened their under-lips, frosted their beard, crept under their waistcoats, benumbed their fingers, and froze their toes. It was the "coldest snap" of the season, and we shall not, probably, experience its equal during the rest of the Winter.

A BUNDLE OF ACCIDENTS.—Patrick Hannegan, employed in a hatchet factory in So. Hingham, a few days since was caught in the machinery, and injured so seriously that he died shortly after.——Herbert D. Ward, conductor on the Boston and Providence R. R., has just broken the knee-cap of his leg for the *third* time.——Geo. Frost, the fireman on the Western Railroad, injured at Westfield, last week, died on Saturday.——Mr. Moses Johnson, while riding across the track of the Boston and Maine Railroad, in Bradford, was run into by a train of cars, and almost instantly killed. He was about sixty years of age.

SAD SKATING ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon, while a party were skating on the Schuylkill, above Fairmount, the ice gave way, and Mr. Earle S. Shinn, a druggist of Philadelphia, and his wife's sister, Miss Russell, fell through, and were drowned. Mr. Shinn was skating, and pushing Miss Russell on a sled. The bodies were recovered.

☞ The husbands in St. Louis are models. The St. Louis papers are complaining that married men sit in church with their arms most tenderly around their wives, and suggest that 'it distracts the attention of the lookers on from the preacher.' Fare to St. Louis, $18,00. State Line Railroad in excellent order. Put on your bonnets, girls!—[*Albany Knickerbocker.*

NO SHAVING ON SUNDAY.—The barbers in New York shut up shop last Sunday, to the no small discomfiture of those who were ashamed to go to church with the covering on their faces which nature had provided them with.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE IN WARE.—Wm. S. Brakenridge and B. F. Goff, have been appointed Justices of the Peace by Governor Gardner.

☞ We are indebted to Hon. Charles Stearns for a copy of the Compendium of the U. S. Census of 1850.

☞ There is a secret organization of professional paupers in New York.

A QUEEN BAREFOOT.—Queen Pomare of the Society islands expresses her intention to appear in Paris at the great exhibition, barefoot! She is willing to conform to European costume in other respects, but considers the use of shoes and stockings a barbarism not to be tolerated by a woman who respects herself.

WORSE THAN A BRUTE.—A rumseller in Jersey City, on Thursday last, having sold liquor to a poor man who was unable to pay for it, actually *took the man's shoes from his feet*, and sent him into the streets to go home through the snow and cold without them.—Such wretches as this rumseller should be scorned and despised by all decent and respectable men.

A Chapter of Fires.

The Boot and Shoe Manufactory of Mr. Charles Fales, in Brookfield, was discovered on fire in the attic story about 9 o'clock last Saturday evening, and burnt to the ground in a short time. Cause unknown. Insurance on the stock, $1,000; on the building, $500. The fire engine, which is voted to be purchased, would have saved the building from destruction.

The wadding and batting factory of Messrs. Dean, Walker & Son was entirely consumed, with its contents, one morning last week.—Loss, $5,000; no insurance. This is the second time within six months that the Messrs. Walker's have been burned out, and the fourth fire that has occurred in Medway within a few weeks.

Sweet, Chapin & Co's satinet mills at Tivoli Hollow, Albany, were consumed with all their contents on Monday morning, throwing 80 operatives out of employment, and involving a heavy loss to the owners and conductors. Sweet & Chapin had $12,000 insurance ($5,000 at the Ætna office, Hartford,) and Stephen Van Rensselaer who owned the buildings $4,500. N. A. Spaulding's machine shop and cabinet manufactory, at Hudson, N. Y., were destroyed, on Monday night.

A despatch from Selma, Ala., dated Jan. 26, says: This morning we learn that Gainesville, in Sumpter county, on the Bighee, was on Tuesday nearly destroyed by fire. Half the town, says the despatch, is in ashes, among them warehouses containing 2500 bales of cotton. The loss is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars.

During the past month, nearly forty fires occurred in the United States, where the loss exceeded $10,000. The total loss reached $1,055,000. Eight lives were lost by the above fires. Of the fires, two occurred in Massachusetts. One was the burning of the Cotton factory at Dorchester; loss $125,000; the other at Boston, building in Harverhill street, loss $12,000.

The Peoria railroad bridge over the Juniata, near Lewiston, Pa., was destroyed by fire [illegible]

Micajah Griffin's new House at Salisbury, N. C., was consumed, on the 26th; a little girl of 7 years was horribly burned and had her leg broken, resulting in death; a son of Mr. Griffin broke his right arm in leaping out of the 2d story and had his face and hands burned, and another young man in the house was awfully burned. Mrs. Mary Belden was burned to death with part of her residence 128 Varick street, New York, on Saturday night.—Messrs Richardson's rope-walk and buildings attached in Brooklyn, N. Y., were consumed by an incendiary fire on Sunday, involving a loss of $25,000, of which but $6000 is covered by insurance.

TELEGRAPH TO THE PACIFIC.—The U. S. House of Representatives has passed a bill which empowers Hiram O. Alden, and James Eddy, their associates and assigns, "to construct, at their own expense, a line of telegraph from such point on the Mississippi or Missouri river as they may hereafter select, through the public lands belonging to the United States, over which lands the right of way, two hundred feet in width, for that purpose is hereby granted, to San Francisco, in California, in as a direct a line as practicable."

VIRGINIA GOLD MINES.—The *Petersburg Intelligence* gives a list embracing fifteen of the most important gold mines of the State, the aggregate value of which is estimated at $1,700,000. Of these, five are not worked for want of capital, and four, valued at $785,000, are owned by English companies.

☞ Fears are entertained that the French spoliation bill will after all be lost in the Senate. It is understood that President Pierce has expressed a desire for its defeat, as he does not wish to take the responsibility of a veto and yet is opposed to its success. P. S. It has passed Senate.

☞ Some of the interesting ruins of Guirigui in Central America, visited and described by the American traveller, Stephens, have been transported to England to be placed in the British Museum, as specimens of aboriginal American art. The works are said to exhibit but little artistic taste.

DISMISSED.—Col. Butler, of Lowell, has been discharged from his command by Gov. Gardner, on complaint of Gen. Edmunds, for disobedience of orders in refusing to disband an Irish company when ordered. Gov. Gardner is not to be overawed by such bullies as Col. Butler.

DISCHARGED.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* states that the women who were arrested for attacking a liquor shop and destroying the liquor, at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, have been discharged. The men who stood and looked on, were arraigned, only.

☞ The *Dover Gazette* says a farmer in that neighborhood suspecting that some one milked one of his cows in the night, kept watch and detected two hogs in the act of sucking her.

☞ Maryland has the heaviest debt in proportion to its population, of any State in the Union. It exceeds fifteen millions in a population of five hundred and eighty-two thousand, bond and free.

☞ A drunken vagrant named Mary Ann Stewart, residing in the workhouse at New Orleans, recently became heir to about seven thousand dollars, which had been left her by her grandmother in England.

REGISTER OF PROBATE.—Andrew J. Waterman, Esq., of Williamstown, has received the appointment from the Governor and Council, of Register of Probate for Berkshire county, in place H. W. Taft, removed.

THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—The *London Times* speaks in the most gloomy terms of the state of the army in the Crimea. It says that at the begining of January it could muster only 14,000 bayonets, the artillery and engineers had been reduced in the same proportion, and the cavalry no longer existed as a force. The deaths amounted to 60 a day, and the number disabled by fatigue and sickness to 1000 a week. This ratio the *Times* thinks will rapidly increase. It is computed that out of 14,000 men nominally fit for service, only 2000 are in good health.

DIVORCE.—There was a public meeting in Boston, Monday night, of those desiring a larger liberty of divorce. Fifty or sixty free love spiritualists and ill-mated husbands were in attendance; and there was a great deal of meaningless talk but no action, save the appointment of a committee, at the head of which was placed Samuel E. Sewall,—a respectable gentleman, who does not appear to have been present.

A PLACE TO LIVE IN.—There are now living in the town of Warwick, containing a little more than 1000 inhabitants, upwards of fifty individuals who are upwards of 70 years of age, some five of them are upwards of 80. This has been the average number of persons of this age in this place, for 30 years. The former postmaster, who died a year or two since, held that office longer than any other one in the United States, being upwards of fifty years; yet he never changed his politics, all parties in the place being satisfied with his services.

COAL IN MEXICO.—Santa Anna has granted to a company of gentlemen a privilege to work coal mines in Mexico. The coal beds which the company intended to work lie between the ports of Acapulco and Manzanillo, and within a few leagues of the coast.—Should they succeed in carrying out their views, and in finding coal in the abundance which appearances indicate, they will, owing to [illegible] cheapness of labor in Mexico [illegible]

just as they had taken their distance and awaited the signal to fire, one of them took to his heels and ran for his life. He might have saved both life and honor by stopping, for the seconds had discreetly loaded the pistols with powder only.

TO BE PITIED.—In Hartford, lately, at the door of a citizen, a very little boy begged piteously for something to eat, and in a mournful tone of voice, said "his parents were dead, and father couldn't get any work, and mother was very sick indeed."

A SCAMP.—A man named Wm. H. Holbrook, alias J. H. Holbrook, is under arrest in New York, charged with extensive swindling in procuring the insertion of advertisements all over the country of a so-called American Artists' Union, no such society having any existence. He is understood to have "taken in" about four hundred country newspapers.

FELL DEAD.—Rev. John Moore dropped dead in the street at Concord, N. H., Monday, probably from disease of the heart. He was recently nominated by the Americans for Governor, but was withdrawn on account of ineligibility.

MUTINY AT SEA.—Capt. Cundy of British ship Benevice, which sailed from Shanghai in July, 1852, for Sidney, was massacred by the crew, who also killed his wife, his waiter, a French passenger and several others. The wretches run the vessel to Togal and set fire to her, but were caught; four of them were executed, and five banished for twenty years. They were shipped at Singapore.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—Henry Wilson, a fireman injured by being run over at the fire at Fort Washington, N. Y., which burnt the house of Mr. Haven and his three daughters, has since died of his injuries, making four victims to that sad calamity.

OH, MY!—A few days since a lady on Jamacia Pond, who is very expert on skates, offered the privilege of a kiss to any one who could catch her. The offer was made rather louder than she intended, for when she darted off, dozens started in pursuit, and she was captured by a negro, who did not insist upon the forfeit.

TERRIBLE FALL.—An Irishman named Patrick McGuire, a few days ago, fell in a shaft at the Portage tunnel, Hollidaysburg, Pa., to the bottom, a distance of *one hundred and eighty-five feet*; a long fall, crushing him to jelly.

DEATH OF DON FELIPE MOLINA.—M. Molina, who died in Washington on the 1st inst. was the Minister to the United States Government from Costa Rica, Guatemala, and San Salvador. He was shrived by the priest, and died in the sanctity of the Holy Catholic Church.

☞ Governor Gardner's inaugural address has been adopted as a text-book by the New Hampshire Know Nothings, who have printed and circulated 100,000 copies of it to affect the pending election in that State.

OUR PAPER.—For the past few months the Journal has been printed on very ordinary paper, but as soon as the lot we have on hand is used up, we shall furnish a better quality. Not more than one paper more will be printed on paper such as we now use.

THOSE CONVICTS.—The Belgian consul in New York has taken in hand the case of the Belgians landed from the ship Rochambeau, and now in the city prison. He signifies to Mayor Wood his intention to find employment for them. Mayor Wood replies that he will release them on the consul's giving bonds that they shall not become a public charge.

Religious Intelligence.

The Congregationalist, in an article upon "Church Architecture," says, that the vestry or chapel of the church should not be placed in the basement, that the audience room of the church should be in shape the proportion of 7 by 9 by 3—with a narrow arch overhead; that the pews should be circular, without doors; that the floor of the organ should be on a level with the tops of the pews that the singers should occupy the rear pews of the church, immediately in front of the organ; that the pulpit should be high enough to command every eye in every seat above and below, and no higher, and that its floor should be level, without steps, platforms or crickets to stumble over, &c., &c.

Rev. Lemuel Porter of Pittsfield, writes to the *Watchman* that a man has been fleecing Baptist ministers out of money, by representing that he has lost his pocket book. His name is said to be Clark, and he has imposed upon ministers in New Hampshire, Connecticut, Vermont and Massachusetts, and has probably obtained a considerable sum in this way.

The American Tract Society publishes in the January Messenger, an abstract of their proceedings, and gives the following result of their twenty-nine years' operations: Books published, 9,463,375; tracts, 138,764, 824; periodicals, 24,102,600. Making, 212,330,000 publications—of which 682,933,000 pages have been given away.

The Metropolitan reckons the present number of Roman Catholics in the Sandwich Islands at more that 20,000. In the Archipelago there are 15 priests and 152 congregations. There is a cathedral at Honolulu 167 feet long by 50 wide. As usual, the Roman Catholics boast that Protestantism is declining in these Islands.

The *Christian Freeman*, in an editorial, has the following language:

"I am a Progressionist, an eternal Progres- [illegible] that and ever renewing food for happiness, that pure and rational enjoyment shall never become stale, or decay, or perish."

Recent advices from China strengthen the apprehension for some time felt, that the tendencies of the insurrection are any thing but good; wild and deplorable anarchy reigns among the insurgents, and they seem indisposed to further friendly relations with foreigners; it is stated that all the missionaries in China, connected with the Methodist Episcopal church, will probably withdraw from the empire by the close of the present year.

A missionary writing from Asia Minor, says, that "the consciences of women where they have any, are completely in the hands of the priest," whatever he tells them they believe, and they believe nothing but what he tells them; they believe not their children, their fathers, nor their husbands, unless what is told them be endorsed by the priest, and they can sin with impunity, if the priest give them absolution.

The Baptists have ninety-six churches in New Hampshire, and fifty-seven ordained ministers; their contributions to all benevolent object are stated to be $1,945,98.

"The Church Missionary Society" of England has an annual income of half a million of dollars; 290 European mission agents exclusive of their wives, besides 1000 native born catechists; these are spread all over the heathen world; communicants, 16,000; scholars 50,000.

The Methodists in Baltimore have forty churches and chapels; thirty-one effective itinerant preachers, and between sixty and seventy local preachers, and to crown all, they have a Bishop, Dr. Waugh, and two Presiding Elders.

It is stated that the number of missionaries laboring throughout the world is about 3,612. These, if equally distributed, would allow but one missionary for about 167,000 souls.

The Swedish Government have commenced an outrageous persecution against the Baptists, ordering the gendarmes to seize infants of parents who do not believe in infant baptism, and carry them away to be baptized.

SINGULAR.—The Columbia (Va.) Times learns by telegraph from Charlotte, that the Rev. Cyrus Johnson, D. D., of that town, died suddenly of apoplexy, on Thursday, while on his way to Fort Mills, for the purpose of marrying a gentleman and lady. He was the second clergyman who had been engaged to perform the ceremony. The Rev. A. S. Watts, who had been engaged for the same purpose, died on the day appointed for the wedding.

ACQUITTED.—Booth and Rycroft, convicted at Milwaukie, Wis., and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, for aiding in the escape of slaves, were taken before the supreme court on a writ of habeas corpus, and the previous decision has been reversed by that court and their release ordered, on the ground that the indictment was illegal.

☞ A dispatch from Mobile, 16th inst., says the slave population of that city are raising contributions for the "poor whites of New York, and other eastern cities."

☞ President Pierce received two complimentary tickets to the ball of the Washington Highlanders, for the relief of the poor, and returned his acknowledgments with a check for $50.

☞ Hon. John S. Wells, of Exeter, has been appointed U. S. Senator from N. H., for the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Norris.

LOCAL MATTERS.

FACTS RELATING TO THE PALMER HIGH SCHOOL—No. 2.—The average age of the pupils attending the school through the year, is as follows: 1st term—13 years—3 months; 2d term—13 years—9 months; 3d term—14 years; 4th term—15 years—4 months.

The number of visitors representing families connected with the school, has been as follows, aside from Examination:—1st term 4, 2nd term 2, 3d term 9, 4th term 3. Only five parents of children connected with the school, have visited it during term time, and comparatively few have been present at the Examinations.

The first Examination was attended by 8 persons besides the Committee—three of them parents; the second was attended during part of the day by over a hundred—quite a large number of them parents. Not over 12 attended the third Examination.

Until the present term, no father has entered the school-room, except at the close of the term, to examine for himself the progress of his children, with a single exception. The number of visitors was greater in the Fall term, than in any other.

A few inferences may be readily drawn from the above facts:—

First, The average age of the pupils is too low to enable the school to acquire a high character for scholarship. Pupils are taken from school too soon, and allowed to enter it too early.

Second, The interest of parents is not manifested sufficiently, by visiting the school.—They form their opinions by something besides personal observation. It is presumed no parents send children to school who are not better qualified to judge of the instruction and discipline received, than the children themselves. And nothing is more cheering to a teacher, than to have his *daily* [illegible] by those in whose employ he [illegible] much larger [illegible] ed hitherto. If 85 scholars have been furnished, and these mainly from three Districts, neither of which sent, by any means, the whole number which might have been furnished, surely, with proper interest on the part of the parents, and a simultaneous movement for the advancement of the common schools, a school averaging forty through the entire year, might be maintained, with a regular three years' course of study, and a class system, which would accomplish far more than the present desultory way of studying what each may fancy.

REV. WALTER CLARK'S LECTURE.—The first lecture before the "Palmer Literary Association," was delivered last Monday evening, by Rev. Walter Clark, of Hartford.—His subject was "Thought," which he treated in a logical and eloquent manner, often interrupted by applause. There was talent, labor, beautiful figures, instructive ideas, vivid comparisons, and happy illustrations, mingled harmoniously in every part of the lecture. The church was full, some three hundred being present, and had it not been for the freezing coldness of the room, the interest which all seemed to manifest in the lecture, would have been greatly increased.—Care will be taken that the room be well warmed at all future lectures.

EASTERN HAMPDEN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this association will be held at the Nassowanno House, on Monday afternoon next.—We trust that the farmers of Eastern Hampden will not forget to be present. It is desirable that every town should be represented.

SNOW.—A regular February snow-storm set in on Thursday, and continued in "full blast" at the time of writing this, (Friday) making good the prospect for "six weeks' sledding in March."

COMMISSIONER OF INSOLVENCY.—J. G. Allen Esq., of this village, has been appointed Commissioner of Insolvency for Hampden County.

THE SECOND LECTURE.—Hon. Horace Greeley will lecture before the Palmer Literary Association, at the Cong. Church, next Tuesday evening, commencing at 6 1-2 o'clock. Subject,—"Reforms and Reformers."

AN EARTHQUAKE.—The people of Indian Orchard and Jencksville, were startled by an earthquake, one morning the first of the present week. Houses shook, dishes rattled, and the ground opened in wide cracks in numerous places. It was undoubtedly caused by the cold weather.

THE NEW TARIFF.—New England manufacturers who have examined the proposed new tariff, are satisfied with it, with two exceptions; they would have the duty on wools reduced from 8 to 4 per cent. and the duty on cotton fabric 24 instead of 20 per cent.

SAD AFFAIR.—Recently at Burlington, Iowa, a little girl 9 years old, a sister 6, and a brother 4, went on the Mississippi to slide; the little boy fell into a hole in the ice, and the two little sisters trying to get him out, they were all drowned.

☞ The Know Nothings in Texas appear to have been very successful in electing their candidates at the recent municipal elections. At Austin, San Antonio, Houston, Victoria and Lavaca they carried everything.

MORE RUM.—A letter from Marseilles says that orders have been sent to this country for 16,000 puncheons of rum, which at the present prices, nets sixty cents a gallon there.

OUR NEIGHBORS.—The voters of Warren, last Saturday, unanimously negatived a proposition to erect a town hall at an expense of $4,000, but at the same, with equal unanimity, decided to raise $6,000 for the purpose.—The town can well afford this outlay, for with a population of nearly 2000, there is not a pauper in the place, or any family in destitute circumstances.

☞ In view of the great revival of religion now progressing at Harrisburg, Pa., the *Philadelphia Argus* indulges a hope that it may even extend to the Pennsylvania Legislature, now in session at that place, in which hope he says he is greatly encouraged, inasmuch as a revival has sprung up in the Maryland Penitentiary.

DEPRESSION IN WOOLEN MANUFACTURES.—A large number of woolen mills, all over the country, have either stopped running entirely, or are in operation only a part of the time. Quite a number of woolen mills have recently been burned, and the proprietors of many others have failed. It is sad times for woolen manufacturers.

FATAL OCCURRENCE.—J. U. Wood of Holland was thrown from his loaded wagon, while riding over a rough road in Westfield, a few days since, having his collar bone broken, and receiving other serious injuries, which resulted in his death on Monday morning of this week. He was forty-six years of age.

CHURCH ROBBED.—The Roman Catholic Church in Forty-second street, Philadelphia, was entered on Saturday night by robbers, who took the contribution boxes, some silver plate, a gold cross, and a vessel of holy water, valued altogether at $800.

☞ J. N. Tucker, formerly editor of a Brooklyn paper, who was recently found guilty of the murder of his child, will be [illegible]

Medicated Inhalation—A New Method!! A most wonderful discovery has recently been made by Dr. CURTIS for the cure of Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and all Lung Complaints, by Medicated Inhalation. Dr. CURTIS' HYGEANA, or INHALING HYGEAN VAPOR and CHERRY SYRUP, has accomplished the wonderful cures of Asthma and Consumption in this city the past month ever known to man. [See certificates in hands agents.] The Inhaler is worn on the breast under the linen, without the least inconvenience the heat of the body being sufficient to evaporate the fluid, supplying the lungs constantly with a healing and agreeable vapor, passing into all the air cells that can be reached in no other way. The following truly wonderful cases of cures, very recently effected by the Hygeana, in Brooklyn and New York, ought to satisfy every candid mind:

ASTHMA CURED!—Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1853. For about 8 years I have been very severely afflicted with the Asthma; for the last 2 years I have suffered beyond all my powers of description; months at a time I have not been able to sleep in a bed, getting what rest I could sitting in my chair My difficulty of breathing and my sufferings were so great at times, that for hours together my friends expected each hour would be my last. During the past six years, I have had the aid and attendance of some of the most celebrated physicians, but have received no permanent benefit and but little relief. I at length had the good fortune to procure Dr. Curtis' Hygeana, or Inhaling Hygean Vapor and Cherry Syrup. At the time I first obtained it, I was suffering under one of my most violent attacks, and was in great distress, almost suffocating for want of breath. In less than ten minutes from the time I applied the inhaler to my stomach, and took a teaspoon full of the Cherry Syrup, I was relieved in a great measure from the difficulty of breathing, and had a comfortable night. I have since continued it with the greatest possible benefit, and am now comparatively well. God only knows the amount of suffering this medicine has relieved me from. My advice to the suffering is—TRY IT.

MARGARET EASTON.

CONSUMPTION CURED!—New York, Dec. 27, 1853. I came to N. Y in ship Telegraph; my native place is St. John, New Brunswick; when I reached this city my health was very poor; had a very bad cough, raised a good deal of matter, which was frequently mixed with blood; had pain in my left side, and was very weak and emaciated. My friends and physicians pronounced my case Consumption, and beyond the reach of medicine. I accidentally heard of Dr. Curtis' Hygeana, or Inhaling H[illegible] [illegible] the summer. I took the Cherry Syrup as directed, and continued to do so, my cough gradually growing better, until it entirely left me, and I now consider myself cured. I still wear the Inhaler, as the use of it is rather pleasant, and believing it strengthening and purifying to the lungs, I feel unwilling at present to dispense with it JOHN WOOD.

☞ Sold by Boyd & Paul, No. 40 Courtland st.; C. H. Ring, corner of John st. and Broadway; Mrs. Hayes, No. 175, Fulton st., Brooklyn. ☞ Price $3 a package.

N. B. Any person enclosing $3 to Boyd & Paul or Curtis & Perkins, New York, will receive a package containing a bottle of Hygean Vapor, one of Cherry Syrup, and an Inhaler, in a neat box, by express, free to any part of the United States, or four packages for $10.

Dr. Wm Holbrook, Agent for Palmer.

July 22nd, 1854. 1y13

REPRESENTATIVES [illegible] of whom board at home. The Speaker lives at Lowell, and preaches twice every Sabbath.

INJURIOUS TO HEALTH.—Saleratus is very injurious to health. Dr. Talcott estimates that 100,000 children die annually in the U. States, from the use of saleratus in bread, puddings &c. Think of this, parents!

VALENTINE'S DAY.—Next Wednesday will be Valentine's day—a day on which geese will choose their mates, and foolish young people send silly billets to each other.

SPORT.—Two thousand ladies and gentlemen were skating on Jamaica pond, near Boston, last Saturday.

GIFT ENTERPRISES.—A move has recently been made in the Legislature to check the new lotteries called "gift enterprises."

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—Last week, a lady with an infant in her arms, and a little boy by her side, took her seat in the cars at Elmira, and paid the fare to Canandaigua. As the train approached the latter place, the conductor discovered she was weeping, inquired the cause of her distress, but received no reply. Perceiving that the little boy was also weeping, he inquired again the cause of their trouble. Unable to speak, the lady could only point to her infant child—*dead in its mother's arms!*

ELOPEMENT—A gallant young carpenter in Worcester, eloped with a young lady whom he loved and who loved him, on Tuesday evening, because the old people would not consent to have the knot tied in handsome shape at home. The police were sent after the couple, but the marriage ceremony was performed before steps could be taken to prevent it.

ACCIDENT.—As the Friday afternoon freight train from Albany to Westfield, was crossing the Westfield river between Chester Village and Russell, the bridge gave way, precipitating two or three of the middle cars into the river. The cars that went down were smashed to atoms with their contents of flour.

FLOUR.—Flour holds still an extravagant price—$12 at retail—though the stock in the eastern markets is pretty large. Immense quantities are stated to be stored in and about Boston, including 2,300 barrels at the Fitchburg freight depots.

☞ William Thompson, who has been confined to his bed by rheumatism for fourteen years, during which time he has not been able to walk one step, nor even to sit up in his bed, was married on the 17th ult., to Miss Margaret Morris, of Smyth county, Va.

☞ A counterfeit article of buckwheat is said by the Western papers to be abroad. It is made from the seed of broom corn, and meets with a very extensive sale in Pittsburg, and in Northern Ohio, at four cents per pound.

KILLED HIMSELF BECAUSE HE LOST HIS MONEY.—Anson Dale, of Walpole, N. H., committed suicide a few days since by cutting his throat with a razor. The cause of his self-destruction is supposed to have been late pecuniary losses.

☞ The wife of Joseph S. Moulton, of Sandwich, N. H. in the 51st year of her age, gave birth to three children at one time, two sons and one daughter.

☞ One of the suspended banks in Cincinnati contained $500 of the savings of a newsboy aged 12 years.

BORN.

In this village, Feb. 6th, a son to O. H. Bidwell, P. M.

In this village, Feb. 5th, an heir to Charles Marsh.

At Ludlow, 5th, a son to Jackson Cady.

At Easthampton, 30th ult., a daughter to Levi Parsons.

At Warren, 31st ult., a son to Michael Keeley.

MARRIED.

At North Brookfield, 31st ult., Aaron Watson of Spencer, and Hannah Metcalf, daughter of Harvey Belcher.

In Springfield, 30th ult., by Rev. F. H. Newhall, Calvin F. Hale, and Mahala Tryon; 7th, by the same, Artemas C. Field of Sanburton, N. H., and Harriet E. Clough.

DIED.

In Norfolk, N. Y., Feb. 5th, Martha H., 24, wife of B. F. Fay of Monson. Her remains were taken to Stafford for interment.

In Union, Ct., Feb. 1st, Samuel Holt, 65, formerly of Palmer.

In Belchertown, Jan. 31st, Charlotte, 72, wife of Joab Bartlett.

In Amherst, Jan. 31st, Wm. H. Foster, 35, late of Bath, Me. His death was occasioned by cutting his knee about ten days before when chopping wood, and taking cold in it.

In Hadley, Jan. 26th, Cynthia, 6 years, 24 days, daughter of David and Cynthia Vinton.

In South Hadley, Jan. 5th, Theodore Morgan, 72.

In Granby, Jan. 20th, Dolly, 82, wife of Erastus Kentfield.

In Pelham, Jan. 27th, John Parmenter, 73.

At Brookfield, 5th, William Thompson, 37.

At Westfield, 25th ult., Phebe, 73, widow of Jared Bush; 26th ult., James Dewey, 45.

Administrator's Notice.

BY license of the Court of Probate for the County of Hampden, I shall sell at Public Auction, on the premises, in Brimfield, in said County, on Monday, the 26th day of February instant, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the homestead lately owned by Joseph Dunham Jr., deceased, being the homestead on which he lived at the time of his decease, and containing about one hundred and seventy acres of land, with buildings thereon.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale. JOSEPH RAMSDELL Jr.,

Administrator.

ALSO, I shall offer for sale at the above time and place, a small pasture, containing about two acres, more or less, near the above homestead, being the same owned by said Joseph Dunham Jr., at the time of his decease.

(2w42) J. RAMSDELL Jr.

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord, 1855, on the petition of Elmira P. Staunton, guardian of Herbert E. Staunton, Saul S. Staunton, M. Jennette Staunton, minor, heirs of Adam Staunton, late of Monson, in said Co., deceased, representing that it would be for the benefit of said wards that their rights or shares in certain real estate situated in Monson and Wales, in said County, being an undivided sixth part each of the homestead owned by said Adam Staunton at the time of his decease, subject to the right of dower of the widow of said deceased, should be sold, and the proceeds thereof put at interest, according to the provisions of law in that behalf.

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said guardian give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, 3 weeks successively previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same. OLIVER B. MORRIS,

Copy—Attest— Judge of Probate.

(42) CHAS. A WINCHESTER, Reg. Prob.

Assignee's Notice.

THE third meeting of the creditors [illegible] his Real [illegible] [illegible] claims.

A. R. MURDOCK, Assignee.

To the Honorable, the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas next to be holden in Springfield, within and for the County of Hampden, on the first Monday of October next.

HUMBLY shews Horace C. Smith of Palmer, in said County, that he is interested in and holds in common and undivided with one Edward A. Shaw, whose present place of real decade, is to your petitioner unknown, or other person or persons, whose place of residence are to your petitioner unknown, the lee of one undivided half of a tract of land, situated in said Palmer, containing about 26 acres, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake and stones the west side of the old road leading from the old Massachusetts Turnpike, a little west of Leonard Davis' house, across to the old Brimfield road, a few rods south westerly of the house formerly owned by Willis King, thence west 4°, south about ten rods, to a stake and stones, in the line of other lands belonging to your petitioner, thence south 1° on said line 74 rods, to a stake and stones, thence south 13°, west 74 rods to a stake and stones, being at a corner of other lands of your petitioner, thence south 45°, west 20 rods and 15 links, to a stake and stones on the north side of the road leading from the house of your petitioner, by the house of Samuel Fleming, thence on said road and the first mentioned road to first mentioned bound, and your petitioner is desirous of holding his said share of the land in severalty. Wherefore he prays your honors that notice may be issued in due form of law, and that you will cause partition to be made, and his aforesaid share thereof to be divided and set off to him, by metes and bounds, as in duty bound will ever pray. HORACE C. SMITH.

September 30th, 1854.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.

Court of Common Pleas. Oct. Term, 1854.

UPON the foregoing petition it is ordered that the petitioner give notice unto the said Edward A. Shaw, and to all other persons interested, to appear before this Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for the County of Hampden, on the second Monday of March next, by publishing an attested copy of the foregoing petition, and of this order thereon, three weeks successively, the last publication to be thirty days at least before said second Monday of March, that they may then and there show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. GEO. B. MORRIS, Clerk.

Copy—Attest— GEO. B. MORRIS,

(40) Clerk.

Agricultural Meeting.

THE Eastern Hampden Agricultural Society will hold its annual meeting for the choice of officers and the transaction of other business, at Nassowanno Hall, on Monday, February 12, at 2 o'clock p. m. Per Order.

WM HOLBROOK, Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN COUNTY SS. *Court of Common Pleas.* October Term, A. D., 1854.

Lucius H. Goff of Richford, in the County of Franklin, State of Vermont, Plaintiff, vs. Jonathan Goff of Palmer, in said County of Hampden, Defendant.

THIS is an action of contract to recover $200, as by the writ on file, dated the 27th day of July A. D. 1854 will appear. It now appearing to the Court, upon the suggestion of the Plaintiff's counsel, that the Defendant is not an Inhabitant of this Commonwealth, nor was resident therein at the time of the service of the writ in this case: And it further appearing, on the inspection of the Officer's return, that no service was made upon the said Defendant.

It is now Ordered by the Court here, that the Plaintiff give notice to the said Defendant of the pendency of this action, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the Palmer Journal, a public newspaper printed at Palmer in the county of Hampden and state of Massachusetts once a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next term of this Court, to be holden at Springfield, within and for the County of Hampden, aforesaid, on the 2d Monday of March next that he may then and there appear, and take upon himself the defense of this action, and that this action be continued to the next term of this Court as aforesaid, and so from term to term until notice shall be given to the said Defendant agreeably to this order.

GEO. B. MORRIS, *Clerk.*

A true Copy—Attest,

403w GEO. B. MORRIS, *Clerk.*

To the Boys.

You were made to be kind, and generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

You were made to learn. Be sure you learn something every day. When you go to bed at night, if you cannot think of something new which you have learned during the day, spring up and find a book, and get an idea before you sleep. If you were to stop eating, would not your bodies pine and famish? If you stop learning, your minds will pine and famish too. You all desire that your bodies should thrive and grow, until you become as tall and large as your fathers or mothers, or other people. You would not like to stop growing where you are now—at three feet high, or four feet, or even at five. But if you do not feed your minds as well as your bodies, they will stop growing; and one of the poorest, meanest, most despicable things I have ever seen in the world is a little mind in a great body.

Suppose there was a museum in your neighborhood, full of rare and splendid curiosities—should you not like to go and see it? Would you think it unkind if you were forbidden to visit it? The creation is a museum, all full and crowded with wonders, and beauties, and glories. One door, and one only, is open, by which you can enter this magnificent temple. It is the door of knowledge. The learned laborer, the learned peasant, or slave, are made welcome at this door, while the ignorant, though kings, are shut out. HORACE MANN.

Maxims for Young Men.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Have no very intimate friends.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character above all things else.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquor.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your own income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any kind of game.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before spending it.

Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Never think that which you do for religion is time and money misspent.

Read some portions of the Bible every day.—*Counsels of Life.*

QUEER MATRIMONIAL FREAK.—A letter from a citizen of Livingston county, Kentucky, to the *Danville Tribune*, relates the following bit of family history in that neighborhood:

"A widow lady took an orphan boy to raise, quite small, and when arrived at the age of eighteen she married him, she then being in her fiftieth year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. This Fall the old lady died, being ninety-six years of age, and in seven weeks after, the old man married the girl they had raised, he being sixty-eight years old, and she eighteen."

WOLVES.—When wolves cross a river, they follow one another directly in a line, the second holding the tail of the first in his mouth, the third that of the second, and so of the rest.

TEARS.—"There is a sacredness in tears; they are not a mark of weakness, but of power; they speak more volumes than ten thousand tongues; they are messengers of overwhelming grief—of deep contrition, or of unspeakable love."

☞ Handsome features alone are as incapable of expressing real beauty, as a speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

POETRY.

How to keep Warm in a Cold Night.

READER,—In Winter's storm, and thou in bed,
Hast ever said:—
Good gracious! I shall freeze
My knees,
My back, my toes,
My nose?
And then, in great distress by frost,
Hath tossed,
Like mighty Fusbos, who, of old,
Flounc'd off his clothes, and starv'd of cold?
Then let me tell thee how to warm
The chilling blood throughout thy form:—
If thou'rt a man, and sleep'st alone,
Then be it known,
That if thou'rt old,
And feel the cold,
Or even young and tender,
The way to render
A cold night comforting,
A hot sling
Is not the thing;
But rub thyself with cloth and crash—
Don't think it rash,
For I know
It is not so,
But gives a glow
From head to toe—
Then jump between cold linen sheets—
Thou'lt soon be 'customed to such feats—
Next roll thyself—in this there's a knack—
On one side and t'other, till snug thy back
Fits well the covering,
Like wings of hen o'er chickens hovering.
This, in most cases, keeps one warm,
From nine at night, till next day's dawn;
But, should a case occur, because
Thou'st gone to bed without thy drawers,
That thou art like to freeze,
For want of flannel 'bout thy knees,
Then take them in, although 'taint right,
To wear thy flannel drawers at night!

Oh! My Eyes!

JERUSHA, dear, it strange appears,
Believe me, for I never lies,
That what stirs up my bright IDEAS,
Is glances from thy bright, DEAR EYES.

Thy peepers, with their liquid rays,
That with my heart so raises—well,
When clothed with amiab-ELLE GAZE,
Resemble those of the GAZELLE.

Green specs I wear, of monstrous size,
To dim the brilliant lights that pass,
From out thy looking GLASS, IN GLASS
All which I see s through EYES-IN EYES!

Will Death e'er lowly lay thy head?
The thought brings forth a heap of sighs.
I think I should cry out, I'SE DEAD!
If I beheld thy dimmed, DEAD EYES!

Some doubts will in my mind arise—
Perhaps they may be all ideal,—
Tell me, so I can REALIZE
That yours are nothing but EYES REAL!

Persian Precept.

FORGIVE thy foes! nor that alone:
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who love thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay!

So does the fragrant sandal bow,
In meek forgiveness, to its doom,
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

A FAITHLESS GENERATION.—To obtain the services of a person who will prove faithful to your interests, in your absence, is exceedingly difficult. We have had some experience in this line ourself. In some instances, we have been fortunate in securing the services of faithful men; in others, we have been disappointed—For the man or boy, who will neglect his duties during his employer's absence, we have the most thorough contempt. We view him as little superior to a common robber, and in one sense he is more despicable, because he not only robs you, but proves himself unworthy the confidence you have reposed in him. The faithful, honest, trust-worthy boy or man, we highly esteem.—His services cannot well be estimated in dollars and cents. Such alone will always find employment, and when he once becomes known, and has established himself in the confidence of the parties with whom he is connected, he will be 'a made man.' *In serving his employer faithfully, he does the best possible thing to advance his own interests.* When will the negligent and the faithless appreciate this?—[*Merchants' Ledger.*

☞ "Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, whose chief demonstration was a strong handle.

☞ 'Father,' said a juvenile to his paternal guardian, who had the bad habit of alternating from piety to profanity, 'I do think you ought to stop praying or swearing—I don't care which.'

☞ If all the world's a stage and men and women merely players, where is the audience and orchestra to come from? That's a stunner.

☞ Labor in a school of benevolence as well as justice. Next unto virtue, let children be trained to industry.

☞ Soldiers, come what may, can never be at a loss for bread, as they always can fall back on the regimental roll.

☞ Fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face and make its decay invisible.

☞ Couriers sleep on horseback; a cabman will drive while sleeping, and the exhausted soldier may fall asleep and still march on.

"Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call the operation. If you are skinning me, it goes tolerable easy; but if you're shaving, it goes rather hard."

☞ The superfluities of professed Christians would send the Gospel to the whole world.

☞ Content is wealth of nature.

☞ A judge's duty is to snub the counsel on both sides, and bother the jury with a third method of looking at a case.

☞ Teeth, like verbs, are regular, irregular, and defective.

☞ The centre of gravity is the middle of a Quaker meeting.

☞ 'Please exchange,' as the printer said when he offered his heart to a young lady.

WHY is a philosopher like a person who has encountered a doctor? He's *met a physician.*

THE PALMER JOURNAL.

$1,50 a Year, or] A BUSINESS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING. [$1,25 in Advance.

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GORDEN M. FISK,
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OFFICE CORNER OF MAIN AND FURNACE STS.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.—One Dollar and a Half per annum. A discount of Twenty-five Cents to those who pay in *advance*. For six months, 66 Cents; for three months, 33 Cents. Single copies 3 Cents.

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☞ Communications of News &c. should always be accompanied with a responsible name.

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☞ The above rates are adopted by all weekly newspapers published in the five Western Counties of the State.

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JOB PRINTING

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Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

Agents for the Journal.

The following persons are authorized to act as Agents in receiving Subscriptions and giving receipts in our name:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Beacon Street Belle.

A Valentine Story.

BY H. A. GREENWOOD.

It was a clear, bright, sunshiny day, on the 14th of February, 1852, when a young Southerner, passing down Washington street, near the Old South Church, was accosted by a girl, apparently about eighteen, well dressed—but not in the extreme of fashion—and of a peculiar beauty and loveliness that almost baffles description.

Her white silk bonnet but half concealed the finest head of glossy jet black hair in the world, which played in many ringlets over a neck of surprising whiteness and beauty. Her forehead was high, but white and smooth as Parian marble, while her large dark eyes beamed forth an intensity of feeling, which impressed those who saw her with emotions of pity, and almost reverence.

Her manner was certainly somewhat wild and singular; nevertheless, the Southerner, too well bred to turn haughtily away, paused to listen to the fair girl, whose tones of earnest entreaty were evidently making sad havoc with the poor fellow's heart.

The Southerner, himself a practicing lawyer, of Richmond, Va., had just arrived in Boston, where he had come to attend to certain matters of business connected with his profession. He was quite familiar with the city, having some three years previous graduated at the university near Boston. But familiar as he was with many of the peculiarities of cities, he felt indeed surprised at the idea of a young and beautiful stranger stopping him in the street, to ask him the singular question,—

'Will you marry me, sir?'

Now, Charles Knowlton—or as they called him at home, Charles Knowlton, Esq.—was young, and a bachelor, and like all other young bachelors, intended to marry some day or other. But the idea of being forced into matrimony, without a moment's warning, and without knowing anything about the lady who was to be his bride, except that she was young and handsome, rather startled him from his propriety, and for a moment, it must be confessed, he stood gazing with astonishment upon the lovely maiden, whose bright eyes seemed to flash brighter every moment with redoubled brilliancy.

The proud lip of the fair girl was, seemingly, just beginning to curl in scorn, as she witnessed the young man's hesitation. She curbed her feelings, however, for the time, looking once more upon him with her bright, beautiful face, and repeated with still more earnestness, if possible, her former enquiry,—

'Will you marry me, sir?'

Startled from his reverie at the sound of her voice, he was once more aroused from the statue-like posture he had fallen into, on first seeing her, though he still continued to gaze upon the lovely being before him without uttering a word.

'I must leave you then, sir,' she continued, 'though Heaven alone knows my present misery. It is true, I am asking of you a strange favor. I cannot, indeed, blame you, but I may yet find one, whose manliness of heart will lead him to compassionate my present situation.—Once more, sir, and for the last time, permit me to ask you,—

'Will you marry me, sir?'

And here, overcome by her feelings, the tears began to dim her beautiful eyes, and she sobbed aloud.

The young lawyer felt keenly the awkwardness of his position, and politely tendering his arm to the lady for a stroll up the street, inwardly resolved to learn more about the matter, if possible, the lady's case seemed to be so novel and singular. One moment, he fancied her insane, but the calm, beautiful expression upon her countenance, now that she had adopted him as her protector, utterly forbade such a thought.

With all the gallantry, romance—and perhaps we may say impetuosity—peculiar to Southern character, Charles immediately determined to put the best construction upon the matter, treating the case as one really deserving his best services and sympathy.

Knowing it to be past the regular dinner hour at the Tremont—where he was then stopping—and to escape the noise and bustle of the street, Charles proposed to the lady the idea of adjourning to one of the nearest saloons, where the subject could be discussed more quietly and satisfactorily, with the aid of a cup of nice French coffee and some little refreshments. A moment later, and we find the pair in the elegantly furnished and well appointed establishment, generally known in Boston, as 'Vinton's.'

A thousand ill-defined thoughts passed through the young lawyer's mind. As we have already remarked, he was highly romantic, yet, he felt that he was a man, and that a lovely woman apparently in distress, was before him.

There was something so singularly romantic in the whole affair, that he almost determined, at one moment, to comply with the lady's strange request. In another, the idea of what the termination of so romantic a marriage might be—the thought of his relations—the jeers of acquaintances—and the cold laughter of a matter-of-fact world, restrained him.

'Are you in want of money, lady?' he ventured to remark.

'No, my dear sir, nothing of the kind.'

'Cannot I be of service, then, in some other way than that which you propose?'

'Indeed, sir, you cannot.'

'Were I to comply with your request, lady, might it not possibly hereafter cause you some regret?'

'Regret! nay, sir; do not mock me!'

'Pardon my seeming rudeness, madam, and once more tell me, truly, how alone I can best serve you.'

'Marry me.'

'Marry one whom I have known only a single half hour?'

'Aye, marry me—trust me—I am not deceiving you. Hereafter you shall know all. But if you still have faith in humanity; if you can sympathize with sorrow; if you can have any pity for me;—marry me, and do it at once.'

'By Heaven! I will,' exclaimed the lawyer, almost before he himself was aware of it.

However, he had pledged his word, and he determined to abide the issue.

'Are you ready, now?' quietly observed the lady.

'Excuse me, madam, I will be in a few moments. You know——'

'Certainly, sir, you will find it there. Let this suffice for the present,' and the lady politely offered a card, upon which was neatly engraved the name, 'Henrietta Howard,' and just below, the address, 'Beacon street.'

Stepping into a carriage, summoned for the occasion, the young lawyer, accompanied by the lady, drove to the office of the city register.

Everything in this department being satisfactorily arranged, the handsome couple forthwith presented themselves before the Mayor, who was not long in performing the ceremony that should bind 'two willing hearts in one,' for weal or for woe, 'until death should them part.'

A few moments later, and the young Southerner, accompanied by his blushing bride, was again seated in the carriage.—The steps were put up, the door closed, and the hackman stook awaiting orders.

'To the Tremont House!' said the bridegroom.

'Excuse me, Charles; why not to our own house?'

'To our own house!'

'Certainly, my love.'

The poor lawyer looked upon the face of his bride with wonder. He certainly could see nothing amiss in those beautiful bright eyes of hers, though, to tell the truth, he did feel a little uncomfortable, as he ventured to enquire mildly,—

'And where is that, Henrietta?'

'Why, 'Beacon street,' to be sure, Charles—'Beacon street,' No.——'

The young lawyer's wits were certainly a little wandering, and no wonder. Indeed, had he remembered at that moment the address upon the card, it was certainly the last place he should have thought of going to, especially after what had just transpired.

He had scarcely time to recall to mind his rashness, when the carriage stopped just before a costly and magnificent stone mansion.

He glanced at his bride; even the smiles on her sweet face gave no hope.—He could just say,—

'Shall we alight here, Henrietta?'

'Certainly, Charles.'

The young Southerner handed out his wife in silence.

A well-dressed servant answered the bell.

'Is uncle at home, Robert?' inquired the lady.

'No, Miss Henrietta, he is not,' replied the man with a respectful bow.

Giving his hat to the servant, and following his bride into the sumptuously-furnished parlor, the poor Southerner felt now more at a loss than ever, while the roguish look of the lovely woman, who was seated beside him on the sofa, holding his hands in hers, and gazing up into his face, by no means tended to recall him to his usual self possession.

'Come, Charles,' suddenly exclaimed his new-made bride, 'give me your arm, while we take a stroll around the house, or, rather, I should say your house.'

'Nay, Henrietta, do not trifle with me!'

'Indeed, Charles, I am not trifling—all that you see here is yours.'

'Mine?'

Yes, Charles, yours. You have trusted in me, and I must tell you all.'

The fair bride then led her astonished husband to a seat near by, and thus continued:—

'Three years since, I lost by death, the best of fathers. My mother died some five years before. My father, for many years engaged in the India trade, left the principal portion of his property—including this house in which we now are—to myself, his sole surviving daughter. My uncle, who was duly appointed my guardian, was entrusted with the care of all, until I should marry. He resides with me. Destitute of other means of support, it was quite natural, you know, that he should wish to seclude me from the world, as much as possible. Of late, he has treated me unkindly. To-day I escaped from the house unseen. The rest you know.'

'But, Henrietta, will not your uncle—'

'Not a word, Charles, if you please, at present.'

The servants were now summoned, and fully informed of the facts.

The domestics then cheerfully withdrew. Henrietta had always been an especial favorite with this portion of the family, while the harshness and cruelty of the uncle had been but too apparent.

We need not detail the surprise, the astonishment and scorn of the uncle, when, on the following day, he returned from his brief visit in Lowell, to learn the change that had so strangely and suddenly taken place in the domestic arrangements of the family.

A trip to Washington had been determined upon by the happy couple; for the great metropolis of the United States was gay at that season, Congress being then in session; besides, a visit to his relatives in Richmond, was needful, to complete the happiness of the young bridegroom.

And thus passed the honeymoon.

During the absence of the young couple, the crabbed old uncle quietly withdrew, thinking it better to leave the requisite documents in the charge of his brother's attorney, than encounter the ire of the impetuous and hasty Southerner.

It afterwards appeared, although the circumstance was entirely forgotten by Charles, that Henrietta had been formerly introduced to the young Southerner, by a mutual friend, on the day of his graduation, at Harvard, the young girl having attended, with her relatives, as usual, the annual Commencement.

The impression, however, proved strongest with the bride—for Charles had entirely forgotten the fact.

Need we say more of the happy pair? One word, only:—

Charles is talented and respected. He is an acknowledged leader of his own political party, and both the hero and heroine of our rambling little Valentine Story, are said to be, by those who know them, the 'handsomest and happiest couple in the State!'

A Short Sermon.

TEXT—"There's a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof," &c.

WE hope it will not be deemed sacrelligious to quote here this sublime precaution from the oracles of Divine Truth, as a text to discourse from, in the manner that follows, although in aid of subjects of a somewhat secular nature, appertaining, however, to morality.

It may seem right to a man to neglect paying his debts for the sake of lending or speculating upon his money, but the end thereof is a bad paymaster.

It may seem right to a man to attempt to live upon the fashions of the times, but the end thereof—is disgusting to all sensible folks, and ruinous to health, reputation and property.

It may seem right to a man to attempt to obtain a livelihood, without industry and economy, but the end thereof—is hunger and rags.

It may seem right to a man to keep constantly borrowing of his neighbors, but the end thereof—is very cross neighbors.

It may seem right to a man to trouble himself about his neighbor's business, but the end thereof—is neglect of his own.

It may seem right to a man to be always trumpeting his own fame, but the end thereof is—his fame don't extend very far.

It may seem right to a man to be constantly slandering his neighbors, but the end thereof is—nobody belives anything he says.

It may seem right to a man to indulge his children in everything, but the end thereof is—his children will indulge themselves in dishonoring him.

It may seem right to a man to put off everything which ought to be done to-day, until to-morrow, but the end thereof is—such things are not done at all.

It may seem right to a man to attempt to please everybody, but the end thereof is—he pleases nobody.

It may seem right to a man to excel his neighbors in extravagance and luxury, but the end thereof is—he only excels them in folly.

It may seem right to man not to take a newspaper, but the end thereof is—that man and his family are totally ignorant of the ordinary occurrences of the day.

It may seem right to obtain his news by borrowing and stealing of his neighbors, but the end thereof is—fraud upon the Printer.

It may seem right to a man to worship a creature more than the Creator, but the end thereof is—an indolator.

It may seem right to a man to be incessantly occupied in hoarding up treasures of this world, but the end thereof is—he has none in the world to come.

WRITING FOR A NEWSPAPER.—Reader, do you know what writing for a newspaper means? It means writing in haste, against the inclination, without opportunity for reflection, correction, or chance to get information. It means dressing for a ball in the dark; painting a picture with a brush for all colors; answering questions in science from memory, and questions of fact from imagination.—It means attempting the impossible, and making fools believe you have done it.—Worse than that—worse than all, it means writing quantity in place of quality diluting flasks of flagrant with pails of tasteless water; passing off hollow tubes for the basis of solid metal; selling your soul to the devil—the printer's—for a mess of pottage; sacrificing future fame to present necessities.

FALSE PRIDE.—What a false pride that is, which considers accomplishments of more value than virtues; and foolish judgment do those parents exhibit who look at a young man's prospects, according to what he inherits and not according to the qualities he possesses. We have in our mind now some few young men, who would have been refused five years since the *entree* into the house of some of our wealthy citizens simply on account of their poverty, and who now are able to buy out those men twice over. Such follies do this class of people commit even in their worldly wisdom.—[*Newark Mercury.*

A CLERGYMAN, catechising the scholars in a Wisconsin Sunday School, asked a little boy how he thought Jonah felt while in the whale's belly? "*Pretty well down in the mouth, sir,*" was the prompt reply.

MODERN law may be divided into three parts: supposition, proof, and denial.—Supposition is nothing; proof is next to impossible; and to deny every thing is the main point.

A CURSE is like a stone thrown up towards heaven, and likely to return on the head of him who sent it.

Footsteps of Angels.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light,
Dance upon the parlor wall;—

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door—
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:—

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longing for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life—

They, the holy ones and weekly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more—

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven—

With slow and noiseless footsteps,
Comes the messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tearful eyes,
Like the stars, so deep and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer—
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died.

EPAULETTES.—There is nothing like digging into the past if you would dissipate romance.—Who would have supposed that epaulettes were originally padded protection against sabre cuts?

It has been asked, "What is the use of epaulettes?" and also asserted that they are intended to recognize rank. Epaulettes originated with the English knights and their retainers during the crusades to the Holy Land. At that period the French and Italian knights wore costly armor, and the eastern chiefs were arrayed in a style of magnificence not then known to the English. Most of the latter, dressed in uncouth woolen or cotton armor, made a very sorry appearance among their more gaudy and light-hearted neighbors. In a short time the English knights, in order to protect their shoulders from the keen edge of the scimitars, placed thereon pads stuffed with hair or wool. In a short time, their taste having been improved by association, these pads were ornamented with fringes, taken as trophies from their eastern enemies; and finally, when the unwieldy armor was totally dispensed with, in consequence of the general use of gunpowder, the pads with fringe became the mordern epaulette.

GOD ABOVE ALL.—An astronomer, who had long idolized his favorite science, became a zealous convert to spiritual christianity. His intimate friend, knowing his extreme devotion to astronomical study, asked him—"What will you now do with your astronomy?"

His answer was worthy of a christian philosopher.

"I am now bound for heaven," said he, "and I take the stars in my way!"

By these words the astronomer taught his friend that he had transformed his affections from the *created* to the Creator—that, instead of finding his highest pleasures out of *God*, he found it in God; and that the true use of the visible was to assist him in his aspirations after the invisible and eternal.

A CATASTROPHE.—The late Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, being interrogated by an old woman of his congregation, as to what he meant by the "catastrophe," of which he had spoken so much the previous Sabbath, explained the term to her as meaning "*latter end of a thing.*" This satisfied the old woman, who now thought safely introduce so fine a word into her own vocabulary. It so happened that the Doctor had to pass her house that same evening; and being buried in deep thought, as he rode along, he did not observe that a large thorn had been fastened to his horse's tail, until he came opposite the house and heard her shouting—"Ah, Doctor, d'ye see that big thorn at ye'r horse's *catastrophe*?"

☞ The following beautiful selection is a specimen of the eloquence of an Indian woman over the contiguous graves of a husband and infant: "The father of life and light has taken from me the apple of my eye and the core of my heart, and laid them in these two graves. I will water the one with my tears and the other with the milk of my breast, till I meet them again in that country where the sun never sets."

THE man who tried to sweeten his tea with one of his wife's sweetest smiles, has "fallen back" on sugar. Nothing like first principles, after all.

The Dead.

"There's not a dust that floats on air
But once was living man."

Scientific writers assert that the number of persons who have existed since the beginning of time, amounts to 36,627,843,275,075,846. These figures, when divided by 3,096,000—the number of square leagues of land on the globe, leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land, which being divided as before, give 1,314,522,076 persons to each square mile. Let us now reduce miles to square rods, and the number will be 8,853,174,600,000, which being divided as before, will give 1283 inhabitants to every square rod, which being reduced to feet, will give about five persons to each square foot of terra-firma. Thus it will be perceived that our earth is one vast cemetary—1283 human beings lie buried on each square rod—scarcely sufficient for ten graves—each grave must contain 128 persons.—Thus it is easily seen that the whole surface of our globe has been dug over ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT TIMES, to bury its dead!

☞ A bashful fellow, who was about to get married by a minister who required responses, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but by mistake, committed to memory the answers on baptism: so when the clergyman asked him, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife," &c., the bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone—

'I renounce them all."

The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool." To which he replied: "All this I steadfastly believe."

☞ The Wheeling Intelligencer relates the following: "We knew a young man in an adjoining county, who having been caught for the first time in his life and put on a jury, unobserved by judge or sheriff, quietly stepped out during a long speech of a lawyer.—He was found outside the Court House, quietly enjoying his cigar. When reprimanded and commanded to return, he "didn't suppose it was any harm to step out a few minutes, and take a smoke, while there were eleven others to listen to the speech."

☞ An honest son of Erin, who had saved enough by his industry to purchase a small farm, undertook to manage it himself. He bought his seed store, and planted them all done up in papers, just as they came from the store. A bystander, who observed him, began to laugh at him, and told him he was doing wrong. "Ah, let me alone for that," replied Pat, "I'am making a *seed* garden; did ye niver see seeds grow all prepared and labelled, just as they sell them in the shop?"

SOUTHEY says, in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

MRS. GRUMMY, in looking over the advertisements the other day, saw one headed 'Radical Cures.' 'Well said she, 'I'm glad if they have got a way to cure them radicals, for they've been turning the world upside down ever since I was a gal.'

"WHICH, my lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?" "That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think."—"And why so?" "Because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity."

LET nothing affright thee. All things will pass away. God only is He that is unchangable. Patience will bring about all. He that hath God hath all things; and he that hath him not, hath nothing.

☞ When the locomotive was set going on the Bengal Railway lately, the natives devoutly believed that it was made to go simply by the *hookum* or order of the Lord Dalhouse.

AFTER rolling all night in your berth till you are miserably sick, to have a steward open your door in the morning and ask if you will have a *fresh roll* for breakfast, is certainly provoking.

A CLERK in a mercantile establishment, writes to his friends at home: Plaguey easy time now-a-days—very little work to do—our firm don't advertise!

WHY are the United States colors like the stars in Heaven?

Because they are beyond the power of any nation to pull them down.

THE difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse, is that one goes best when it is tired, and the other don't.

As a proof of the hardness of the times, there is a man in Ohio who kills only a half a pig at a time.

THE JOURNAL.

PALMER, MASS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1855.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The law abolishing capital punishment in Michigan, took effect on the 2d day of March, 1847, since which time, a period of nearly eight years, only fifteen persons have been convicted of murder, and sentenced for life to solitary confinement. And still the people of Massachusetts cry out against abolishing the Death Penalty. There is no surer proof of the efficiency and justness of a law than the manner in which it operates. If murders and high-handed crimes increase under a statute that prohibits neck-breaking, then it is reasonable to conclude that the laws are not terrible enough to intimidate the vicious; but, if, on the other hand, it is found that the law regulates as well, and even better, the combative passions of men, and holds the murderer and assassin in check, then let us give to that law all the credit it deserves.

In no single instance has the abolition of the Death Penalty been attended with any but satisfactory results; while in all States where the gallows is retained, murderers multiply from year to year. The idea of Christians murdering a fellow-being because *he* has committed murder, is inconsistent with the principles of religion and humanity. It illustrates a spirit of revenge, which the depravity of the human heart sanctions, but which all the finer and better sensibilities condemn. The rack, the wheel, the guillotine and gallows, are all relics of barbarism. They are cling to with wonderful tenacity by those who have old-fashioned ideas of law and justice; those who think more of the Mosaic laws than they do of the example and teachings of Christ. But whoever heard of ministers attending executions and offering up prayers, in patriarchal times? Such ceremonies on such occasions are of modern origin—a solemn mockery. They ask God to have mercy upon the culprit, when man refuses to grant mercy; they ask for Heavenly forgiveness of crime, while man cannot condescend to forgive his brother man.

If we are to continue murdering our culprits, let us do it murder fashion—cut off their heads at a blow, stab them to the heart, or dash out their brains, emphatically carrying out the principle of punishing crime by imitating it. Such summary executions are more humane than strangling people to death at the end of a halter, though the latter process be attended with the prayers of spiritual instructors.

Massachusetts has for several years been trying to rid itself of the scaffold, but every legislative session thrusts back the step taken by the people in the way of reform. This year the matter is in the hands of a committee, who will probably report unfavorably.—This committee is composed mostly of clergymen. In Vermont and Maine the choking law is virtually abolished, and in little Rhode Island it is emphatically so, yet these States do not exhibit an increase of crime. But look at New York, where hanging is thought by the good people to be a necessity, and we find that between a dozen and twenty victims were legally killed in that State during the past season—and yet society does not seem benefited thereby.

We *do* hope that the morally enlightened, and reformatory Legislature of our own State, will venture to abolish the Death Penalty. Let us try the experiment one year at least, and if we find that evil doers cannot be managed without the gallows staring them in the face, then we can easily fall back upon our old system of punishment.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE NEW SHERIFF OF HAMPDEN COUNTY.—Mr. Cutler, of Chicopee, the newly appointed Sheriff for Hampden County, assumed the responsibilities of the post on Friday. He has made the following appointments:—Frederick Bush, of Westfield, Timothy M. Cooley 2d, of Granville, R. G. Marsh, of Holyoke, Marsellus Pinney, of Springfield, Edmund Bliss, of Ludlow, Wm. B. Morgan, of North Wilbraham, Charles W. Knox, of Chester Factories. Messrs Pinney and Morgan are new appointments; the others have been Deputies heretofore. Mr. Butler has also re-appointed Elihu Adams Keeper of the Jail at Springfield. When the appointments are all made, we shall take the liberty to say a word in regard to the taste displayed by Mr. Cutler in filling the offices at his disposal.

STATE PAUPERS.—It is surprising to learn how much is expended for the support of paupers in this State every year. Ten years ago it cost the State $67,159,20, to support its paupers, but last year the cost was increased to $100,730,93, and the whole cost of supporting paupers since 1831, amounts to the handsome little sum of $1,611,960,36. Is it not time for the tax-payers to provide some remedy against these public leeches, nine-tenths of whom are foreigners?

NEW WAY TO FAT ANIMALS.—In London, it is found that Cod Liver Oil is the best thing yet discovered for fattening animals.—It is mixed with meal, and fed to them. If it will fatten animals, won't it fatten men?—It must taste good!

☞ Senator De Witt of Ware, suddenly fainted during a session of a committee, on Monday afternoon. He was in his seat again the next day.

THE SUN.—A large number of black spots, large and small, have recently been discovered on the sun.

A New Liquor Bill.

The special committee on the amendment of the liquor law have reported a bill in the Senate, which is a decided improvement over the old law. The most important change from the present law, is, that it affixes imprisonment as well as a fine, as the penalty for violation of the law, giving from twenty to thirty days for the first offence, thirty to sixty for the second, and from three to six months for the third. Clerks and servants are made equally liable with the principal.—Manufacturers in violation of the law, are, as common sellers, to pay $50 and costs, and have from three to six months imprisonment for the first offence, for the second $200 and costs, and six months imprisonment, and for the third $200 and costs, and twelve months imprisonment. Three sales are to constitute a common seller.

The clauses in the temperance committee's bill, punishing expressmen and railroads for carrying liquor sold in violation of the act; allowing wives, children &c., of persons in the habitual use of liquor, to recover damages of those selling to such persons after due notice; making the party selling the liquor equally liable with the intoxicated man who commits damage while intoxicated; discontinuing prosecutions against drunkards, if they will tell where they got their liquor; reducing the number of complaints from three to two—are all in the committee's report.

The seizure clause is retained as embraced in the temperance committee's report. It will be remembered that the bill was drawn up under the supervision of eight lawyers, and is believed to be strictly within the bounds of the Constitution.

One clause requires bonds from any person convicted under the act, of from $1000 to $2000, that he will not violate again for a year. This is in addition to the other penalties.

A section has been added, to the effect, that no action shall be had or maintained against any Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, or Constable, or their assistants, for executing any warrant or order issued under this act, by any competent Justice or Court; nor shall any action be had or maintained against person for seizing, detaining or destroying any intoxicating liquor, or the vessels containing it, unless such liquor and vessels were legally kept by the owner thereof.

Druggists are allowed to sell pure alcohol to other druggists, apothecaries and physicians, known to be such, for medical services only, on the following conditions, viz: That every druggist so selling shall keep a book, in which he shall enter the date of every sale of alcohol made by him, the name of the purchaser, his residence and the quantity sold, and, if exported, the place to which exported, and the name of the consignee; which book shall at all times be open to the inspection of the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, or the Selectmen of the town, in which he resides. And if any druggist shall be convicted of an illegal sale, he shall pay a fine of $1000, one-half of which shall go to the complainant, and the other half to the Commonwealth.

Section five makes it obligatory on the Mayor, and Aldermen, and the Selectmen of every town containing not less than 1000 inhabitants, to appoint at least one agent for the sale of liquor, every year, under the penalty of $100 for three months neglect to do the same.

RAILROAD TRAINS FROZEN UP.—The Railroad trains in Michigan and Ohio, have had a hard time during the past fortnight, and four or five of them have been frozen up at a time.

The Chicago and Mississippi Railroad, at the last accounts, was hopelessly blocked, and Heaven only can tell when it will be reopened. It is very difficult for those who have not seen the storm which has produced these most harassing derangements of trade, travel and mails, to understand the extent of the trouble. The bank in which the mail on the Rock Island Road is stuck fast, is probably not less than fifteen feet high. The obstructions on the Chicago and Mississippi Road, have frequently been described. They are equally serious.

The suffering which the conductors, engineers, baggage men, route agents &c., have endured, on all of our Western Roads, during the continuance of this trouble, is distressing. Many of them have had their feet, toes, hands, ears &c., frozen so as to render them almost entirely useless, and many of them have received injuries which they will hardly ever recover from. There never was a time of such general suspension and disarrangement of travel since the day that Railroads were invented.

SELF SACRIFICE.—We learn from the Springfield Republican, that as a young man named Henry Blodgett was drawing ice from a pond in Enfield, on Saturday afternoon, the ice upon which he was standing gave way, and he fell into the water. Two little boys were with him at the time, one of whom also fell in. Young Blodgett succeeded in saving the boy and placing him upon the firm ice; but in the effort he became so benumbed with cold, that he was unable to extricate himself, and was drowned!

THE WOMEN AMONG THE LIQUORS.—The establishment broken up by the women of Mount Pleasant, Ohio, was notorious as one of the lowest sinks of drunkenness and dissipation. It was difficult to reach it by law, because its customers were of that class who do not care for the sacredness of an oath, and the women took axes and hatchets in their hands, and made summary work of it. At Charleston, Ohio, the men had not courage to prosecute the hotel keeper, and a few noble women entered complaints, appeared in Court and put the matter through, closing the only bar in town.

☞ H. D. Allen, of East Windsor, Conn., placed a cask of lime in the cellar of his barn, last Fall, and during one of the recent heavy rains the water leaked in and wet the lime, bursting the cask, and burning up about half the staves, and strange enough, not setting the barn on fire, though there was a quantity of straw near by.

BEAUTIES OF THE GALLOWS.—W. Young was hung in New Orleans for the murder of his child. He had cut his throat a day or two previous to his execution, and when taken to the gallows he was in a dying condition.

Legislative Correspondence.

CAPITOL HILL, BOSTON, February 13th, 1855.

Dear Journal:—Another week finds the Legislature seven days nearer its *finale*. I mention this for the especial benefit of those who are expecting a short session. In the House, the Constitutional amendments are receiving rather an unceremonious reception. The Plurality clause has passed to a third reading, to be sure, but it was not by a sufficient majority to make it a law, which requires a two-thirds vote, and I doubt whether it can be obtained on its third reading.—Other sections are also likely to receive strong opposition. The New England Emigrant Aid bill passed the Senate yesterday, with only slight objections. The little town of Norwich has seen fit to change its name to Huntington, in honor to the distinguished Representative of that name from Northampton. The case of Judge Loring is still causing quite a sensation hereabouts, and there are reasons to suppose that the tumult has *already* reached his ears. A remonstrance from him has been presented to the Legislature, in which he begs they may please let his head *stay on*, 'cause, did the law anywhere *FORBID* him to send Burns into perpetual bondage? Alas! poor, persecuted man!—It was hoped he might die easy. But this terrible prospective scarcity of bread and butter, alarms him, and in agony he cries,—Alas! my brain *Burns!*

Mr. Gifford, from Duxbury, assistant Clerk of the House, has been chosen State Auditor, with but three dissenting votes. Three reasons were urged why he should receive the honor, either of which, in my judgment, would have been sufficient. The first was, that he had a remarkably pretty young wife; the second was, that he was a very successful school teacher, and the third was, that he took excellent care of an aged mother.—His salary is $2000.

A very stringent temperance bill has been presented to the Senate, by the committee having that subject in charge, and no doubt it will become a law. Gov. Dutton, of Connecticut, addressed the Legislative Temperance Society, on Wednesday evening last.—He is a plain, old-fashioned man, but very resolute, and withal very jovial. After the address I had the pleasure, with others, of accompanying him and his estimable lady, to the residence of our own excellent Gov. Gardner, where a half hour was spent as socially and chit-chat-like as though it had been the parlor of any common country gentleman. It was a stormy evening, and the remark was made that the carpets might have been removed, but her ladyship, Mrs. Dutton, observed that Governors' carpets were of comparatively little consequence, and she had determined to let hers bear the brunt for one year where they lie.

A few words about Senators will be all I can write at present. Mr. Ward, of Plymouth County, is a Congregational clergyman, from Abington, 51 years of age. He is a worthy man; not brilliant as an orator, but an industrious, useful member.

He is deeply interested in the Protestant, anti-slavery and temperance movements, and from his liberal disposition in general, and courteous deportment, he commands the respect of all.

His colleague in Robert B. Hall, clergyman of the Episcopal order.

He is a gentleman of fine oratorical power, remarkably fluent in speech, and with the best command of language. His personal appearance is prepossessing: portly, well-proportioned, and withal quite clerical looking. He is a good-natured, jovial kind of a soul, and if you "Look out for the engine while the bell rings," you may escape unharmed; otherwise, you will stand a fair chance to get *run under*. He is 42 years of age.

The Senator from Franklin County, is Erastus Andrews, Baptist clergyman, from Montague, 50 years of age. He is one of the working men of the Senate, not showy as a speaker, but of practical good sense.—He is a gentleman of the kindliest feelings, and no one can fail to experience the genial influence which his presence imparts to all around him.

My best regards to the Greenfield Republic. I am pleeszeedd tu finuddee myselffee an ackkwainnttannceee.

P. S. Since I commenced writing, the Plurality bill has passed its third reading in the House, by just one vote above two-thirds, so that it will become the law.

I must needs remain forever,

CHEIGH ENNE.

MORGAN, THE FREE MASON, FOUND.—The Morgan, who is reported to have had his tongue and heart cut out, for revealing the secrets of Free Masonry, has at last turned up in Turkey, if we may believe the reports that reach us through the newspapers. The old ladies who have shook their heads, and sighed awfully over the catastrophe, may now breathe easier.

The Masonic Mirror publishes a story to the effect, that Morgan, who, it was alleged, was murdered by Free Masons, for disclosing their secrets, has been found in Smyrna, in Turkey, that he now goes by the name of Mustapha, and is engaged in teaching the English language. The authority given for this report is one of Joseph A. Bloom. According to the Mirror, Bloom met Morgan at a house in Smyrna, to whom the latter gave a detailed account of his adventures. It is stated that Morgan left the country in the ship Hervine, which sailed from Boston to Smyrna, and belonged to the firm of Landon & Co. The Captain's name was Welch.

☞ Judge Loring has been rejected as law lecturer, at Harvard university, by the board of overseers. The reason is his decision in the fugitive Burns case.

The Credit System.

The Boston Journal recently published an article on the credit system, which argued that the pecuniary panics of the country may be traced to buying on credit. It is a fact not to be disputed, that, if farmers and mechanics would live within their means, and be as careful of getting in debt as they are to follow the foolish fashions of society, there would be fewer money panics, and much less suffering among the people. The Journal speaks as follows of our farmers:

"Let us look at one class—farmers, for example. There are about 1,500,000 farmers in the Union, heads of families. Of these, it is safe to say, that two-thirds are constantly in debt—constantly buying beyond their present means and give drafts on their next crops, to be renewed if those crops fail. We will suppose the average of these farmers' debts to be $200 each—certainly a very moderate estimate—and here we have at once the very pretty sum of $200,000,000 capital to farmers, not for the purpose of improving their farms, or increasing their crops, but for the most part to enable them to furnish their wives and daughters with silks and other gewgaws, which they would be infinitely better without. Doubtless the facility of obtaining these superfluities on credit ministers to the desire to have them; but what effect will the shortening of credits between manufacturers and merchants—between merchants and traders—have upon this habit? Very little, as it seems to us; for no farmer who confines his purchases to the necessaries of life, or the necessities of his business, will often have occasion to get in debt at all. These, too, are articles on which the trader makes but a small profit and is not anxious to press upon his customers; his large profits are made on luxuries and superfluities, and rather than forego those profits, he will give the required credit, without which they cannot be sold.

"If after the necessaries of life are provided for, there remains enough to purchase silk dresses for wives and daughters, let it be done; but if there is only enough to buy calico, let calico be bought. It is evidently all there are means to buy, and to buy more than we have means to pay for, is a sort of fraud upon ourselves and our neighbors for which we all have to suffer in the end—which, sooner or later, always comes."

☞ The resolution conferring the title of Lieutenant-General upon Gen. Scott, will give him about $30,000 back pay, and about $1600 additional yearly. Upon receiving the intelligence, a tear was seen to trickle down the warrior's cheek, while he said:—"Let no man say hereafter that his country is ungrateful to one who has served her faithfully."

DIVORCE A LA NAPOLEON I.—The N. Y. Times publishes a letter from Paris, in which it is stated that rumors were gathering strength that a divorce is in contemplation between the Emperor and Empress, for high state reasons. The rumor will probably be contradicted by the next steamer.

SALARIES OF JUDGES.—Under the new law to regulate the salaries of the District Judges of the United States, passed by the House of Representatives on Thursday, the salaries of the Judges for the Districts of Maine, N. Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Ct., will be $2000; Massachusetts $3000; California $5000.

☞ On two occasions recently, the Sinks Grove Church, Monroe County, Va., was broken into by thieves, who, forcing open the box or chest in which the Bible, Hymn Book, and other things belonging to the church are kept, carried off it is supposed some Sunday School books, and *all the sacrament wine!*

TEST OF CLAIRVOYANCE.—Horace Greeley offers to give $100 to any charitable object that Miss Laura Edmonds may designate, if she will spiritually describe the situation and circumstances of Dr. Kane and his company, in a manner that future advices shall show to be correct.

☞ Prof. Dugas, of the Georgia Medical College, lately took a tumor weighing ten pounds, from a man's back, after an application of the freezing mixture, which so reduced the sensibility that the operation was attended with very little pain.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—There are few New England cities which have grown up with greater rapidity than the enterprising, wide-awake municipality of Manchester, N. H.—The *Mirror* says of its growth:

"Sixteen years ago our city was a sand bank, and Concord Square was a swamp for rabbits. Now, *each day*, it manufactures *ninety miles of cloth*, sheetings, shirtings, tickings, denims, delaines, &c., five thousand seamless bags, and six tons of news and book paper, besides innumerable articles that we will not now particularize."

THE REVOLVER COLT.—Col. Colt, the revolver inventor, is plying Congress for a renewal of his patent. The other day there was quite a debate in the House, as to whether he was or was not drunk the day before when he appeared before the committee having his application in charge. Some of the committee insisted that he was drunk; others thought he was only *sick*. It is clear from them all that he was quite *Colt*-ish.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH LADY.—A giantess, seven feet six inches in height, rather lean than fleshy, weighing three hundred and thirty pounds, nearly thirty years of age, and still growing, has been discovered up in Maine, and engaged to go with a concert troupe.—Presumptively, Heaven save us from that music.

"YOUR PAPER COSTS TOO MUCH."—A Columbus (Ga.) paper received the following communication from an individual residing in the upper part of the State:—

"A *truecakly male* is running to our Post Office; and hearing a mighty fuss in France or Crimear, I want you to send me some papers with last accounts, or give me the particulars by letter. Your paper costs too much, or I would subscribe."

Religious Intelligence.

The Methodists of Southampton have held a protracted meeting, resulting in tokens of divine presence and blessing.—An unusually earnest religious feeling exists in the Methodist church at Burlington, Vt., under the labors of Mr. Purdy, a revival preacher.

The *Presbyterian Witness*, published at Knoxville, Tenn., strongly advocates the right and duty of teaching slaves to read the Bible.

Elder Knapp, the celebrated Baptist revivalist, has been preaching at Penn Yan, and last week baptized between 40 and 50 converts.

Father Gavazzi thinks to return to this country next autumn. He would prefer to labor in Italy, but sees no prospect of being able to do so, and after his native country he "loves America the best of all lands."

The Turks are now ready to listen to Christian teachers. Mr. Dunmore, an English missionary, recently visited Malatia with a native helper. All listened attentively, and pronounced what they heard, to be "true," "just," "good."

Six Lutheran missionaries from Germany, arrived in Texas on Dec. 28th, to labor among the German Lutheran population.—Several congregations are still without pastors, and desire aid from their friends in the North or in the father-land.

A theological student in New York, it is stated, has been sending quite a number of the unemployed poor to his native town in Pennsylvania, where they can find work.—He has begun the Christian ministry at the practical end.

Rev. I. J. Roberts, for eighteen years a missionary in China, and said to have been the religious preceptor of Tae-ping-Wang, the chief of the patriotic revolutionary party, has just arrived in New York, directly from Shanghai.

A form of prayer for the conversion of the schismatic Greeks (the "orthodox" of Russian proclamations) to the Roman Catholic faith, has been prescribed at Rome, and an indulgence of three hundred days is accorded to those who recite it devoutly. Those who recite it every day for an entire month, and then confess and take the communion, are to have a plenary indulgence.

THE BATTLE IN PERU.—The recent arrival from the Isthmus gave the particulars of a decisive battle fought in Peru between the revolutionary and government forces, in which the former were entirely successful.—Accounts received in New York, state that a number of Americans, who had come to Lima *en route* from Australia, home, took active part in the engagement, fighting of course, on the side which proved victorious. A letter from Lima says: "The victory has been ascribed to the fifty American soldiers, who, Castilla says in his official despatches, did the fighting, and I have no doubt but suitable rewards will be meted out to them for their valor and heroic character, ever characteristic of American bravery."

ACROSS THE OCEAN.—At the latest advices the British Ministry had resigned and great anxiety was felt among the people. All efforts to form a new ministry had failed.—In the Crimea there has been no more fighting. The snows of winter have caused a cessation of active hostilities. The English army is in a miserable condition, but supplies are arriving weekly.

EFFECTS OF HARD TIMES.—The disasters of the times fall heavily on the American Bible Society—200 hands, one half of the entire working force, having been recently discharged from the Bible House on Astor place in New York, and nearly one half of the presses stopped.

WHAT IS UNDER US.—Philosophers now-a-days tell us that the earth is accumulating heat from the sun, and its crust, which covers a mass of melted lava, is growing thinner. Many people who pay $10 a cord for wood would like to know how soon the earth will become so warm as to reduce the price of wood to $2 a cord.

THE HUMBUG COMING.—The New York Express says that the Pope is going to send the winking image of the virgin Mary and the weeping one, to this country, to gratify the faithful and astonish the faithless, and that they will arrive about the first of April—just the right day. Irishmen, get your coppers ready.

☞ Henry Rogers, senior proprietor of the Boston Daily Journal, died Sunday morning, after an illness of several weeks. His father, whose name he bore, a venerable printer and publisher, died on Friday at the house of the son who has so soon followed him to the spiritual world.

A RAILROAD SOLD.—The Rutland and Burlington railroad was sold at auction by the sheriff, at Bellows Falls, last week, for one mill a share. The capital was $2,000,000 and its floating debt is $2,000,000, besides the debt of $3,000,000 secured by mortgage.

WELL FORTIFIED.—A writer from Pensacola describes the navy yard near that place as being "enclosed on two sides by heavy brick walls, and open on the water, *defended by huge sharks*, of whose voracity frightful stories are told."

☞ We hear with surprise that Bishop Reze of Detroit, who was called to Rome by the head of the Catholic church, is kept a close prisoner, and has been so a long time, without hope of restoration to liberty.

TO BUTTER MAKERS.—To procure butter of an excellent flavor and extreme delicacy, it must be washed finally with new milk.—The cream of the milk is incorporated with the butter, and communicates to it sweetness and delicacy.

NOVEL MARRIAGES.—The Highland (Ohio) *News*, of the 8th inst., relates that a lad of 19 and a lass of 15, eloped from Highland County last week, and made their way by railroad to that city, where they were married, and returned next day. We hope the anxious friends of the juveniles will take good care of them.

In the Lawrenceburg *Express*, of the 7th inst., we find the following singular notice:

"*Married*—On Thursday, Jan. 30th, by Rev Mr. Collard, Rev. James H. Brooking to Miss Sallie Craig, all of Boone county, Ky.

The above couple were really married in the Ohio River, opposite Rising Sun, *on a cake of floating ice!* Surely that was taking a cold start in matrimonial life."

HONESTY.—The *Rochester Democrat* says that a runaway slave named Boyd, who formerly resided in that city, fled from the country at the time of the passage of the fugitive slave law, and went to Australia. At the time of his departure he was $200 in debt to a Rochester merchant. He was successful in Australia, earned $8,000, and a few weeks since forwarded a letter to his creditor in Rochester, enclosing a draft for the amount of the debt.

A NEW VEGETABLE.—It is said that the *Tannye*, or Sandwich Island potato, has been introduced into cultivation in several of the Southern States. It is described as a "delicious vegetable," and the plant is very productive. The editor of the *San Antonio Texan* says that a gentleman in that vicinity raised six bushels of the article upon a piece of ground fifteen feet square.

LOOK OUT HOW YOU SNEEZE.—We have often heard of 'snapping the head off,' but did not suppose it was really a practical thing. But a young lady in Bridgeton, N. J., actually dislocated her neck, the other day, by sneezing! A doctor had to be called to set it, and she came near dying, lying insensible for some hours. Sneezers, be careful!

AN ABUNDANCE OF WIVES.—Brigham Young is building two large and beautiful houses adjoining that which he now occupies in Salt Lake City, to accommodate his increasing family. He now rejoices in between fifty and sixty wives, and from forty-five to fifty children. Elder Kimball, one of the Mormon Apostles, has between sixty and seventy consorts.

ROYAL BALDNESS.—Prince Albert is quite bald on the top of his head. Premature baldness seems to be hereditary in the royal family. The duke of Cambridge, though only thirty-six years of age, lost his hair some time ago. George IV. resorted early to a wig and the duke of York was bald at thirty. Perhaps it is owing to a sterility of the brain.

HOW TO CURE A COUGH.—Somebody who has had a cough prescribes the following remedy:—

Take of powdered gum arabic half an ounce; liquorice juice half an ounce. Dissolve the gum first in warm water, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, then add of paregoric two drachms. Cork all in a bottle, and shake well. Take one tea-spoonful when the cough is troublesome.

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.—The records of the police of New York show that but twelve arrest were made on Sunday last, and the press of the city declare that the streets are as quiet on Sundays, since the first of January, as a country village. So much for an energetic Mayor.

MILL LABOR.—The hours of labor in the mills at Manchester are to be extended thirty-five minutes a day, an increase of about *six per cent*. The managers of the mills found it necessary either to increase the hours of labor or to reduce the wages of the operatives, and they chose the former course.

REWARD.—The Sheriff of Rochester has offered a reward of $1000 for the recovery of the body of Miss Emma Moore, the young lady who mysteriously disappeared from her home in that city several months since.

RELICS OF SHIP STAFFORDSHIRE.—The letter bag of the ill-fated ship Staffordshire, which was lost in December, 1853, was recently found on the beach at Sable Island.—It contains the ship's papers, her register, bills of landing, &c.

SAN FRANCISCO.—According to a table published in the *San Francisco Herald*, there are 638 brick and stone buildings in that city—one hundred of which were built during the last year. Their aggregate value is estimated at $13,618,750.

ONE OF THE NAMES.—The new-born daughter of the Countess of Trapan was christened on the 9th of January, at Naples, with the brief name of Maria Theresa Ferdinandi Immaculate-Conceptine Saint Luciana Philomela. The Queen of the Two Sicilies was her sponsor.

GOOD YIELD.—Mr. Joshua Weeks, of Greenland, left at the office of the *Portsmouth Journal*, a few days since, several turnips measuring nine or ten inches in diameter, as a specimen of fifty bushels raised by him from a paper of common seed.

☞ The Atlantic Mutual insurance company of New York, has paid out on losses the past year, *four and a half millions of dollars!* and has received three and a half millions in premiums, thus losing a million of dollars during the year.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Coroner Blake of Springfield, was called on Tuesday to hold an inquest upon the body of William Ford, who died suddenly at Indian Orchard, on Sunday afternoon.

LOCAL MATTERS.

HORACE GREELEY'S LECTURE.—The world-renowned specimen of genius and oddity—Hon. Horace Greeley—lectured before the "Palmer Literary Association" last Tuesday evening. The church was filled to overflowing. An extra train came down from Amherst, bringing about a hundred people, and a large number came up from Monson. Mr. Greeley's subject was "Education," which he handled in a masterly manner, arguing that we should first educate our children to earn an honest living before we polished them with the ornamental and less useful acquirements. He thought, and very truly too, that three-fourths of those who receive a college education, with a view of becoming professional men, would do greater honor to themselves by digging ditches and improving the soil. He also thought that a foolish taste which led young men to spend several years in learning the dead languages which could be of very little use to them, while their own language contained more knowledge than they could fathom during their whole lives. He thought parents acted very unwisely in endeavoring to fit their children for, and force upon them, professions for which their natural talents poorly fitted them. Such could never become eminent.

Mr. Greeley is certainly a natural curiosity. To a stranger he appears strikingly uncouth, and extremely awkward. He wears a drab overcoat, a large low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, resting on the back part of his head, a cotton neck-handkerchief, the knot usually on one side, and the rest of his dress corresponding admirably. But when he takes off his hat, revealing a large gambrel-roofed head, bald on the top and shingled with white towy locks behind and around the ears, the beholder at once feels that he is in the presence of no ordinary man. Mr. Greeley is no orator, but he reasons with such plain common sense, and such strong language that he seldom fails to interest.

In private Mr. Greeley is cheerful and affable, with no compliments and few ideas that do not contain evidence of a superior mind. He had rather talk about improving the soil than discuss politics, and is as well posted up in making compost as he is in all public affairs. He is as indifferent to praise as he is to censure, as independent as a monarch, and as humble as the most unpretending farmer, and would as readily engage in conversation with the latter as he would with the former. His fame is world-wide, for there never was nor never will be another Horace Greeley.

"EASTERN HAMPDEN AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION."—At the annual meeting of this Association last Monday, the following board of officers was chosen:—

President—AUSTIN FULLER, Monson.

Vice Presidents—Alonzo V. Blanchard, Palmer, Jonathan Burr, Wilbraham, Joseph Foster, Monson, Chandler Fenton, Brimfield, Butler Barrett, Belchertown, D. L. Atchinson, Ludlow, Stephen Fisk, Wales, Dwight Ellis, Warren, A. R. Mason, Holland, John Smith, Ware.

Directors—G. M. Fisk, Palmer, Eli N. Fay, Monson, David Knox, Palmer, Royal Rindge, Wilbraham, James M. Tucker, Monson, Perlin Shearer, Palmer.

Treasurer—Cyrus Knox, Palmer.

Secretary—Wm. Holbrook, Palmer.

POLICE.—On Saturday, Elijah Thompson, Perlin Thompson, Mrs. Laura Ramsdell and her daughter, Angelina, of Bondsville, were tried on as many complaints, before Justice Collins, for illicit cohabitation all around, and were packed off to jail for failing to recognize at the next term of criminal court in suitable sums. C. Torrey for the Commonwealth; A. R. Murdock, Esq., for defts.

Franklin F. Wright of Wales, was up before Justice Torrey, on Tuesday, for an assault on James Smith of the same town.—He got off with a fine and costs, amounting to $8,75. Dog cheap.

On Saturday Charles and George Burnham of this town, were tried before the same Justice for simple larceny. Fine and costs $10,51.

PARTY FROM AMHERST.—On Thursday afternoon a party of ladies and gentlemen from East Amherst visited this place on a pleasure excursion. There were over thirty couples, and for the credit of Amherst, we would state that it was the most civil party that has visited us this season. Although the day was unpleasant, they had a very pleasant time in the spacious hall and parlors of the Nassowanno, ending with one of Shaw's superb suppers and a return to Amherst over the Amherst and Belchertown Railroad at 10 o'clock in the evening.

SLEIGH RIDE.—About fifty couples from Springfield visited this place on Tuesday, on a sleigh ride. They were accompanied by Mayor Trask and his family. They stayed till Wednesday morning, having spent most of the night on the "fantastic toe" at Nassowanno Hall. We believe they found better sleighing than when they visited us last Winter, as none of them came into the village on Wilbraham ox sleds.

THE NEXT LECTURE.—Rev. A. L. Stone, of the Park Street church, Boston, will lecture before the "Palmer Literary Association," at the Baptist Church, next Monday evening. Mr. Stone is an eloquent and pleasing lecturer, and we bespeak a full house.

ADIEU TO SLEIGHING.—Those who were calculating on fine sleigh-rides, had their fond hopes dampened last Wednesday by a heavy rain, which continued until yesterday, sweeping the greater part of the snow away and causing quite a freshet.

NO SHERIFF YET.—Sheriff Cutler of Chicopee, has not yet appointed a Deputy in this town, and we hope he never will, unless he can select a better one than some who have received the honor at his hands.

REV. ANDREW D. BULLOCK, who has supplied the pulpit of the Baptist Church in this village for the past year, has received and accepted a call to become its pastor.

MAGIC AND VENTRILOQUISM.—M. Bird, the renowned Magician and Ventriloquist, will perform at Nassowanno Hall on Tuesday evening next.

A Chapter of Fires.

The large carriage factories belonging to Mr. Daniel H. Beardsly, in Brantford, Ct., were completely destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning. Loss from $8,000 to $10,000; insured for $5,000. Supposed to have been caused from a defective flue. Several persons had their ears frozen, while assisting to save property.

Twenty-six business houses in New Grenada, Miss., were destroyed by fire 4th inst., entailing a loss of $163,000.

At Troy, Miss., 8th inst, 300 bales cotton were consumed by fire.

A building on Foundry street, Worcester, owned by Benj. Walker, and occupied by John Healey as a cabinet shop, was burned on Saturday afternoon. Loss $1000; no insurance.

The bridge over the Etowah river, Georgia, on the Georgia State Railroad, was destroyed by fire on the first inst. The bridge was 1920 feet in length and its original cost was about $100,000.

The house, barn, and out-buildings belonging to Willard Deering, in Jefferson, Me., were entirely consumed by fire a few days since, together with a valuable yoke of oxen.

The barn of David and Elijah White of Hadley, was burned on Monday night, together with a yoke of cattle, two cows, and most of the broom-corn of year before last, with all of last year's stock. The loss is over $2,000, with insurance.

The building at the corner of Chatham and Commercial streets, Boston, occupied by George Merrill, clothing dealer, J. H Clark and R. M. Yale, sail-makers, was destroyed by fire Saturday evening; loss large. At the recent fire in New Orleans the loss of Twybell & Edwards' foundry and H. L. Stone & Co.'s grocery warehouse amounted to $150,000.

A BLACK HOLE IN VT.—The Rutland Co. jail, Vt., is described as a place of torture. The dimensions of its "black hole" are ten feet by twelve, and six feet high. Its walls are solid stone; its sole light by night or day, a lamp which burns dimly on account of the foul air; its floors a quagmire; its only window and ventilator a small crevice, twelve inches by two.

VENERABLE LADY.—Mrs. Mary Farrer celebrated her one hundredth birth-day, by attending meeting at the Unitarian church in Petersham on Sunday week, attended by her brother then in his ninety-seventh year. In another part of the church was Mrs. Bethiah Covel, ninety-one years old.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Henry Kellogg accidentally fell into the iron gearing of the gristmill belonging to Bevil C. Dickinson, in East Granville, last Monday morning, and one of his legs was so mangled that amputation could not be performed and he died.

UNFORTUNATE—Wm. W. Fream, once an Assistant Alderman of New York, has been committed to the penitentiary, at his own request, as a vagrant. A long course of imprudence brought Mr. Fream to his present unfortunate situation.

A REFACTORY SCHOLAR.—A lad named Wm. Waterman, a scholar in the district school at St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt., was a few days since fined twenty dollars for attempting, by choking his teacher, to prevent him from punishing another pupil.

A HEAVY FAILURE IN MAINE.—The *Bangor Journal* says that a state of the affairs of Messrs. Poulk & Co., heavy lumber operators, of Bangor, show that their liabilities are about $425,000, while their assets are not less than $430,000.

NOVEL EXCUSE.—Rev. M. Merrick of South Amherst has asked a dismission because his Salary is too small, and there is trouble about singing. If all ministers left because of trouble among the singers, there would be few churches supplied with pastors.

☞ The Cincinnati people are in trouble. A South Carolina lady obtained the place of school mistress in an academy there, and into which a colored boy sought admission but was refused. Legal measures are talked of.

☞ One of a brace of oxen, weighing jointly 7000 pounds, died in one of the box cars on the Kennebec and Portland Railroad, on Tuesday night last. The cattle were on their way West for exhibition.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—Another horrible death by burning fluid occurred at Albany, N. Y., Saturday. Mrs. W. Castle dropped a glass lamp filled with fluid, became enveloped in flames, and after four hours of intense agony, died.

OLDEST MILITARY COMPANY.—The oldest military company in the State, is the Norton Artillery, (changed to Light Infantry last June,) which was organized October 31st, 1776.

CHINESE FARE.—The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A friend at Canton writes that a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter's provisions—a hind quarter of horse and two barrels of bull dogs.

☞ A son of Mr. Eri Allen, of Wilmington, Windham Co., Vt., aged 6 years, was drowned in the Deerfield river on the 8th ult. The little fellow was playing on the loose cakes of ice.

LET HIM STARVE.—There is but one prisoner in the jail at Greenfield, and the jailer says the liquor law must be repealed or he shall starve

AMHERST AND BELCHERTOWN R. R.—The receipts of the Amherst and Belchertown railroad for 1854 were $21,814, and the expenses $16,985; net earnings $4,825. The following have been re-elected directors: Willis Phelps of Springfield, Thomas W. Williams of New London, Ct., John Leland, Edwad Dickinson, L. M. Hills, and Charles Adams of Amherst, and J. H. Clapp of Belchertown.

BOSTON SLEIGHING.—The sleighing carnival on 'the neck' at Boston has been in full glory. Over 6000 teams of all descriptions passed over the course Monday afternoon, including in the count several passages of the same team in some cases.

WON'T THEY GROW SAVAGE?—The Albany editors have recently been luxuriating on panther steak. One of them says when cooked it resembled a tenderloin steak, although the meat was much more delicate and savory.

MINISTER TO SPAIN.—Agustus Ceaser Dodge, Senator from Iowa, has been appointed Minister to Spain, the place recently filled and dishonored by Mr. Soule.

☞ An eagle with a bell attached, flew over Stamford village last week, at an elevation of ten hundred feet, and the aerial tintinnabulation was distinctly heard below.

A WIDOW IN OFFICE.—Widow Maria Antoinette Lakeman was elected keeper of the town pound in Gloucester last Monday.

BORN.

In this town, Bondsville, Feb, 14th, a daughter to Emory Prince, jr.

At Enfield, 13th, a daughter to George R. Dickinson.

MARRIED.

At Warren, 13th, by Rev. S. S. Smith, W. L. Ray of Jenksville, and Josephine, daughter of Hezekiah Root.

At South Boston, 8th, S. Augustus Bemis of Springfield, and Fanny A., daughter of Alonzo Burdick of S. B.

At Chicopee, Feb. 14, by Rev. C. H. Webster, Comfort P. Bailey, and Martha Scripture. We trust the groom will take pleasure in searching the *scripture*, and the bride take *comfort* in the new relation she has formed.

DIED.

In Monson, Feb. 9th, JOSEPH PECK, aged 98 years and 6 months, a Revolutionary pensioner. Mr. Peck was the father of eight children, and had forty-five grand children, and fifty-five great grand children. Total 108.

In Monson, Feb. 11th, Welcome Converse, aged 69.

In Wales, Feb. 7, James S. Church, 35.

In Warren, Feb. 14th, William Tilden, jr., 32.

In Belchertown, Feb. 2, Maria, only child of Daniel and Maria Fiske, aged 19 months.

In Pelham, Jan. 26, Reuben Wescott, 77.

In Springfield, 9th, Mary P., 75, widow of Elijah Jones.

In Springfield, 10th, Emeritte A., 10, daughter of the late Daniel D. Fox.

At West Springfield, (Agawam,) 11th, Constance Leonard, 69.

At South Wilbraham, 5th, Josiah Langdon, 90.

At Holyoke, 5th, Margaret Kearney, 17.

At North Brookfield, 23d ult., Isaac Moore, 89; he was born and resided during his life in the same house in which he died.

At Keene, N. H., 3d, Wm. Torrance, 39, principal of the high school, late of Enfield.

COLD WEATHER AT PHILADELPHIA.—A man by the name of Joseph Higgins was frozen to death in one of the streets of Philadelphia on Tuesday night. He was partially intoxicated. The Delaware river opposite the city was frozen over so that persons crossed on foot. The ice was about four inches in thickness.

Assignee's Sale at Auction.

WILL be sold at Auction on Wednesday, Feb. 28th, at one o'clock P. M., all the Notes and Book Accounts belonging to Emelius Bond, an insolvent debtor, which are not settled previous to that time. Also, Three Feather Beds, Bedsteads and Bedding, five Stoves, three Tables, one Washstand, one Clock, six Dining Chairs, some Bar Furniture, &c., &c.

Sale to be at S. A. Stimpson's Hotel in Bond's Village. Terms cash.

1w43 A. R. MURDOCK, Assignee.

Assignee's Notice.

THE third meeting of the creditors of Emelius Bond of Palmer, an insolvent debtor, will be held at the office of Henry Vose, Esq., Commissioner of insolvency, in Springfield, on Saturday, the 3d day of March next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims.

(42) A. R. MURDOCK, Assignee.

Administrator's Notice.

BY license of the Court of Probate for the County of Hampden, I shall sell at Public Auction, on the premises, in Brimfield, in said County, on Monday, the 26th day of February instant, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the homestead lately owned by Joseph Dunham Jr., deceased, being the homestead on which he lived at the time of his decease, and containing about one hundred and seventy acres of land, with buildings thereon.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale. JOSEPH RAMSDELL Jr., Administrator.

ALSO, I shall offer for sale at the above time and place, a small pasture, containing about two acres, more or less, near the above homestead, being the same owned by said Joseph Dunham Jr., at the time of his decease.

(2w42) J. RAMSDELL Jr.

HAMPDEN SS.

At a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, Within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord, 1855, on the petition of Elmira P. Staunton, guardian of Herbert E. Staunton, Saul S. Staunton M. Jennette Staunton, minor, heirs of Wm Staunton, late of Monson, in said Co., deceased, representing that it would be for the benefit of said wards that their rights or shares in certain real estate situated in Monson and Wales, in said County, being an undivided sixth part each of the homestead owned by said Adam Staunton at the time of his decease, subject to the right of dower of the widow of said deceased, should be sold, and the proceeds thereof put at interest, according to the provisions of law in that behalf.

ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said guardian give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, 3 weeks successively previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same. OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.

Copy—Attest—

(42) CHAS. A WINCHESTER, Reg. Prob.

Fourth of March--Why Selected.

Do our readers generally know the reason why the Fourth of March was chosen as the day for the inauguration of the President of the United States? It was selected because the Fourth of March, in every year, commencing from the first inauguration, cannot come on a Sunday for at least three hundred years. This fact shows the great regard which the framers of our Government had for the Sabbath.—*Exchange Papers.*

The above is going the round of the press, and it is a little singular that such a glaring blunder sould be suffered to pess, as we find it, through the columns of papers of well earned reputations, uncorrected. Every day in the year has its recurring periods, on which it must fall on Sunday. It was but in the year 1849, that the Fourth of March occurred on Sunday, and the inauguration of General Taylor was postponed in consequence until Monday, the 5th. Mr. Monroe's second term commenced on the Fourth of March, 1851, Sunday; but there is no notice on the Journals of Congress of his having taken the oath nor is there any notice of Vice President Tompkins having taken the oath, also Vice President during Mr. Monroe's first term. But this omission was not on account of the Fourth of March occurring on Sunday, for there is no record of the oath by Mr. Madison at the commencement of his second term, though there is of that of Mr. Elbridge Gerry, who, succeeded Mr. George Clinton, Vice President during Mr. Madison's first term. It is a fact worthy of notice, however, that both Presidents Washington and Jefferson took the oath of office at the commencement of their second terms, as did also John Adams, Vice President, during the two terms of General Washington, and George Clinton, at the commencement of his second term, which began with Mr. Madison's first. General Jackson also renewed his oath of office at the commencement of his second term, March 4, 1833.

To return to the Sunday question; the Fourth of March will fall upon that day this year, 1855; again in 1877, which will be the commencement of a presidential term, but who the happy man will be is rather a difficult problem just now. The Fourth of March again occurs on Sunday, in 1883, 1888, and 1894, in the present century, but neither of these are inauguration years.—Further than this we shall not go on the present occasion. Such of our readers as may attain to that period, and be anxious respecting the Fourths of March, in the twentieth century, will, by dropping a note to this office, stir up the editorial corps (not ours by the way) for further information.—*Baltimore Sun.*

An Editor.

"An editor cannot step, without he treads on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous. If he states facts without giving any comments, he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of personal hostility. If a jackanape, who measures off words into verses, as a clerk does tape by the yard, hand him a mess of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimblet, and if the editor be fool enough to print the nonsense—stop my paper; I will not patronize a man who is no better judge of poetry.

One man grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room; another complains that the paper is too large—he can't find time to read it. Another class finds fault because the paper is too small; they don't get the worth of their money; (generally non-paying subscribers.) One wants the type so small that a microscope would be indispensable in every family. Another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long. An old lady actually offered an additional price for a paper that should be printed with such type as are used for handbills. In fact, every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labor of Sisyphus was recreation, when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to please everybody."

Uncle Sam's Farm.

According to the Census Report, the area, of the United States and Territories, is 2,936,166 square miles. The area of the State of New York is 47,000 square miles. The Nebraska Territory is large enough to cut up into seven States of the size of New York, and leave a surplus of territory large enough for a State the size of Connecticut—Kansas Territory has an area sufficient to make two States of the size of Ohio and one of the size of Indiana—Texas will make four States of the size of Alabama, and one of the size of Indiana—and California has a sufficient area to be divided into sixteen States of the size of New Hampshire, and have a surplus to make one about the size of Massachusetts.

☞ The marriage of Miss Catharine Jones appears in the New York papers, and appended to it (says a correspondent) is the interesting information, that "the lovely bride was one of Eve's fairest daughters." But for this it might have been supposed she was one of old Mrs. Jones' daughters.

☞ Gov. Gorman, of Minnesota, had a fight with an auctioneer named Collins, in St. Paul's, on the 10th ult. Strange as it may appear, in this case the auctioneer was "knocked down."

Very Good.—The Mormons at Salt Lake City, it is said, have recently prohibited the sale of all intoxicating liquors in that community, and have revoked all licenses.

POETRY.

Thinks I to Myself.

I saw her again, but a few days ago—
Why will she come down to the city?—
The name of the lady, is Abigail Snow;
Yet, thinks I to myself, she is pretty
And witty;
Thinks I to myself, she is pretty.

And methinks I've seen her somewhere before,
And ask'd fur a lock of her hair;
But I've seen of girls so many a score,
That, hang me, if I could tell where;
I declare,
I couldn't tell when or where.

But now, both the time and place I remember:
(She wore that very same dress)
At a certain hotel, in the month of December;
We met in the hall, I guess;
O yes—
And our lips, too—they met, I guess.

Thinke I, she would make a good partner for life;
But she's book'd by another, I s'pose,
And perhaps the poor fellow's in want of a wife,
Or else I'd surely propose;
Goodness knows,
As it was, I did more than propose.

But thinks I to myself, after all, it's a pity
She's tied, and cannot undo it,
Though, thinks I, if she comes so oft to the city,
Some day her lover will rue it,
Will rue it,
Thinks I to myself, he'll rue it.

But if 'satisfaction' he wants, my revolver
Is ready to win or to lose,
And then, if he's forced at last to absolve her,
I'll step right into his shoes—
The goose—
I'll step right into his shoes.

LINES.

O, there is many a tempting wile,
To lure the human heart,
And sinful pleasures oft, alas!
Can soothe affliction's smart;
But deep within the mortal breast
Are founts of deathless love,
For something purer, better far,
Which cometh from above.

O, give to me the Christian's hope
Of bliss, in yonder sky,
And joys supernal, heavenly, pure,
That were not born to die.
With such emotions in my soul,
I'd bid adieu to mirth,
And fix my roving eye beyond
The transient scenes of earth.

The Cheerful Home.

There is one bright, enchanting spot,
Where love and beauty glow,
Which oft the glorious grace of God
Hath made a Heaven below.

And in that covenant-sheltered place,
There is a radiant gem
More precious than the ocean pearls,
Or empire's diadem.

O, keep that gem, ye plighted ones!
Nor from that spot depart!—
That spot is home, delightful home,
That gem, the faithful heart.

☞ The following answer was made to a young lady, who had sent her lover a kiss in a letter:—

Thanks to my gentle absent friend;
A kiss, you in your letter send;
But, ah! the thrilling charm is lost,
In kisses that arrive by post;—
That fruit can only tasted be
When gathered melting from the tree.

☞ The following, among many others, is one of the prettiest similes we have yet read, and is worthy of repetition:—

Take the bright shell from its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes, it will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart from its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved to the ends of the earth.

The Pure Heart.

In a discourse on the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart," Mr. Caughey once remarked that it was impossible to sully a sunbeam." Said he, "it may dart down into the darkest hole of filth and illuminate it, it will soil nothing, and yet not be soiled itself. So the ray of heavenly life and love existing in the perfect believer's heart, goes into and comes out into contact with the dark dwelling-places in iniquity and filth, and cheers, and enlivens, and encourages by its presence, but is always unspotted from the stains of the world. It is God that gives to the pure heart this great gift and distinction. It is He who can keep the heart in perfect peace. Supposing a white-robed female were walking along some turnpike road where the mud was flying, and where the horses and wagons as they hurried and splashed along, at every turn and step increased the confusion, hemmed up the foot-path, and threw the water and dirt. Suppose that white-robed female should find at her journey's end her white dress as spotless as when she first robed. Would not this be a miracle? Most surely it would. But a miracle is that the Christian, in waging his course through this world, in fighting through trials and temptations, and in struggling with the fiery adversary, does not have some stain or mark of conflict on his garment. He cries out. 'Glory to God! free and unspotted too.' It is a miracle of grace—of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Praises be unto his precious name!

[Western Adv.

☞ A young gentleman of our acquaintance created a considerable of a sensation a few evenings since, while reading to a circle of young ladies a poetic effusion—"To a Beautiful Belle" —by pronouncing the latter word with two syllables.

An eminent artist—American of course—lately painted a snow-storm so naturally, that he caught a bad cold by sitting too near it with his coat off.

We heard a good Methodist preacher once, go on in this way,—"As I was riding along once, on one of those beautiful western prairies, with my dear good wife, who has since gone to heaven in a buggy."

"Old age is coming on me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, cowhide in hand.

THE PALMER JOURNAL.

$1,50 A YEAR, OR] A BUSINESS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER----INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING. [$1,25 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 5. PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1855. NUMBER 44.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
—BY—
G. M. FISK & A. J. GOFF.

G. M. FISK, EDITOR.

TERMS.—One Dollar and fifty cents per annum. A discount of Twenty-five cents to those who pay in *advance*. For six months, 66 cents; for three months, 33 cents. Single copies 3 cents.

☞ All Letters to meet with attention must be POST-PAID.

☞ Communications should always be accompanied with a responsible name.

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—The space occupied by 100 words, or that occupied by 14 Brevier lines, constitutes a *square*. One square one week 75 cents; 3 weeks $1. Each insertion afterwards 20 cents. One square 6 months $5—one year $9. One-half square or less—1 week, 50 cents; three weeks 75 cents. Each after insertion 15 cents. One-half a square 6 months $3—1 year $5. Legal advertising of all kinds, such as Insolvent and Probate Notices, Sales on Execution &c., not less than 25 per cent in advance of ordinary rates. Special notices 33 1-3 per cent advance of ordinary rates.

Cards of acknowledgement, religious notices and the like, one insertion, 50 cents per square. Political notices, calls for Conventions and secular meetings to be charged the same as other notices or advertisements similarly published.—Notices in news columns 10 cents per line, one insertion, but no charge made of less than 50c.

Discounts will be made to merchants advertising at the above rates to the amount of $20 per annum, of not more than ten per cent; $30—15 per cent; $40—20 per cent; $50—25 per cent; and on $75, or over, 33 1-3 per cent.

Births, marriages and deaths inserted without charge; but all additions to the ordinary announcements, as obituary notices, &c., charged at 4 cents per line—no charge being less than 25 cents.

*** The above rates are adopted by all weekly newspapers published in the five Western Counties of the State.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Henry and Clara.

A Tale of Ambition.

To the Convent of———, in fair Florence, a short time since, came a young lady and her attendant. The lady was called sister Clara, and the attendant Ursula.

Great curiosity was evinced by the sisterhood, to know who the interesting stranger could be; but the lady Abbess knew as little as themselves, and Ursula's tone and glance to the first querist who addressed her, effectually silenced all further appeals. One thing, however, could not be concealed—the situation of the beautiful Clara. Care and sorrow had wrinkled her young clear brow, misery had stolen the roscate bloom, the blushing tint of southern skies had failed to restore it to them again; desolation had built his throne in her innocent heart, and madness had glazed her once beaming eyes. But beauty still, despite of care, sorrow, misery, desolation, and madness, was stamped upon her sweet and delicate countenance, and on her feeble and attenuated form. She seemed, indeed, scarcely of this earth; there was something altogether so ethereal in the whole appearance of the unconscious sufferer, that a very little portion of romance would have sufficed for the imagination to have converted her into a disembodied spirit.

There is something particularly awful in madness, at any time, in any mood, but in one so young, so beautiful, so gentle, and so lovely, it was most heart-rending.

She would wander from her companions, who, with that kindness and gentleness for which woman has ever been so proverbial, vainly sought to cheer and comfort her. It was a long time before, finding their efforts altogether unavailing, they gave up the humane attempt.

When quite alone, or with Ursula, whose presence only she endured, she would retire to a corner and knock against the wall, as though to arouse the attention of some one beyond, and then in a high, sharp, unnatural and unearthly tone, commence a conversation with the imaginary being she had conjured up, until Ursula, wringing her hands in agony, whilst the burning tears forced themselves in rapid succession down her cheeks, would beg of her to desist, when Clara would reply impatiently,

'Hush! hush! he will be angry!' and then change the conversation. At other times she would stand gazing on the walls for hours together, without speech or motion, looking as cold and lifeless as the stones upon which she gazed.

What were the forms that peopled the thin, small space before her, none could tell, only one could imagine; that one was Ursula—the broken-hearted Ursula—the guilty and despairing Ursula.

How much has love, that sweet and gentle flower, to contend against! How many passions rise up in their power and might, and array themselves against it! pride, envy and the rest, each striving to destroy the innocent; but none so cruel, heartless and remorseless as *ambition*, which, trampling it to death, builds its foundation upon the ruin it has made.

The Count de Longueville was a proud, haughty and poor noble, to whom the wars afforded a meagre support. He had married young, and his wife died in presenting him with his daughter Clara, his only child. He left her at a very early age in an old and romantically situated chateau, to pursue his fortune on the 'embattled plain,' 'seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth,' with his early and only friend, Baron de Stirum, an officer of great prowess, who was allied to him by congeniality of sentiment and situation. But in all his campaigns—in the heat of battle—in the toilsome march, and in the lonely midnight hour, the Count's thoughts would wander to the old chateau, and Clara, the keystone to them all, would stand before him.

It was strange, but even from the infancy of his child, he dreamed 'golden dreams' of wealth and power, to be inherited through her; but when, upon making some stay at the chateau, in the fifteenth year from the birth of Clara, he beheld her exquisite loveliness, now fully developed, his joy, like his ambition, knew no bounds, and in his high and haughty bearing he already seemed invested with the stately distinction he so much coveted.

It was immediately after this interview, upon joining the forces, at the close of a hot and desperate engagement, that his early and beloved friend received his mortal wound. He fell fighting by his side; he died in his arms—not, however, until he had bequeathed his son to the care and fosterage of the Count, who swore sacredly to fulfil the trust, and to do by the child as if it were his own.

A faint smile played round the mouth of the Baron; his hand grasped more fervently, for a moment, his friend's, and then relaxed its hold; his lips trembled an instant, as in the act of prayer; his eyes, upturned to Heaven, became fixed, and his gallant spirit fled.

Henry, the Baron's son, was removed at once to the chateau, whilst the Count continued his career of glory—raising up bright and beautiful structures of greatness, whilst he was mowing down and trampling upon the enemy.

We will leave him, to take a peep at the chateau: it contained three inmates—Henry, Clara and Ursula. Ursula is busily employed in the domestic arrangements of the house. Henry and Clara, like two young fawns, are bounding through the antiquated apartments—now reading old legends in the Gothic library—now surveying the grim and awful looking ancestors, who frown from the walls beneath a weight of armor more than sufficient to crush the effeminate beings of modern degeneracy—now they are sailing over the sweet lake, whose unruffled bosom mirrors their forms, with the cloudless Heaven, which they and their lives so much resemble—now they are administering to the wants of the poor cottager, who is invoking blessings on their heads—now they have 'clumb' the mountain's height, and surveying the sweet valley below them, are adoring that power which called such loveliness into light, and wondering whether Eden were so fair as their own loved inheritance.

Now, in all these *nows*, gentle reader, you will not fail to have noted one very important circumstance, viz.:—that they are always together. And thus the orphan and the motherless grew up—

"Twin roses on a stalk"

Of the world in which they were destined to play so important a part they often spoke. It was to them fair as their own thoughts; they could not imagine that in the paradise of their conception, meagre want could apply in vain to stony-hearted malevolence—that smiling faces veiled mourning hearts—that treachery lurked beneath seeming affection—that the cup of life was too often a poisoned chalice, and that where a paradise appeared a hell could be.

All is now activity and bustle in the chateau. A letter has been received from the Count, in which he desires Clara to be in readiness to accompany him to the capital. Ursula is in a perfect pucker, swelling, like the frog in the fable, with the importance which she alone deems attached to herself, in being appointed directress of the necessary arrangements.—She is hurrying here, there and everywhere—scolding the servants, fidgeting herself, annoying every one who approaches her, and showing all those traits of pride and arrogance which little minds invariably evince upon being dressed in 'brief authority.'

The appointed day comes. The Count de Longueville arrives, and hearing that Clara, with Henry, has wandered out to take her first farewell of the scenes so dear to her, he goes to seek her in the garden.

Painful, indeed, was that day to the young friends. Clara was almost heartbroken. What to her were gayeties and pleasure that Henry was not to participate in!—and then to leave all her beloved haunts, each impressed upon her memory by some fond and endearing tie, from which it was agony to part!—her dear birds—her sweet flowers—her pet fawn—and her HOME. She was all tears.

The sun had gone down. The twilight had disappeared. The moon—the poet's God, the lover's friend, had risen in its chaste, cold glory, and shining down the long gravel walk of the garden, cast the commingled shadows of the two lovers into a beautiful bower formed of lattice-work, through which roses, jessamine and honeysuckle intertwined, and the dark green creeping ivy, looking out in bold relief from its more sweet and lovely, but more perishing compeers. They had left the arbor for the last of their leave-takings, for it was the sweetest and saddest of their haunts. In it they had passed many a long and a joyous hour; but now no more—they must part.

A thousand emotions filled their breasts. The quiet loveliness of the evening inspired Henry to reveal feelings long germed in his bosom, till then unknown to himself. 'Dearest Clara,' said he, 'you will forget me in the gayeties of Paris, and these sweet scenes will only appear to you as a passing dream.'

'Never, Henry, never.' And her sobs choked further utterance.

'It was the custom, Clara, if those tales we have read with such delight, speak the truth, for those who loved as I now feel that I love you on parting, to bind themselves to each other by a solemn promise. Is the affection you feel for me of a nature to warrant such an obligation on your part? or is it a slighter and more evanescent passion?'

'Oh! no; the affection I feel for you is of my life. You are interwoven with my being; none other could efface your image from my heart; nothing but death could part us.'

'Nothing but death *shall part us*,' exclaimed the joyous youth, entering the bower with his beloved.

At the instant a shriek was heard; and the form of Henry rolled lifeless into the moonlight, stabbed by an unseen hand.

Painful and lingering was the illness of Henry. Upon being stabbed he had fainted, and upon recovering from the fit had managed to crawl to an old cottager, by whom he was strictly concealed and carefully attended. As soon as he was able to move he left the humble abode, and was heard of by its inmates no more.

In Paris, Clara, by her father's command, mingled in all its multitudinous fashionable festivals. She had gained one great point by mixing in the world—the art to hide her emotions. She had learned to veil her feelings from the prying and pitiless eye of the curious.—None saw the undying 'worm within,' consuming her health and banqueting on her misery. But she would return from the gay circle of which she had been the ornament and delight, to indulge in the scalding tears that oppressed her, and to mourn over the affection of her infancy.

The Count was delighted. The 'serpent' in his ambitious path was forever removed, and his daughter, so he declared, no longer indulged in the childish remembrance. His wishes, his hopes, his dreams of ambition, were on the eve of consummation. The Duke de——— expressed to him his wish to make the lovely Clara a Duchess.

At this critical juncture he was dispatched by his sovereign to Warsaw.—He left his child under the guardianship of a female relative, to mix as usual in the gay scenes of the capital. She was attended constantly by the Duke, and strange to say, the roses which had so long forsaken her fair cheeks, returned in their pristine beauty, to the envy of half the belles, and to the delight and admiration of the beaux of the metropolis.

There were some who hinted that a certain Captain Delaisse, a young and elegant officer, who was observed to be at all the parties Clara frequented, was mainly instrumental in restoring them.—Such things as heightened color, watchful eyes and soft emotions, evinced on the approach of any particular individual, are not thrown away, nor suffered to pass without comment, and each and all of these were said to have been observed in the fair Clara.

It was on an evening after one of these elegant parties in which the Captain had been most agreeably assiduous and the Duke most assiduously annoying, that Clara sat in the privacy of her own apartments, an ante room, looking out into the garden. Her passion for flowers was as great as when she watched their expansion at the chateau Longueville. Beside the dying embers of the fire, in sleepy listlessness, its tail curled comfortably round its legs, purred the sleek and contented cat. Old Ursula, with spectacles on her nose, s[illegible]ding over a piece of work, perf[illegible]g a stitch at about every five minutes interval, as the graceful genuflection of her corpulent body caused her to start into momentary consciousness. Morpheus was laying his lethean spell over all but Clara; her breast was strangely at variance with the tranquility of the scene. She would walk to the casement, look out into the broad moonlight, and return to watch the slow movement of incorruptible time.

At length a tap is heard at the casement; it opens, and Capt. Delaisse stands before her.

'Dearest, dearest Clara, we must part; this shall be our last secret interview. I will return with honor to claim you, or I will return no more.'

'Dearest Henry,' said the faithful girl—for it was he, the companion of her youth and the lord of her affections.—Enough; their early vows were plighted anew, love-tokens were interchanged, and they parted. Ursula was their confidant, and readily undertook to ensure the delivery of their correspondence.

The Count returned—pressed the suit of his friend in vain. His suspicions were aroused. He set Ursula as a spy upon the actions of his daughter.

Faithful to the dross with which he liberally supplied her, the old domestic betrayed the secret of the child she had nurtured from infancy. The correspondence of Clara and Henry was all delivered to the Count Longueville. This ambitious man constantly pressed the Duke's suit, apparently altogether unconscious of the existence of Henry, and Clara supposed her secret safe. At length, after an engagement in which Capt. Delaisse performed prodigies of valor, he was reported killed. Ursula brought the Gazette containing the document, to the wretched victim of her duplicity. She still refused her hand to the Duke, until her father, discovering the reason, caused a counterpart of the love-tokens she carried about her person to be made, and sent them by a counterfeited soldier to her, as from the dying Henry. Then, and not till then, she yielded to the importunities of her harsh parent, and his daughter was a Duchess.

The gorgeous cavalcade were leaving the cathedral, the solemn tones of the organ were swelling through the sacred pile, when a horseman was seen galloping furiously to the edifice. He stops, throws himself from his impatient steed, and Delaisse stands before them.

The next day, Clara, the heart-broken Clara, was the inmate of a mad-house.—Henry disappeared forever. His fate was never known.

From the asylum, finding her to be harmless, she was sent to the Convent, where we discover her at the commencement of this o'er true tale.

One morning she was missed by the sisters. They sought her through the apartments of the Convent, they searched the garden, at the extremity of which, in a shallow brook of water, they discovered the lovely unfortunate quite dead—relieved from a world of suffering, too acute for her gentle spirit to bear. Her pure soul had winged its way to the abode of spirits. Thus perished the victim of man's over-towering ambition. By the side of the brook lay Ursula. She had committed suicide.

The Count still drags on a wretched existence, abandoned by all his former friends, carrying in his bosom that worst of hells—*remorse*.

Woman.

As the dove will clap its wings on its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end.—She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, 'dry sorrow drinks her blood,' until her enfeebled frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to 'darkness and the worm.' You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low, but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

What is Man?

What is man? Is he not the creature of circumstances? Is he not a football which is kicked this way and that?—high up now and rolling in the mud shortly thereafter? A catapillar to-day and a butterfly to-morrow? To-morrow a beautiful winged insect, and next day caught by a mere child, and crushed by a tiny hand! Is man more or less than this? Is woman? Is human life more or less? We all stand upon our dignity, our position, or our bank's account. But what is it all? What does it all amount to? Reckon up the sum total. What is the balance in our favor? Only a few coppers at best! Then what is MAN? What is WOMAN? A mere child in knowledge—a mere skeleton in old age, which the grave kindly covers and preserves for a new life beyond this world—a life everlastingly happy, if we have fulfilled our duty on earth to God and man. Let us all so live that our present life will secure to us that life everlasting.

☞ The Washington Star says that there is a sufficient number of gentlemen already applying for commissions in the four proposed new regiments, to fill up the ranks of one of them.

The Happiest Place is Home.

BY REV. SIDNEY SMITH.

Though others may seek far and wide
To gain but a moment of bliss,
Disappointments their footsteps abide,
In a world full of phantoms as this.
But with loved ones the blessings to share,
Ah, who would be longing to roam,
When taught by the joy tasted there,
That the happiest of places is home.

The world may seem brighter without,
With the glitter and tinsel of art;
And its friendships appear more devout,
With the semblance of truth to the heart.
But so sweet are the pleasures I share,
My heart feels no yearning to roam,
Since nothing on earth can compare
With the happiest of places, my home.

If sorrow e'er darkens my way,
Till the heart wears a burden of grief,
And the friends I have trusted betray,
In the hour when most needing relief;
From the anguish which tortures the mind,
To my own little haven I'll come,
In the smiles of my loved ones to find,
That the happiest of places is home.

The Bachelor's Wedding.

Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married

We married him quietly to save his fright,
Our heads from the spectacle turning; [light,
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim
To think him no more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
Though of wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched adown
From the first to the lowermost story, [man,
And we never have heard from or seen the poor
Whom we left alone in his glory.

Remarkable Events in February.

Feb. 4th, 1855, John Rogers suffered martyrdom at Smithfield, England.—1693. Great earthquake in Sicily.—1746, Thomas Scott, author of Commentary on the Bible, born in Lincolnshire, England.—1783. Cessation of arms between United American Colonies and Great Britain.

" 5th, 1722. John Witherspoon, the scholar, divine, and patriot, one of the signers of the declaration of Independence, born in Yester, Scotland.—1788. Sir Robert Peel born.—1831, Russians enter Poland.

" 6th, 1738. Earthquake in New England.—1778, Alliance with France arranged by United States.—1804, Dr. Joseph Priestly, the English philosopher and divine, died in Northumberland, Penn.

" 7th, 1801, Pitt's administration dissolved.—1812, Charles Dickens, author of "Sketches of Boz," "Bleak House," and other popular works, born in Portsmouth, Eng.

"8th, 1555, Saunders martyred.—1587, Mary, Queen of Scots died.—1649, England became a Republic under Cromwell.—1780. Great Earthquake at London, England.

" 9th, 1555, Bishop Hooper martyred. 1674, New York taken from the Dutch by the English.—1849, Pope Pius IX. deposed, and Republican Government declared at Rome.

" 10th, 1787, Dr. Charles Chauncey, of Boston, died.—1799, Bonaparte leaves Cario. 1840, Victoria and Albert married.

ADOLPHUS GETS INSPIRED.—'Dearest, I will build thee a cot all covered with ivy in some secluded vale, close by a purling brook meandering over its pebbly bottom, incessantly babbling in dulcet tinkling strains, love, love, love;'—where the atmosphere is redolent of soothing, spicy aromas, that make the eyes languish, and the heart dissolve in the liquid fires of love; where the balmy morning zephyrs sigh in the dense forest's leafy maze, chanting love's melody; where the tiny songsters that whirl in ethereal space, warble nought but love. I will plant thee a garden of gorgeous loveliness, called from nature's most ardent designs, warmest tints, and sweet smelling incense.

'Dolphy, dear, don't forget to leave a patch for cowcumbers and inyuns—they're so nice pickled.'

GOLD AT THE MINT.—In melting gold, at the United States mint, 100 lbs. of silver to 50 of gold is placed on each crucible, and after the two are rendered fluid, the mixed metal is dipped out and poured into a large copper vessel filled with cold water, the metal being swung round in the process. This rotary motion causes the metal to sink to the bottom in the form of flakes or grains. Hence it is called the process of granulation. The metals are afterwards separated by means of acids.

RHODE ISLAND.—An act has passed the Rhode Island Assembly which transfers the pardoning power from that body to the Governor.

☞ The period of courtship cannot be too short. When you have hooked your fish, the sooner you use your landing net the better.

The enchantments which distance "lent" to view, has not been returned.

☞ Principles, like coffee, should be well settled.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY FRIEND.

When the peeping flowers of Spring were wreathing,
And the soft air was burdened with perfume,
Life's last sad music on her lip was breathing,
And she was lightly gathered to the tomb."

THE rose, fairest of its kind, the sweetest flower that ever bloomed beneath the sun, scarce lives to win the love of its beholder ere it falls to mingle with the dust. Thus it was with my early friend, Althea. It was at her own loved home that I first beheld her, sharing in that blessed sympathy which home-friends alone can give.

It was a beautiful evening. The moon, goddess of the night, was clothing the surrounding verdure with fairy shadows, and the stars, the blazonry of the bannered sky, glittered in their far depths. The wind was soft as that which swept Arion's magic to the Atlantic isle, and the passing breeze bore not only to our senses delicious perfume, but such whispered music from the distant forest, 'twould seem 'twere touched by angel-fingers. Hers was a life to imitate.—Hope, Joy and Gladness, sisters, reigned wherever she moved. The proud and gifted crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or bask in the ever present sunshine of her enchanting smile.

As a gentle rivulet was her life, murmuring on in its sweetness—alas! that a shadow should darken its calm waters!

But if earth's fairest flowers are soonest taken, we wonder not that she, by Consumption's pale hand, was led so soon to grace the waiting throng above. Ah! what is life? 'Tis but a phaeton rushing through the air, only to leave the chariot empty; a bubble which gaily dances a moment upon the stream, and sinks to nothingness; a flower which gives its sweetness to the breeze, and fades, and dies; a beautiful star which lends its radiance to our path, and falls like the ancient pleiad, to dim its beams in the dust. It steals upon us like dreams of the blessed, and floats away upon its visioned pinions, to the voiceless grave.

Keep silence! Noiselessly enter with me this chamber, where Death sits patiently waiting for those marble-like lips to soothe once more the sorrow of those weeping friends! Gently uplift the window that the passing breeze may fan her pure, young brow, and that, by the faint light of the new-born day, which vainly strives to brush away the undried tears, she may once more behold those friends who would gladly retain her fluttering spirit. Catch now her last faint words, "Ere long my heart will cease its throbbings. My existence is hurrying to its eternal home. This is a beautiful world, but that to which I am fast hastening is far more beautiful. Prepare, dear friends, to meet me in that world, the spirits of which are even now whispering in tones of love, 'It is time to die'—farewell!"—One moment more, and the faint sunbeams fell upon the closed eyes and lips, the motionless form of her who had been the pride and joy of earthly friends.—Yes, the last words of that great and distinguished statesman, Daniel Webster, he of whom our noble country will ever be proud of boasting, we can utter, She "still lives." Methinks her spirit still hovers o'er me—her breath still fans my burning cheek, and her last words still sound upon my listening ear.

'Tis a fearful sight to behold the young, around whom the bliss and peace of home have just lent their magical influence to charm existence, cast into the tomb. And though their influence "still lives," there is no heart methinks, but feels a solitude, and will offer up a silent, earnest prayer to "Him who doeth all things well." Let Sophocles sleep among his ivy; let olives shade their Virgil, and roses bloom above Corinne, but plant her grave with laurels, sprinkle it with lilies, and set it midst holy prayer, and generous grief, and consecrating blessings. LILLIE.

Provide a Home.

Especially might every married pair, says Fowler, to secure a permanent residence for themselves and children; for without it, one powerful mental faculty must suffer perpetual abrasion, and many more, diminished and interrupted action and pleasure. This "moving" is ruinously costly, alike destructive of property and pleasure, cripples husbandry, prevents planting trees and vines, and obliges tenants to frequent the grocery, with money in hand, for a thousand little things which, if land owners, they would raise. None can duly appreciate home, till having once owned and lost one; after being cast upon the stony-hearted landlords, they repossess themselves of a comfortable domicil, again to feast upon the products of their own gardens and orchards. Father, mother, whoever, wherever thou art, heed this important advice—provide a home first, whatever else you do, or leave undone, and however stringent your poverty, even as your best means of escaping it.

☞ Trust not a woman when she weepeth, for it is her nature to weep when she wanteth her will.

THE JOURNAL.

PALMER, MASS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1855.

NOTICE.

A. J. Goff has associated himself with the proprietor of this paper, and the business of the Journal establishment will in future be carried on under the name and firm of Fisk & Goff.—Those who are indebted to this office for the Journal, advertising or Job work, are requested to call and settle, as it becomes necessary to settle the books up to this time.

Another Veto.

President Pierce has vetoed the French Spoliation Bill, which recently passed both branches of Congress. The hopes of hundreds are blasted by this unexpected result. Many have waited year after year for their honest dues from our government, and while the justice of their claims has been repeatedly acknowledged, they have been put off, while other objects of trivial importance have been attended to, and for which money has been freely paid out of the treasury.

President Pierce is determined to immortalize himself some way. His first grand effort was made at Greytown, where the destruction of a few slab huts appeased his ambition for a short time. He next attempted to destroy the American party, by removing from office every incumbent supposed to be a Know Nothing, but the crowning feat of all is the veto of the French Spoliation Bill; whereby many honest and needy persons are prevented from obtaining their just dues.—Men in high stations sometimes stoop to small actions, and President Pierce seems to have a liking for such business—he is peculiarly fitted for it. But the time *will* come when these long-pending claims will be adjusted, and the narrow policy which guided Franklin Pierce in his veto act will be condemned by every lover of American justice.

Not Unconstitutional.

Opponents of the American party are constantly crying out that it is unconstitutional, because it rejects foreigners. To this charge the Cincinnati Times, a well conducted journal, replies:

"The Constitution of the United States recognizes native Americanism as a political identity, for it excludes from the two highest offices in the nation—the Presidency and Vice Presidency—all foreigners, and so settles the point. If our Fathers had a right to make any limitation in this respect, the extent of it is only a question of expediency, and if, in the course of a century, the safety of the Republic demands it, the limitation will be extended. To a political native American, therefore, is to be a Constitutionalist; and to go against the principle, is to be opposed to the Constitution of the U. S."

The Disbanded Irish Companies.—The Boston Bee truly says that 'the course of these Companies is anything but what should have been expected from *military* men.' It might have also added that it also proves that they were disbanded not a moment too soon. A military body that deliberately disobeys orders and persists in so doing, week after week, is little better than an armed mob.

Veiled Ladies.—The Amherst Express in speaking of veiled ladies says:

"As the sun cannot be looked upon in his brightness without an intervening medium, a beautiful and modest woman when in the street will not."

There seems to have been a veil, or some other "intervening medium" between the ladies and the bachelor editor of the Express ever since he was born.

Lectures.—The Northampton Courier "goes for *popular* lectures." So do we, but *popular* lectures are not always the best. We like thought, originality and that rich vein of practical philosophy which sets people to thinking, as well as the eloquence of the orator, which generally gives to a lecture popularity.

In a Well.—The Chicago Democrat tells the following: During the great storm, while W. J. Hutchinson was riding along the track of the railroad beyond Young America, he had the misfortune to ride into an open well. His horse became so tightly wedged into the hole that the united efforts of Capt. H. and two other men could not release it, so that it was left to perish.

☞ An extraordinary report is current in Paris, to the effect that the Emperor has resolved to declare the Count de Morny the legitimate son of King Louis of Holland, and Queen Hortense, and, consequently, his own brother. It is added that his Majesty will at the same time raise the Count to the rank of Imperial Highness, and declare him heir to the empire.

Another Expedition against Cuba.—A despatch from New Orleans of the 9th, says that a portion of an expedition against Cuba is understood to have left that place, and other Southern ports, and some more are soon to follow. The total enlistment in this foolish enterprise, it is said, amounts to 3,500 men.

Victims of the Shylock Law.—Under the laws relating to imprisonment for debt, as they now stand, upwards of eight hundred were incarcerated in the Cambridge street Jail during the year 1854, and in a previous year the number of cases amounted to 1300.

Singular Child.—A child was recently born in Bedford County, Penn., without any eye-balls, though healthy and perfect in every other respect. On either side the nose there is a small carbuncle, as it were, of a bluish-gray cast, on the lower eye-lids.

OUR EXCHANGE TABLE.

An editor's exchange table is a good deal like other tables, that is, it has legs, drawers, a top and a bottom. But in many respects it differs from other tables most essentially.—It is covered with newspapers and magazines from every part of the country; ornamented with inkstand, pens, paper, paste dish, and scissors. We sit down to *our* exchange table with as keen an appetite as that of the "high liver" when he sits down to a luxurious dinner, and our mental hunger is seldom satiated until we have tasted of every editorial dish before us. We propose giving from week to week, brief extracts from the editorials of our exchanges, that our readers may enjoy with us the pleasure of reading them.

The Southbridge Press goes in for a Ten Hour Law, and believes it the duty of our Legislature to give the people such a law this Winter. The Press says:

"The law tells us what shall constitute a bushel of corn, or a barrel of flour. It adopts the standard of our weights and measures. Why not say to us the number of hours that shall constitute a day's labor?—Why not do for the body, the mind of the laborer, what it does for the most trivial objects of its care? We hope the present Legislature will find time to devote to this question of labor. Its members are fresh from the people, and it is to be presumed, understand their condition. Let them not stop to debate questions of political expediency, but give us a law saying that *ten hours* shall constitute a day's work. Enough has been said years ago in its favor, and *now* let us have the law enacted by the representatives of the *people*. Will they do it?"

The Greenfield Republic advocates the abandoning of all military companies, giving the following reasons:

"One thing is certain: no nation will invade us before a war is begun. They will not send an army here in time of peace; and if war should break out, troops could not be sent here in a minute. It would take a month to prepare an expedition. There would be plenty of time to organize and drill, and get all ready, before a foe could reach us. And a preparation made under such circumstances, when men feel that they are doing something besides mere play, will be worth vastly more in making men good soldiers than the holiday trainings we now have. We should have about as much to do to get ready, to keep up our militia, as we should to let it go down. Our gala parades would then be found to be worth very much less than they cost. Here we are paying yearly some $60,000, and if the ranks should be filled up to ten thousand men, their cost at nine dollars a man, would be $90,000.—For forty years we have had no war that threatened the peace of Massachusetts, and for sixty years more it is not likely we shall have; yet if we keep up our militia, it will have cost us some six or ten millions of dollars, to hire a few thousand young men to leave their business five days in a year to play with muskets, for the amusement of children and idle men. If the State got any equivalent for her money, the matter would be comprehensible; but she does not. The whole thing is absolutely barren of useful results, especially in reference to our protection from foreign danger."

The Hampshire Gazette is anxious that a large number from Hampshire County should emigrate to Kansas the coming Spring. The Gazette very truly says:

"The only way to save Kansas is by pouring into the Territory an emigration of free citizens of the Northern States. Will Hampshire County do its part in this matter? Let the sturdy principles of Old Hampshire be transported to the Territory of Kansas, and a new Hampshire grow up on its virgin soil, more determined in its opposition to slavery, and more generous in its diffusion of education, industry and religion."

The Springfield American pounces upon Sheriff Cutler of Chicopee, for appointing Deputies who do not belong to the American order. The American very justly says:

"Why have these men who have never been identified with the American party, been thus honored above those whose unflinching support has brought it into power? No greater insult can be given to the intelligent American voters of this County than the appointment of these men. If Americans are not as fit for *officers* as for *voters*, out with it. We have men among us who possess Americanism without Whiggery, talent without making claims, and *can bear office without becoming unworthy of it.*"

The North Adams American is "down" on Gen. Cass with over a column of invective, partaking of the following character:

"He prates and mumbles of 'Democratic equality,' the 'sovereignty of the people,' and does his utmost to extend and perpetuate the system of slavery, which is deadly and eternally hostile to Democracy. He professes love for the masses, and at the same time is doing his utmost to make omnipotent that infernal aristocracy, which only thrives by the utter degradation and ruin of the masses. He is a loud brawler for the submission of the servant to the will of his master, the people, and last Summer voted to open the doors of Nebraska to slavery, notwithstanding his constituents were almost unanimously opposed to it."

The Westfield News Letter closes an article on Humbug with the following:

"The Americans pretend to be a wise, independent and thinking people, and yet they are easily humbugged. Shrewd politicians lead them wherever they please; doctors sell them bread pills, and fancy writers deceive them with trashy books. The public mind needs a few common sense pills to purge it from its pre-dispositions to the humbug epidemic, and keep it in a normal condition. Let teachers, clergymen and editors warn the uninitiated against being led astray by the wiles of cunning, crafty, dishonest men, and in process of time the age of humbug will give way to the age of true common sense."

Rum in the Army.—Over 27,000 gallons of rum were recently shipped to the Crimea, for the British army. The troops consume 1000 gallons per day! Would not these poor fellows keep just as warm and fight just as well if they were not fired up by rum?

Yucatan.—There are rumors of a treaty between the United States and Mexico for the sale of Yucatan.

Legislative Correspondence.

Capitol Hill, Boston, February 21st, 1855.

Mr. Editor:—Having undertaken to furnish a *bit bit* each week for your columns, I find other duties so pressing that if it were not for breaking up Thomas' almanac, I should petition the Legislature for a lengthening of the weeks, or, perhaps, you would sooner petition me to shorten my paragraphs.

The Committee on Federal Relations gave another hearing yesterday, to the petitioners for the removal of Judge Loring. Wendell Phillips occupied over two hours in a clear exposition of the Constitutional right vested in the Legislature, for the removal of just such excrescences as Judge Loring from the bench. It was a masterly effort, and I think removed all doubt, if any existed, of his removal.

To-day the Committee for the abolition of Capital Punishment gave a hearing to the petitioners, at Representatives' Hall. Henry C. Wright, for the petitioners, occupied nearly two hours, showing that humanity, Christianity and so much of the Bible as is regarded authoritative on other matters, all proclaim against the barbarous practice of killing men to render life secure and inviolate. A Mr. Rice, butcher from Brighton, appeared against the petitions. He has so long practiced hanging calves, and sheep, and swine up by the heels, that it is about equivalent to him to dangle mortals by the neck.

The good of man requires that a certain amount of all kinds of game should be butchered. The venerable Dr. Beecher followed in behalf of the same Christian effort. He thought hanging was a Divine institution, but did not insist that a D. D. should necessarily be the executioner. It would seem that the performance of one sacred right might safely be entrusted to the hands of any one who had devil enough in him to carry it out without flinching.

Next Thursday afternoon and evening, the same hearing will be continued, and I trust some light will be shed upon the subject, from all this discussion, which will hasten the discontinuance of this heathenish relic in Massachusetts.

To continue our Senatorial notices. I would say that Bristol County has three stannch men at the Senate board. Mr. Dawley is an editor, from Fall River, a duck of a man, a true gentleman, and an able member. He is Chairman of the Committee on Roads and Bridges, a very laborious position, which he fills to entire satisfaction. He debates fluently and sensibly, often taking the floor, but never unless he has something to say, and when he has said it, he takes his seat. He is a very favorite among the entire collection of Honorables.

Mr. Robinson, one of his colleagues, is an engraver, from Taunton. He is not one of the showy, lot of the solid kind. He does not often address the Senate, but he addresses himself arduously to his several duties, and is an honor to the noble class of citizens he represents, viz., the mechanics.

Ambrose Vincent the other member from Bristol County, is from New Bedford, also a mechanic. He is a very quiet gentleman, but possessed of practical good sense. He, I should say, is very apt to get upon the right track, and when there no slight circumstance could remove him. He has a kind of independence which all must admire, undisturbed by the frowns or favors of foe or friend.

You see that if the enactments of the present Legislature are not framed according to *gunter*, it will not be through lack of mechanical skill, although every member is virtually what is termed Cheigh Enne.

Spring is coming!—Winter has not another week to live. The frosty old fellow is rapidly retiring before the genial smiles of approaching Spring, yet he will look back with many a frown for a month after "the queen of the South" has arrived. But the prospect of sunnier days, green fields, opening flowers and singing birds grows brighter. Barefooted children will soon be seen on the lawn, swallows will twitter around the farm-house, and the whole outward appearance of Nature grow charmingly delightful with renewed life and beauty. Who will not bid Spring thrice welcome?

Appointments.—Sheriff Longley was qualified, and assumed the duties of his office on Friday, 16th. He has made the following appointments:—Geo. F. Wright, of Northampton, Geo. L. Shaw, of Enfield, John Parks, of Norwich, and Chas. W. Knox, of Chester Factories, and Robert G. Marsh, of Holyoke, in Hampden County.

Revolutionary Pensioners.—Mr. Cass has presented a resolution in the U. S. Senate, which was adopted, directing the Committee on Pensions to enquire into the propriety of providing by law that all Revolutionary soldiers and officers now living, who receive a pension less than $100 a year, shall receive that sum from the 1st of Jan. last.

Smothered their Child.—The Newburyport Herald gives an account of a child being smothered to death in the arms of its mother. The family were enjoying a sleigh-ride, and had wrapped too closely the infant to protect it from the cold. Their misfortune was not made apparent until, stopping at a store, they took it to the stove to warm it.

Arrest of our Governor.—A warrant was issued from the Police Court in Boston, on Friday 16th, for the arrest of Gov. Gardner. The offence is for encumbering the sidewalk in front of his store in Milk street, with boxes, &c., and neglecting to remove the snow and ice therefrom.

An Honest Irishman.—An Irishman who was overpaid $100 about a year ago, by one of the Indiana Banks, a few days ago called at the Bank on his return from 'out West,' and returned the identical $100, which he had kept sewed up in his pantaloons for a whole year.

Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Feb. 17th, 1855.

Mr. Editor:—The two branches work now as if they were aware of the shortness of their time. The Senate passed on Friday, about sixty bills on private claims, which have been long neglected. One more such a day's work would come near making a clean sweep; but I doubt if such another day's work will be done. It is rare that consent can be obtained to pay so much regard to the honest claims of individuals on the government, many of which have been hanging for years. There is some hope that the bill establishing a Court, or board of claims on the government, will pass this session. If such a bill would become a law, poor, disheartened, honest claimants for their rights might take courage.

The French Spoliation Bill, which passed more than a week ago, has not yet been signed, or vetoed, by the President. Many an anxious heart is throbbing for the result. Opinion seems to be about equally divided as to the final issue, but I think the long delay is rather significant of a veto. If the President should put a stopper on that act of justice, it is said that it will be tacked to the Civil and Diplomatic Bill, and if that should be done, the passage is *sure*; for the failure of a bill to pay the heads of departments, and foreign ministers, and other agents of the government, is out of the question. It will be remembered that the attachment of the bill abolishing the military supervision of the armories to the appropriation bill for supporting the army, was what saved that measure.

I am led to expect that an amendment to the military appropriation bill of this session, will be offered, providing for the abolition of all military supervision of civil works, and it is to be hoped it will prevail. The government is calling for an addition to the standing army. It is to be hoped that the officers who are placed over the arsenals, light-houses, custom-houses, &c., will be called forth into the service to which they have been educated at the expense of their country, and their places filled by "*competent and well qualified civilians.*"

The weather here during the past week has been severely cold; the snow has laid undisturbed by the rays of the sun, and for several days the sleighing has been fair for this section, and it has been used to the utmost extent.

The Representative of the 10th District has returned, after an absence of more than a week, from his *second* visit home this session.

Hampden.

Story of a Husband.—A sensible husband is he of whom the following story is told: His wife having eloped with a travelling lecturer, was arrested by some officious friends. The husband refused to prosecute, but requested three of his neighbors to say what he ought to do in the matter. They decided that the wife should go off with her lover, take her clothes, four hundred dollars for travelling expenses and her melodeon.—A righteous judgment. The lucky fellow not only got rid of a too loving wife, but of all her baggage at a very cheap rate. This pleasant occurrence happened in the vicinity of Fitchburg.

A Sad Story.—A woman about 45 years old, has complained to the Mayor of New York that she became acquainted with a tailor, about four years since, who succeeded in seducing her, and that shortly before the child was born, he abandoned her; that he afterwards came back again, and by promises, succeeded in inducing her to live with him; that she again became pregnant, and that shortly before she was confined he left her. Subsequently he returned, and again succeeded in getting her to live with him; and afterwards, and before the third child was born, he left the house and has not since returned, and she prayed the interposition of the Mayor in her behalf. Measures were taken to do something in her behalf.

Indian Troubles in Texas.—We are in receipt of later dates from Texas, bringing accounts of numerous Indian depredations on the frontiers during the past fortnight.—Eleven men had been killed by Indians and four captured. The settlers were greatly excited, were assembled together for mutual protection, and sending out parties in all directions. Five companies of troops were organized at Fort Chadbourne, to proceed against the Camanches, who are joining the northern Camanches. A war was regarded as inevitable.

Horrid Affair.—Henry Carrington, a Boone County, Ky., farmer, was abusing his wife, when her sister interfering, he caught her by the throat, when she plunged a carving-knife into his side, so that he died in great agony the next morning. The sister-in-law escaped.

The Sword of the Hero.—A few days ago the sword of Gen. Jackson, used at N. Orleans, passed through Chattanooga, Tenn., *en route* for the national archives at Washington. It was broken in two pieces.

Burned to Death.—Two Irish children in Milford, the one six and the other ten years of age, were burned to death last week, by their clothes taking fire in the absence of their parents.

Freedom of the Press in Missouri.—In the Missouri Legislature, on the 7th, Mr. Doniphan presented a memorial praying that the publication of abolition sentiments be made a Penitentiary offence.

☞ Mr. Willard Tracy, of Gouldsborough, Me., while crossing Big Yank pond, was chased by wolves, and in his hurry to escape, skated into a hole in the ice and was drowned.

The South.—A private letter from Tennessee says that Americanism is all the rage there, and that the next election will surely be carried by the new party. All right!

[COMMUNICATION.]

Amherst and Belchertown Railroad.

Mr. Editor:—I do not yet understand how the Amherst & Belchertown Railroad stands. They publish as net profits for the year ending January 1st, as follows:

Gross Receipts,	$21,814,23.
Expenses,	16,985,68.
	$4,828,55.

Showing a balance of $4,828,55 over and above all expenses,

Now, this is very well, but the Report from the Senate tells another story (only varying one month):

Gross Receipts,	$18,111,91.
Expenses,	18,081,86.
	$30,05.

Showing a balance of $30,05 for the year ending Nov. 30th, 1854. Now the secret is, How can they make $4,858,60 in one month, and that month December? Certainly at this rate they would clear $58,303,20 a year net profits. Why not ask the Amherst Express for an explanation? If you have the Senate annual R. R. report for the year '54, you will find the above. The Ware folks would like this cleared up. If they say they have cleared the above sum, all right. But it is yet to be proved.

Yours &c.,

Ware, Mass. B.

Poor Fellow!—A most definite mark of cold weather was presented at Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, last week, as we learn from one who knows the fact. On one of the awful cold nights, a person having a bag of meal more than he could conveniently manage, threw it over a high railing to rest until the next morning. There appears to have been another apprised of the fact, and in the course of the night, when all was quiet, he went forth with felonious intent. After disturbing the contents of the bag, the thief heedlessly touched his tongue to the frigid iron bar over which the bag was hung. That was a contact from which there was no release. His tongue was at once frozen to the iron, from which no effort could extricate it. His whole body was swung off, and by its weight dangled back and forth, starting the tongue at its roots; but the frost was inexorable, and would not relinquish its hold. In this horrible manner the thief was hung till life was extinct. Many the next morning witnessed the sad catastrophe of a thief brought to the iron bar of justice, and hung; not by Jack Cade, but by the veritable Jack Frost himself. This is probably the first mouse which ever thus came to his end.

The Flag of Truce.—The flag of truce is accompanied with a trumpeter, who sounds along their path on their way to the enemy. This is to attract the enemy's attention. At the first sound of the trumpet all hands are on the move—cease firing is sounded. You then see men come out of holes where you would never think of looking for them, and the sentries of both armies pass the compliments of the day, by the Russians shouting 'English,' followed by a nod of the head. The English return the compliment by saying 'Rus,' accompanied with friendly gestures, and in five minutes after, these sentries are firing at each other as if they had never seen each other, and I have no doubt cursing each other; the latter I often hear as I pass along the works. I am sure there were two hundred men of both armies standing and running about within a hundred yards, and the moment the flag fell the whole rushed to their dens like mice from a cat, and tried who should fire first. There is only a turn of the trumpet to make them friends, and another to make them bitter enemies.—*Letter from a Sergeant of Artillery.*

A Favored Community.—A letter from Omaha City, of January 19th, to the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, closes with these paragraphs:—

"The weather here is still delightful. In truth, we have had no winter on this side of the Missouri River.

Say to all your friends in your part of the country, who are troubled with dyspepsia, bronchitis, bronchial dyspepsia, pulmonary affections, and chronic debility, from any cause, to come to Nebraska, if they wish to be restored. Its mild climate, and elastic, bracing atmosphere, is a sure restorative from diseases of the above character, and guarantee a long life."

Liquor in the United States.—The enormous quantity of forty-seven million gallons of whiskey, rum, and brandy, and thirty-five million gallons of strong beer, were made in the United States during the last year—being more than three gallons apiece to every man, woman, child, and sucking baby, black and white, in the country.

Attempt to Rob.—An attempt was recently made in Saratoga to rob Mr. Fowler, Cashier of the Ballston Spa Bank. He was coming from the cars, with about $15,000 in his satchel, when he was knocked down. He held on to the money, and the would-be thief made his escape.

Colored Snow.—In Venango County, Virginia, a few days ago, snow fell to the depth of about a foot, and after the storm was over the people were surprised to find that it was of a grey color, like buckwheat flour, and in depressed places so dark as to resemble wood ashes.

☞ Cyrus Barton, editor of the Reporter at Concord, N. H., and formerly secretary of State of that State, dropped suddenly dead, of disease of the heart, Saturday afternoon, while in the act of taking his seat after concluding a political speech.

☞ A pot pie, made of the following materials, was manufactured on board the frigate Constitution at Port Mahon, in 1821, for a Christmas dinner: 151 turkeys, 50 lbs. salt pork, 1 bushel onions, 5 lbs. pepper, 1 1-2 bbls. flour, and 50 gallons red wine.

Severe Loss.—At Covington, Kentucky, on the 9th inst., the stable of the Drover's Hotel was burned. Eight horses and three mules were burned, also two superior jacks, worth $1500 each. The loss of Mr. Ellison, the proprietor, is estimated at $12,000.

Religious Items.

The Hampshire East Association of Congregational ministers met at the house of Dr. Hitchcock, in Amherst, on Tuesday of last week. A dissertation on Know Nothingism was read and discussed, and most of those present expressed themselves favorable to the end aimed at by the order, though disapproving of its secrecy and oaths most emphatically.

Rev. Martin Tupper, of Hardwick, received his friends on the 25th ult., who left him richer by a hundred dollars in perishable things, and by an amount not easily estimated in pleasant recollections.

The Boston Pilot, Catholic organ, says,—'No good government can exist without religion, and there can be no religion without an inquisition, which is wisely designed for the promotion and protection of the true faith.'

The city government of Mobile in its recent Sunday law, excepted gas-works and newspaper printing offices, regarding these as works of necessity and mercy.

The pews of Rev. E. H. Chapin's church, Universalist, in New York, have been rented for $14,000, prices ranging from $15 to 150.

A large number of Chinamen, in California, have been converted to Mormonism, and have started for Utah.

Cuba in a state of Siege.

The steamship Black Warrior has arrived at New Orleans, with Havana dates to the 15th inst. Great excitement prevailed, and new militia companies were being formed.—The whole island had been declared in a state of siege, and all the ports in a state of blockade. A proclamation had been issued, ordering the enlistment of all volunteers between the ages of 18 and 50, who are capable of bearing arms. A military commission had been created for the eastern part of the island. It was reported that Gen. Concha had sent to Porto Rico for more troops. The British ship-of-the-line Boscawen, had left Havana, and the war steamer Medea, was engaged in conveying troops. The British rear admiral reviewed the troops with Gen. Concha, on the 13th inst. A decree prohibiting the sale of fire-arms and ammunition was being enforced.

Spiritualism.—The spiritual business is positively queer. We know of a lady who lives under the deepest concern of mind, lest a prediction shall be fulfilled in her case, which has doomed her hands (cut off at the wrist and nailed against the mantle-piece) to serve for the holders for the shovel and tongs. The 'medium' told her so, and this tunnel for spiritual communication is of course infallible.—*Buffalo Democracy.*

Loss of an Elephant.—Capt. Mc Kay, of ship Wm. Goddard, which arrived at this port this morning, from Calcutta, had on board a noble elephant when he left port, but soon after getting to sea the animal became very sea sick, his sufferings being apparently proportionate to his size. He also experienced much inconvenience from cold weather, although he was well clothed in flannels, and finally he died. The value of the animal in this country would have been about $50,000.—*Traveller.*

A Singular Animal.—The *Sacramento State Tribune* says that a learned German naturalist has discovered, in the mountains of California, a remarkable cub bear, of a new species. The bear is perfectly white and is as docile as a lamb. It is toothless, although several months old; and, what is more singular still, it is a mute. No sound ever escapes its mouth. It will remain for hours together with its eyes, as it were, fixed on vacancy. When it does move, it ambles like a monkey, and is exceedingly playful. It eats nothing but meat, and very little of that; when milk is offered it, it laps it with avidity.

Legacies.—The following legacies to various religious societies, have been left by Ansel Pratt, late of North Weymouth: American Bible Society $5,000; Massachusetts Bible Society $3,000; American Tract Society $5,000; and the residue of his estate, probably $8,000, to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Bounty Lands to Indians.—Under the Indian bounty land bill, about 5,000 Indians may obtain bounty lands. Ten thousand Indians have served in all the wars, and of these 1200 only have received bounty lands.

Pittsfield.—The town of Pittsfield has accepted the act of the Legislature authorizing a loan of the town's credit to the amount of $50,000 for the purpose of bringing water from Ashley Pond for the public use.

☞ As an offset to the veto of the Spoliation bill, the President has approved of the bill creating Gen. Scott Lieutenant General of the United States army.

☞ They must have a perplexing time of it in Wisconsin, as the Legislature has ordered the publication of some 20,000 copies of public documents in German, Danish, Dutch, and Welch.

Beef for the Army.—A butcher in New York city has received an order to kill and salt down 6,000 head of cattle for the use of the allied armies.

Dry Weather.—The New Orleans Delta says the season is exceedingly dry at the South, and anxiety is expressed among the planters lest the sugar crop will be affected.

Stoned to Death.—At a riot of squatters in Kansas territory, the Rev. Mr. Hammer was beaten and stoned to death and then conveyed to the prairie, five miles from the town of Fremont.

☞ It may seem a little paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that however prudent and virtuous young widows may be, we have seen many a gay young widow-*eer*.

Touching.—A Virginia paper, in speaking of a mulatto girl who was burned to death, says—"She was one of the likeliest girls we ever saw, and would have sold for $1000 on the block."

LOCAL MATTERS.

LOCAL MATTERS.—We are willing to spend time and money in procuring items for our local column, but it often happens that many little incidents or accidents occur in town which never come to the ears of a publisher or editor, and consequently do not get "noised abroad." In the matter of births, marriages and deaths, there is also a lack of reporters. People often wonder why such a marriage or such a death is not in the papers, not considering that it is the business of the friends of the married or deceased party to report the event to some newspaper publisher. Editors are not omnipresent, nor have they time to scour the town or village every week, to see if Mr. Brown is honored with a son, or his daughter Sally has got married, or the good old Deacon Jones has shuffled off his mortal coil; but they expect their readers will send in the items of news that are afloat in their respective neighborhoods. Will our readers have the kindness to do so?

REV. A. L. STONE'S LECTURE.—The lecture of Rev. Mr. Stone last Monday evening, was considered decidedly the best of the course.—His subject was "Character." He drew correct and striking pictures of every-day life, pointing out how conclusively the outward appearances of man or woman—the dress, the physiognomy, the habits—illustrate the character within. The lecture was listened to with deep interest, and the audience seemed loth to retire when the speaker had finished.

SCHOOL MEETING.—There will be a School Meeting in this District, next Friday evening. The business will be to choose school committee for the ensuing year, and see if the district can be divided, or a new school house be built in the village part of the district.

HIGH SCHOOL.—The examination of the Palmer High School will take place on Tuesday next. On Wednesday evening the scholars will give an Exhibition in the Town Hall.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES will deliver the next lecture before the Palmer Literary Association, at the Congregational Church, next Thursday evening.

MONSON BANK.—Somebody has gone into the business of altering $1 bills on the Monson Bank to $20's.

GEORGE MOORES, of Thorndike, has received the appointment of Deputy Sheriff.

A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE IN A QUANDARY.—A passenger in one of the snow blocked trains in the Western praries, records the following hard case:

"Our feelings were considerably excited in regard to a newly married couple, who had been on board the cars since Monday morning. The new husband was a little behind last evening in procuring lodgings, and was obliged to take up his quarters for the fourth night in a car seat."

☞ The Boston Traveller has an account of two distinguished Egyptians, who have been travelling in the United States and have just returned to their own country, one of them bearing with him a New York wife.

THE Chicopee Journal urges the building of a plank road from that place to Springfield. Plank roads in Massachusetts are scarce.

STEAMBOATS.—The annual steamboat commerce of the Great West is estimated as follows: Eight hundred steamboats, of nearly two hundred thousand tons, traversing thirty thousand miles of coast, and moving a commerce valued at three hundred and thirty millions of dollars.

SUICIDE.—Widow Simeon Gilbert of Prescott, committed suicide on Monday evening of last week, by taking opium. Her children, a son and daughter, were absent at the time, and on their return found her insensible. All efforts to resuscitate her proved unavailing, and she died on Tuesday morning.

THE THREE EMPEROR'S.—On the 2d of December, 1804, Napoleon the First was crowned; on the 2d of December, 1805, he won the Battle of the Three Emperors, at Austerlitz; 1st of December, 1825, accession of Nicholas of Russia; 2d of December, 1848, accession of Francis Joseph of Austria; 2d of December, 1851, *coup d'etat* by Louis Napoleon; 2d of December, 1852, his proclamation as Emperor of the French; 2d of December, 1854, alliance of England and of the two Emperors of France and Austria against the Emperor of Russia. Here is surely no every-day coincidence.

HORRID MURDER.—The *Oregonian* records a dreadful murder which occurred near Portland, Oregon, on the 3d ult. A man named Burris while crazed with drink, murdered his wife and four children, after which he set fire to the house, which, with the bodies of his victims, was consumed. After his arrest he stated that he had killed his wife and all of his children, four in number, to send them to Heaven. That he had been directed to do so by the devil, and that he was going to be hung at Hillsborough and go to hell.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—We learn from the Jordan (Onondaga county) Transcript, that on Tuesday night, four men, Irishmen, names unknown, were frozen to death at Jack's Reefs. A number of those who were engaged on the public works are living in miserable shanties, which afford but slight protection to the inmates, and during this extreme cold weather their suffering must be intense.

POLYGAMY.—The Mormon elders are beginning to get frightened about the perpetuity of *their* "peculiar institution"—polygamy, and are delivering lectures in defence of it. They won't probably succeed very well out of their own cities.

☞ The best cure for dyspepsia is to collect bills for newspapers. If that don't give you an appetite, you might as well sell your stomach for tripe and have done with it.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—In Girardeau county, Missouri, a young man by the name of Buckner married a widow who had a grown up daughter. His improper familiarities with the daughter caused a quarrel among the three, and about three weeks since, upon his return home from an absence of some days, his wife caught him and held him by the arms, while the daughter killed him with an axe. They then set fire to the house, and consumed his body in the flames. Suspicion was aroused, and Mrs. Buckner confessed the crime. The young woman made her escape.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.—Otis Clapp, Esq., of Boston, has issued an address to the stockholders and friends of the Troy and Greenfield railroad, appealing to them to contribute the necessary sum to secure the commencement of this road and tunnel under the existing contract with Mr. Serrell. The contractors agree, on condition that the Troy and Greenfield railroad company will raise $220,000 of new cash subscriptions, that they will subscribe for $440,000 in stock, and take the bonds of the company for the balance at six per cent. interest.

LOSS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—A letter from Warsaw, quoted by the Cologne Gazette, says that the loss sustained by the Russian active army (that is the "Grand Army," under Prince Paskiewitsch) during the year 1854, has amounted to 111,132 men; of which 29,204 were killed, 55,304 were wounded, 6,230 deserters and absent, while 16,156 have died of divers diseases.

☞ A new bank has been established at Rutland, Vt., with a capital of $550,000.

BORN.

In Ware, Jan. 28th, a son to L. C. White; Feb. 4th, a daughter to Austin Ayres; 9th, a daughter to John Carter; 17th, a son to Augustus D. Blackmer; 18th, a daughter to John Lawlor; 21st a son to Jeremiah Callahan.

MARRIED.

At Northampton, 15th, by Rev. J. P. Cleveland, Oliver Warner of Williamsburg, and Lucy A. daughter of Amasa D. Wade.

DIED.

In Ware, Jan. 24th, Clarisa M., 33, wife of Wm. Bartlett; 29th, John C., only son of C. C. Derby, 2; Feb, 10th, Dr. Joseph Moore; 16th, Widow Marsh, 74; 21st, Lucinda, wife of Ebenezer Train, 65, formerly of Enfield; 22d, in a fit of apoplexy, Levens McClintock, 57.

At Holyoke, 15th, Dwight Ball, 19.

At Warren, 14th, William Tilden, Jr., 32.

In Springfield, 16th, John Danohue, 42; 17th, son of William T. Fisk, 3.

At Greenwich, 12th, John Milton, 20, son of Jonathan Porter.

In Pomfret, Ct., Feb. 14th, Phebe Davis, 20, daughter of John Davis, formerly of Ware. Her sickness was only four hours duration, and when the color of her cheeks being life like. It was reported that she was still alive, causing no little excitement. Distinguished physicans, however, pronounced her dead. The corpse has been visited daily since it was placed in the tomb, but it has given no further signs of life.

NOTICE.

ALL persons qualified to vote in town affairs, and residing in District No. 3, are hereby notified that there will be a meeting at their house in said district, on Friday, March 2d, at 6 o'clock, P. M., to act on the following articles, viz:

1st. To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.

2d. To choose all necessary district officers.

3d. To see if the district will vote to petition the town at their next annual meeting, to divide said district so as to form an additional district.

4th. To see if the district will vote to dispose of any of the property belonging to the district, and appropriate any funds received from the sale of district property, in payment of debts due from the district.

5th. To see if the district will vote to build an additional School House in the present district.

6th. To choose all necessary committees, and do any acts necessary to carry into effect any and all votes passed upon the foregoing articles.

E. B. MILES, Pru. Com.

Palmer, Feb. 20th, 1855. 44w1

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Palmer, February 14th, 1855:—

Alden J T	Holdridge Sarah Miss
Curley Bridget	Hills Henry M
Collins J C Mrs	Holmes B Rev
Chamberlin Albert	Hays Alpheus J
Cook Moody	Hendrick E C
Connor Mary Jane Miss	Larvin G
Cullman Michael	Lawrence Louisa Mrs
Dennison H A Miss	Lynds Dan'l H
Deloughery Thomas	O'Leary Cornelius
Dockry Margret	Pratt Henry
Doughty Edward	Ranney D Rev
Emmerson W G	Shaw Henry N
Kendall J E	Snow James
Hastings R S	Sigourney Wm H
Herson John S	Smith Marcus
	Tucker J M

☞ Individuals calling for the above Letters will please say *Advertised*.

O. H. BIDWELL, P. M.

Administrator's Sale.
BY license from Hon. Oliver B. Morris, Esq. Judge of Probate, for the county of Hampden: Will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises, in Palmer, on Saturday, the 17th day of March next, at 3 o'clock P. M., the homestead belonging to the Estate of the late Thaddeus Rood, of said Palmer, being the same occupied by him at the time of his decease.
Also, at the same time and place, a tract of land containing about three acres, and bounded as follows, viz: northerly by land of Humphrey Sullivan, easterly by land of Daniel Dwier, and southerly by land of Jonathan Taylor, and westerly by land belonging to the estate of E. Bond. Also two building lots situated adjoining the homestead, and bounded southerly on land of Henry Starks, easterly on the homestead lot, northerly on land belonging to the estate of E. Bond, and westerly by the highway. The homestead being subject to a mortgage to Samuel Lemon of Ware, and all subject to the widow's right to dower.
Further particulars and conditions made known at time and place of sale.
FANNY ROOD, } Adminis-
A. M. BRADLEY, } trators.
Palmer, Feb. 22d, 1855. 41w3

SILKS, DE LAINES, PRINTS, Flannels, Best Bleached Sheetings, Denims, Tickings, Diapers, Crash, and all other Goods usually kept in country stores, at lower prices FOR CASH, than at any other store in town.
A. P. SPAULDING.
Palmer, Feb. 24, 1855. 35tf

STATE SCHOLARSHIPS.
NOTICE TO SCHOOL COMMITTEES, and others whom it may concern, respecting the "State Scholarships," provided for by the Legislature.
By the first Section of the Act, entitled "An Act establishing State Scholarships," approved April 27, 1853, chapter 193, forty-eight State Scholarships are established "to aid in educating and training young men for the office of principal teacher in the High Schools of the Commonwealth."
By the second Section it is enacted that in the year 1854, again in the year 1861, and every ten years thereafter, the Commonwealth shall be divided by the Board of Education into forty Sections, and these Sections arranged in four classes of ten Sections each, which classes of Section shall be entitled to one Scholarship for each of their Sections, alternately, once in every four years, beginning in the year 1854.
The third Section provides that the School Committee of every town, in each class of Sections, may in the year designated recommend as candidates for Scholarships, one or more young men, inhabitants of their town, who in their opinion, and in the opinion of a competent Teacher, to be certified in writing to the Board of Education, will be well fitted for College at the Commencement next succeeding, and that the Board of Education, together with the Senators respectively who shall for the time being reside within the Section from which the selection is to be made, shall select from the candidates so recommended, one in each Section whom they shall judge most deserving and most likely to become useful as a Teacher.
Section fourth provides for the selection by the Board alone of two other candidates in each year, thus completing the number of forty-eight to be selected in four years.
In other parts of the act it is provided that one hundred dollars per annum shall be paid to each scholar so selected, for the term of four years, while attending any College in the Commonwealth, provided he shall produce from the President of such College a certificate that he has been during the year faithful in his studies, exemplary in his deportment, and that he ranks in scholarship among the first half of his class; that each scholar so aided shall teach in the public schools of the Commonwealth a term of time equal to that for which he has received the bounty of the Commonwealth; and that, if he shall fail so to teach, he shall refund the amount received, or a part thereof in proportion to the time he shall so fail, provided he be in competent health and can find employment.
The Board of Education, at a special meeting held January 17, 1854, divided the State into Sections, arranged the Sections into classes, and determined by lot the year in which each class of Sections should be entitled to Scholarships, according to the provisions of the act before mentioned.
The following towns and cities constitute the second class of Sections, and are entitled to present candidates for State Scholarships the current year, viz:—
Boston—Ward 9, Ward 10, and so much of Ward 8 as is found on West street, and south of West street and west of Washington street on both sides of said Washington street to Beach street, and all south of said Beach street to the Boston and Worcester Railroad Station; Ward 11 and Ward 12; Amesbury, Boxford, Georgetown, Newbury, Newburyport, Rowley, Salisbury, and West Newbury; Lowell—the part lying on the eastern side of Concord River, Ashby, Roxborough, Chelmsford, Dracut, Dunstable, Groton, Littleton, Pepperell, Shirley, Stowe, Townsend, Tyngsborough, and Westford; Brookfield, Charlton, Dudley, Leicester, New Braintree, North Brookfield, Oakham, Oxford, Paxton, Southbridge, Spencer, Sturbridge, Warren and West Brookfield; Blandford, Chicopee, Chester, Granville, Holyoke, Montgomery, Russel, Southwick, Tolland, Westfield, and West Springfield; Braintree, Cohassett, Dorchester, Milton, Quincy, and Weymouth; Berkley, Dighton, Fall River, Freetown, Rehoboth, Seekonk, Somerset, Swansey, and Westport; Brewster, Chatham, Eastham, Harwich, Orleans, Provincetown, Truro, and Wellfleet; the counties of Dukes and Nantucket, including all the towns.
The Board of Education will meet at the office of its Secretary, on Wednesday, the 22th day of March next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to select, jointly with the Senators residing within the respective Sections, Scholars for the Second Class of Sections.
Directions to Applicants for Scholarships.—To prevent misapprehension on the part of applicants, it is recommended that each one—
1. Procure a recommendation from the School Committee of the city or town in which he resides; and a certificate from said Committee, and from a competent Teacher, to the effect that he is, in their opinion, well fitted to enter College at the next succeeding Commencement:
2. Procure certificates from Persons well qualified to form a correct opinion, testifying that he is a person of irreproachable moral character, free from any considerable defect of sight or hearing, in good health, and of a healthy constitution:
2. Either appear before the Board at its meeting, to be held March 28th, 1855, or send a written application, with the necessary certificates, directed to the Secretary of the Board.—In case the application is not made in person, it would be well for the applicant to call on the member of the Board residing nearest to him, or to the Senator, if there be one residing within the Section, and to make such representation as he would wish to have laid before the Board.
The names and residences of the members of the Board are as follows:—His Excellency Henry J. Gardner, of Boston; His Honor. Simon Brown, of Concord; Rev. Emerson Davis, D. D., of Westfield; George B. Emerson, Esq., of Boston; Rev. Edward Otherdan, of Cheltenham; Hon. Isaac Davis, of Worcester; Hon. George S. Boutwell, of Groton; Dr Henry Wheatland, of Salem; and Rev. Hosea Ballou, D. D., of Somerville. BARNAS SEARS, Secretary of the Board of Education.
Boston Feb. 1, 1855. 43w

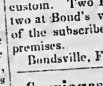
HAMPDEN, SS.
AT A PROBATE COURT holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of November, A. D. 1854.
WHEREAS, Elmira Ann Bond, of said Brimfield, on the fourth Tuesday of September, A. D 1854, presented her petition to this Court, praying that her name may be changed to Almira Anne Dean, and the further consideration of said petition was referred to this Court, now holden, and the said petitioner ordered to give public notice of the pendency thereof; and, whereas it now appears to the satisfiaction of this Court, that said notice has been duly given, and that for sufficient reasons, consistent with the public interest, the prayer of said petitioner ought to be granted; it is therefore Decreed that the name of said petitioner be changed to Almira Anne Dean; and that she give public notice of said change, by publishing an attested copy of this decree in the Palmer Journal, and make return thereof at a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, to which said petition is referred for further proceedings therein.
OLIVER B. MORRIS,
Copy—Attest. Judge of Probate.
CHARLES A. WINCHESTER, Register. 44

STONE WARE, AND OTHER ARTICLES, too numerous to mention, all of which may be found for sale cheap, at
O. H. BIDWELL'S.
Palmer, Feb. 24th. 44tf

New London, Willimantic & Palmer R. R.
CHANGE OF TIME. Commencing February 12th, 1855.
Leave Palmer for New London, at 7.50 A. M., and 2.30 P. M.
Leave New London for Palmer at 8.00 A. M. and 1.50 P. M.
WM. R. STORRS, Superintendent.
New London, Feb. 17th, 1855. 34tf

Administrator's Notice.
BY license of the Court of Probate for the County of Hampden, I shall sell at Public Auction, on the premises, in Brimfield, in said County, on Monday, the 26th day of February instant, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the homestead lately owned by Joseph Dunham Jr., deceased, being the homestead on which he lived at the time of his decease, and containing about one hundred and seventy acres of land, with buildings thereon.
Terms made known at the time and place of sale. JOSEPH RAMSDELL Jr.,
Administrator.
Also, I shall offer for sale at the above time and place, a small pasture, containing about two acres, more or less, near the above homestead, being the same owned by said Joseph Dunham Jr., at the time of his decease.
J. RAMSDELL Jr.
(2w42)

To Rent.
AT BOND'S VILLAGE, one Store for the purpose of doing a Dry Goods, Grocery, and Provision business; rooms large and convenient—a good location for business. One Tailor's Shop, two rooms, one Shoemaker's Shop, two rooms; two Shops with Water Power, the Shop for a Wheel-wright, four rooms; five rooms for Shops or Offices; four Tenements for Families; Lath, Shingle, Clapboard and Saw Mill, all in good repair, and a large run of custom. Two Building Lots at Duckville, and two at Bond's village for sale. Please inquire of the subscriber at Ware, or E. Bond on the premises. AARON GOULD.
Bondsville, Feb. 17, 1855. 43tf

Carriages Made and Repaired.

ALL kinds of Carriages made and repaired, at the Steam Shop of the Subscriber, (lately occupied by Geo. E. Winslow) a few rods east of the Railroad bridge.
Plans and Draks drawn for any kind of Millwright work. Having been acquainted with the business for many years, he feels competent to give instructions to others, and guarantees satisfaction in all cases. LUKE BLAIR.
Palmer, Feb. 17th, 1855. 43tf

Sash, Doors and Blinds.
THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish Sash, Doors and Blinds, as cheap for cash, as can be bought at any other manufactory in Massachusetts.
☞ All orders left with Col. Knox, or C. C. Shaw, of Palmer, or with the Subscriber, will receive prompt attention.
H. J. BARRETT.
Palmer, Feb. 17th, 1855. 43tf

Assignee's Sale at Auction.
WILL be sold at Auction on Wednesday, Feb. 28th, at one o'clock P. M., all the Notes and Book Accounts belonging to Emelius Bond, an insolvent debtor, which are not settled previous to that time. Also, Three Feather Beds, Bedsteads and Bedding, five Stoves, three Tables, one Washstand, one Clock, six Dining Chairs, some Bar Furniture, &c., &c.
Sale to be at S. A. Stimpson's Hotel in Bond's Village. Terms cash.
1w43 A. R. MURDOCK, Assignee.

Last Call.
WE again *earnestly request* of those having *long standing accounts* with us, to call and look over the same immediately.
(42) M. W. FRENCH & CO.

JUST RECEIVED, AT MY ESTABLISHMENT, twenty different styles of Fancy Cassimeres, which cannot be beat. They can, also, be made up in just as good style as they are nice. H. W. MUNGER.
Palmer, Feb. 17th, 1855. 3w

Medical Notice.
MARSHALL CALKINS, M. D., has returned to Monson, for the purpose of practicing his profession.
He uses no curative means which injure the system, entirely dispensing with general bloodletting, the use of mercurials, arsenic and those poisons which tend to produce, after their primary effects, secondary ones, more difficult to be removed than the original disease.
Dr. Calkins has been, during the last three months, attending hospitals and teaching as Professor, Anatomy and Physiology, in the city of Philadelphia, and, therefore, he feels assured that he can give entire satisfaction to all who seek his services.
For six months previous he gave his entire attention to the completion of Prof. Calvin Newton's work on Thoracic Diseases, and hence, he feels that he can treat with more than ordinary success, Consumption, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and all diseases of the heart and lungs.
By association with all classes of physicians, he has learned the method in which CANCERS CAN BE CURED, in all cases in which the disease has not become so extensive as to implicate the more important vessels and viscera of the body.
Scrofula will be cured on strictly scientific principles, by remedies lately discovered in the Western States.
☞ Office nearly opposite the Congregational Church, Monson, Mass.
He keeps a variety of medicines, both Eclectic and Homeopathic.
Persons coming from a distance should call in the forenoon.
MARSHALL CALKINS, M. D.
Monson, Feb. 24th, 1855. 42tf

GREAT ANNUAL SALE!
—UPWARDS OF—
$150,000 Worth of WINTER CLOTHING,
AT the following low prices:—
$1 1-2 to 2. Good pants of various fabrics.
$2 1-2. Cassimere, Doeskin and Broadcloth Pants, at this low price, for a few days, to reduce Stock.
$2 3-4. Custom made Doeskin Pants, Canvas Bottoms, and made of as good materials as the Pants for which you usually pay $5,00—Closing sale of Winter clothing.
$3 to 5. Fancy Cassimere, Doeskin and Cloth Pants, of very desirable patterns, being at least, 25 per cent. less than the same are usually sold.
$8. A nice affair for a gentleman. Over garments, custom made, usually sold for much more.
$10 to 12. A fine Custom Made Overcoat or Sack, made from Drab, Blue and Black Pilot Cloth, Broadcloth and Beaver do., for this low price. Will guarantee that the same garments are sold at from $18 to 20.
$8 to 16. TALMAS. An entirely new style of over garments, combining gentility with ease and comfort.
$3 1-2. For an office or Business Coat, to close out the Stock.
$3 to 12. Dress and Frock Coats, from superfine Broadcloth and Doeskins, made up in good style and in a faithful manner. All will be sold at these low prices, to close our Stock.
$1 to 1 1-2. Vests, of the latest fashion, for these low prices.
$2 to 3 1-4. For a nice fancy Satin Vest.—Also Black or fancy Silk do., made up in the latest styles. Gentlemen's Dressing Gowns at very low prices.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
37 1-2 to 150 cents. Assorted lot of Shirts and Drawers.
50 to 200 cents. Fine Shirts, linen bosoms and dollars.
12 1-2 to 50 cents. Fine linen bosoms.
5 to 17 cents. Fine linen collars.
17 to 25 cents. Socks.
25 to 150 cents. Stocks and Cravats.
25 to 100 cents. Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs.
10 to 50 cents. Suspenders.
27 to 200 cents. Umbrellas.
5 to 17 cents. Tooth Brushes.
6 to 100 cents. Hair do.
$5,00. Shawls.
Together with a great variety of Fancy Goods, to be closed up cheap.

Boys' Department.
$2 to 5. Over Sacks.
$1 1-2 to 4. Jackets.
$1 to 2. Suit Jacket and Pants.
$1 to 3. Cassimere Cloth and Doeskin Pants.
50 cents to $2. Vests.
Very truly, the above are low prices. Purchasers, however, are requested to bring this advertisement with them, and they will then acknowledge the fact, as we are determined to close up all the Stock of Winter Clothing.
A copy of the New Book, "Oak Hall Pictorial," gratis, to every purchaser.
ONE PRICE CASH SYSTEM.
OAK HALL.
34 North St., Boston. 37 3m

Paper Hangings,
PAINTED CURTAINS, Curtain Fixtures, Carpetings, and Feathers, Boots and Shoes, of all kinds. Crockery, Glass and Stone Ware, very cheap by A. P. SPAULDING.
Palmer, Feb. 24th, 1855. 35tf

A FEW PIECES ALL WOOL Plaid Goods and Thibet Cloths, 20 per cent. less than former prices.
A. P. SPAULDING.
Palmer, Feb. 24th, 1855. 35tf

HAMPDEN SS.
At a Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord, 1855, on the petition of Elmira P. Staunton, guardian of Herbert E. Staunton, Saul S. Staunton, M. Jennette Staunton, minor, heirs of Adam Staunton, late of Monson, in said Co., deceased, representing that it would be for the benefit of said wards that their rights or shares in certain real estate situated in Monson and Wales, in said County, being an undivided sixth part each of the homestead owned by said Adam Staunton at the time of his decease, subject to the right of dower of the widow of said deceased, should be sold, and the proceeds thereof put at interest, according to the provisions of law in that behalf.
ORDERED, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that the said guardian give notice to all persons interested therein, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in The Palmer Journal, printed in Palmer, 3 weeks successively previous to said day, at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same. OLIVER B. MORRIS,
Judge of Probate.
Copy—Attest—
(42) CHAS. A. WINCHESTER, Reg. Prob.

Assignee's Notice.
THE third meeting of the creditors of Emelius Bond of Palmer, an insolvent debtor, will be held at the office of Henry Vose, Esq., Commissioner of insolvency, in Springfield, on Saturday, the 3d day of March next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims.
(42) A. R. MURDOCK, Assignee.

Wealth before Character.

In the upper circles of fashionable life, says the New York Independent, no questions are asked how one came by his money, or appears to have it. If he lives in a fine house, keeps a good carriage, gives splendid parties, no questions are asked as to whether all this is honestly paid for. With such a standard before them, it is surprising that aspiring men, who feel themselves in other respects the equals, if not the superiors, of their wealthy neighbors, should find some short road to wealth? The passion for riches, the idea of success in life depending mainly upon wealth, is fruitful in temptations to dishonesty. 'For they that *will be* rich fall into temptations and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.'

This is the maelstrom of character in our city. Men will be rich, they must be rich; they put forth on the sea of speculation, they reach after every floating straw of prosperity, they give themselves to the giddy passion of money-getting, and are whirled every whither by its power. Smoothly they ride at first on the giddy outskirts of dishonesty, till, infatuated with the pursuit, they dive deeper and deeper, and are sucked into the mighty vortex—a wreck of character, fortune, hope and life. The only safeguard is to hug the shore of honesty. Make character supreme.

So strong is the infatuation of wealth among us, such the glare of wealth above character, such the imputed disgrace of poverty, that even feminine delicacy will come out from the retirement of private life to resent the imputation of poverty before marriage as a greater grief than a husband's fraud; and the newspapers must publish to the world that, whatever robberies a man may be charged with, his wife was never guilty of the stupendous crime—of being '*a poor girl*.' We transgress no rule of propriety in thus adverting to what is matter of public advertisement. We offer no censure upon individuals. But is it not pitiable to see from such volunteer exposures of high life, how wealth and character stand respectively in the estimation of many who make our society? The influence of such false pride is baneful in the extreme. Is it not worth to any woman more than gold to say, 'However poor I or my family may have been, my husband is an honest man!'

A Romance in Real Life.

A few years ago there lived in New York, a young Frenchman, whose packet was understood to be often empty, and whose head was generally considered to boast a vacuum as great. He was a man of few words, his silence even going to the verge of unsociability, and his acquaintances consequently were limited. Some said his habits were coarse, his conduct licentious, and his honesty more than questionable; and, perhaps, there was as much truth in these statements as there usually is respecting idle and self-willed young men, with no fixed religious principles, strong passions, and tastes above their means. Suddenly this stranger disappeared from New York, and soon ceased to be remembered there, except by a few, who laughed occasionally at what they considered an insane dream, which, it seems haunted this young adventurer. He entertained, so they said, the absurd idea that destiny had great things in store for him. He believed, in short, that he would yet mount the throne of one of the most powerful European kingdoms, and that nothing which could be done to prevent the accomplishment of his fate would succeed. He might, indeed, be kept out of his inheritance for a while, but of his triumph ultimately, there was no doubt whatever. This man, as the reader may have guessed, was the nephew and heir of Napoleon.

Follies of Fashion.—A living sage says: In no instances have the folly and childishness of a large portion of mankind been more strikingly displayed than in those various and occasionally very opposite modes in which they have departed from the standard of nature, and sought distinction even in deformity. Thus, while one race of people crushes the feet of its children, another flattens their heads between two boards; and while we admire the natural whiteness of the teeth, the Malays file off the enamel, and dye them black, for the all-sufficient reason that dog's teeth are white! A New Zealand chief has his distinctive coat of arms emblazoned on the skin of his face, as well as on his limbs; and an Esquimaux is nothing if he have not bits of stone stuffed through a hole in each cheek. Quite as absurd, and still more mischievous, is the infatuation which, among some Europeans, attaches beauty to that modification of the human figure which resembles the wasp, and compresses the waist until the very ribs have been distorted, and the functions of the vital organs irreparably disordered.

True.—You have no business to have business with other people's business; but mind your own business, and that is business enough for any business-man.

☞ There is no creature so populsr as that species of serpent called the devil. His followers are numerous, and his children are the great ones of the earth.

☞ Swearing is neither sweetened with pleasure, nor enriched with profit, the usual vermillion wherewith Satan paints sin.

☞ The Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage; not their birth.

POETRY.

Original.

The Gift of Song.

BY HARRY GORDON.

Is mine the lofty gift of song
That binds the soul with magic spell,
The eagle wing so proudly strong,
The potent fire that nought may quell?

I know not—but I feel a strange,
Wild longing for a wider field,
A freer and sublimer range
Than this dull life may ever yield.

Beyond the reach of mortal gaze,
Beyond the utmost verge of Time,
I see dim forms amid the haze,
And hear a low-toned, thrilling chime.

And in my soul there lives a dream
Of sylphid shape and lovely face,
An angel, clad in rainbow gleam
Of glory and bewildering grace.

But when I seek to scan the child
Of roving Fancy's wildest birth,
The rainbow melts and leaves the mild,
Sweet features of the child of earth.

I cannot forget it,
It comes evermore,
Like singing of music
From the spirit's far shore.

I cannot forget it,
It sparkles all night,
My sleep-dreams embathing
In a roseate light.

Palmer, Feb. 13th.

Nite.

O'nite! How black you are!
'Specially when the moon don't shine, and there
Aint any stars! How you make folks play bil-
Liards, and sleep, and go to concerts, and sich!
You are the coffin of the day—you are—
Which, like a pall, makes it a dark color;
Also, you are the time when the watchmen
Go to sleep and the burglars are around
Some, and you are the time for benders and
Busts, and getting drunk, and took up, and get-
Ting fined by a justice.

Yes; you are some
About 12 o'clock, when the rooster-birds
Get a calling to one another, and make you
Hideous and feel bad. The day is pretty good
For doing business in; but you, nite, are
Abed, 'cause you aint got business, but
Fun. Hail! O, nite!

Morning.

Now morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill,
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silvering the unstained gushes of its rill,
Which, pure from mossy beds, did down distill,
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many shadows, a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And in its middle space a sky that never lowers.

The Farmer.

He is the monarch of the soil,
His reign the work of manly toil,
His empire is the fertile plain—
His wealth the sunshine and the rain;
No thorn-lined crown is on his brow,
His peaceful sceptre is the plow,
His people are the lowing herd,
The ox alone attends his word,
And all around his throne are they
Who love, and honor, and obey.

The Bible.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace,
To read, to hear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way,
And better had they not been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

The Future.

We only meet on earth,
That we may know how sad it is to part,
And sad, indeed, it were, if in the heart
There were no stores reserv'd against a dearth,
No calm Elysium for departed mirth,
Haunted by gentle shadows of past pleasure,
Where the sweet folly, the light-footed measure,
And graver trifles of the shining hearth,
Live in their own dear image.

The Ballot Box.

A weapon which comes down as still
As snow flakes on the sod,
But executes the freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.

Whiskers.

"The editress of the Lancester Literary Gazette says she would as soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of swingle tow, as allow a man with whiskers to kiss her."—[Cincinnati Columbian.

We don't believe a word of it. The objections which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arises from envy. They can't have any. They would if they could, but the fact is the continual motion of the lower jaw is fatal to their growth. The ladies—God bless them!—adopt our fashions as far as they can. Look at the depredations the dear creatures have committed on our wardrobe during the last two or three years. They have appropriated our shirt bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft, bewitching necks in our standing collars and cravats—driving us men to flatties and turn-downs. Their innocent little hearts have been palpitating in the inside of our waistcoats, instead of thumping against the outside, as nature intended it.

They have thrust their pretty feet and ankles through our nameless—unwhisperables—unthinkabouts—in short, as Micawber would say, breeches. And they are skipping along the streets in our high heeled boots. Do you hear gentlemen? we say boots!

☞ If you don't want a woman to go astray, the sooner you provide her with a baby the better. A blue-eyed boy will do more towards keeping Mrs. Gadders' morals sweet, than all the sermons that were ever preached.

☞ Here is a gloomy picture:—A Winter's bedroom without a red-cheeked stove and wife. If bachelors are to be pitied, it is in Winter, when the thermometer falls to zero and frozen feet.

☞ The ball of a Minnie rifle is shaped like a lady's thimble.

Interesting Facts.

The first banks were established in Italy in the year 808, by the Lombard Jews, of whom some settled in Lombard street, London, where many bankers have ever since resided.

The oldest version of the Old and New Testament belonging to the Christians, is that in the Vatican, which was written in the fourth or fifth century, and published in the year 1087.

Ancient Books were originally boards, or the inner bark of trees; and the bark is still used by some nations, as are also skins, for which latter, parchment was generally substituted.

Bowling is an old English game, and was very common as early as the thirteenth century. Charles I. played at it, and it was a daily sport of Charles II, at Tunbridge.

Stones were first used for bullets; iron ones are first mentioned in 1550. Leaden bullets were made before the close of the sixteenth century. A monster work of man.

Chocolate, the flour of the cocoanut, was first introduced into England from Mexico, in the year 1220, and soon became a favorite beverage in the London coffee houses.

The lagest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be that at Kingtung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one lofty mountain to the top of another.

Woman never appeared upon the stage among the ancients. Their parts were represented by men until as late as 1665, when Charles II first encouraged the appearance of women before the public.

The first balloon was constructed at Paris by M. M. Montgolfier, in 1783, when Rozier and the Marquis d'Arladdes, after which numerous ascents followed, many of which proved fatal.

The well known cotton cloth, calico, is named from Calicut, a city of India, which was discovered by the Portugese, in 1631.

Diamonds were first brought from the East, where the mine Sulbulpour was the first known, and where the mines of Golconda were first discovered in the year 1654, those of Brain 1728.

The diving bell was first used in Europe in the year 1509. It was first used on the coast of Mull, in searching for the wreck of a part of the famous Spanish Armada, some time before the year 1668.

Glass bottles were first made in England, about 558. The art of making glass bottles and drinking-glasses was known to the Romans in the year 70, A. M., as the have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

Charge of Negro Stealing against a Northerner.—Saumel Charles Chappel, understood to be a canvasser for subscriptions to a New York paper, was recently arrested at Montgomery, Ala., charged with enticing a negro girl away from Mr. James Sandford of Savannah, Ga. Chappel dressed the girl in the bilitcated garments, and seeks to convey the impression that he was on a pleasure excursion. The penalty for the offence is not less than four, nor more than ten years imprisonment,

A Bright Man.—Gov. Wright, of Indiana, has withdrawn from the Methodist Church, assigning, as a reason, that his pastor was a Know Nothing.

☞ The population at Pittsburgh supplied with food at one of the soup houses, is stated at 17,455 men, women and children.